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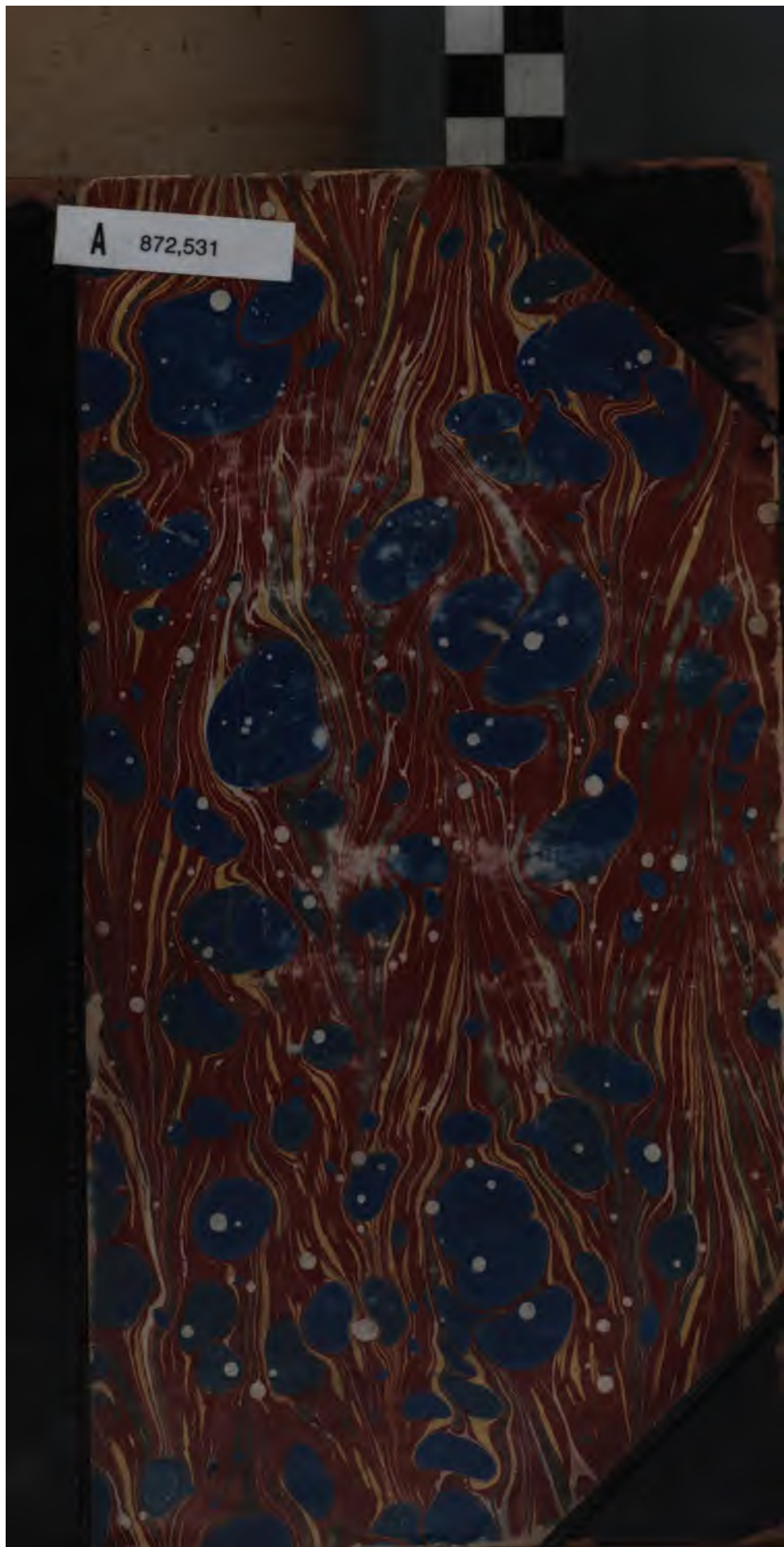
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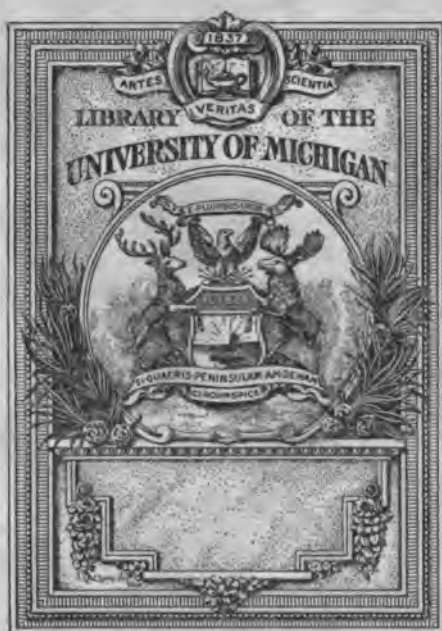
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THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

ART. I.—*The Geraldines, Earls of Desmond, and the Persecution of the Irish Catholics.* Translated from the Original Latin by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, Dublin: Duffy. 1849.

THE letters hitherto laid before the reader have related solely to the preliminaries of Carewe's experiment. They have exhibited the opposition of the Queen, and the dislike of Cecyll, to the adventurer; but, to use the language of the English minister, "Now was the hour come when Carewe was to receive the person of this new made Earl of Desmond." In the company of Captain Price, who is described by the author of the *Pacata Hibernia* as a sober discreet gentleman, and an ancient commander in the wars, and by Elizabeth herself as a trusty and discreet person, of Mr. Crosbie, and the Lord Archbishop of Cashel, Miler M'Grath, not unknown to fame, James Fitzgerald sailed from Bristol for Cork. Violent sea sickness compelled him to land at Youghall: the reception that he there met with will be related in his own words: what the young Earl might think of his welcome, Cecyll would probably care little; but what opinion Carewe might form of it; what augury might fairly be deduced from it for the success of the adventure, must have been of deep interest both to him and to the Queen. Two pages is the space allotted by the *Pacata Hibernia* to the account of the landing, the welcome, the famous procession to Church on the first Sunday spent in his native land, to the hooting, the railing, the spitting at him which accompanied him from the Church to his lodgings, and to the utter abandon-

ment of him from that hour for ever, by all the followers of his father, the great lords of Munster, and the whole people, "who had received him as one whom God had sent to be the comfort and delight of their souls." There is probably no passage in the famous narrative of the Presidency of Sir George Carewe so well known as this description of Desmond's entry into Kilmallock. We shall therefore not venture to insert it amongst these State papers, although it would be read with advantage by the side of the experience of the earl himself. The youth seems scarcely to have been aware of the full extent of the interest excited by his presence; but what he failed to notice was eagerly chronicled by the men placed about him by both Cecyll and Carewe. In fact, the journey to Kilmallock had been purposely arranged by the President "to make trial of the disposition of the earl's followers and kindred," and the result of this trial was watched by more observant eyes, and detailed by more searching pens than that of the earl. Master Boyle, Clerk of the Council, a "person with whom the Lord President advised about his most secret and serious affairs of that government," made his report to his employer, whilst the Archbishop of Cashell, and Patrick Crosbie supplied for Cecyll all that might have escaped the pen of his principal correspondent. The result of this trial upon Carewe seems to have been that from that moment he ceased to write or trouble himself or others any more about him. Upon Cecyll it wrought otherwise; for it increased greatly both his fears and his desires for Carewe's adoption of the "curious cautions" prescribed before.

"Earl of Desmond to Cecyll.

"My pen not daring to presume to approach the piercing and resplendent Maty of my souueraynes eyes, I have imboldned my self to commend my humblest service and affection by you, under her royall person my best frend, to whome Right Honorable I am not to fill paper wth those blandishments of ceremonies that I know is continually sounded in the eares of such, as yr Honor is, but onely beseech you to mooue her Maty to looke into her selfe and foorthie of that to behold me, and then I doubt not, as she shall finde that she hath doon much, so gathering all circumstances, and examining all objections, I am tied not to performe a little; and howsoever my performance of seruices maye be great in common opinion, yet for myne owne parte I shall hold them far short of that infinite obligation wch I owe, and therefore wth the still layinge of the earnest of

my vowes and thankfulnesses, let me advertise you of my progress since my departure from you. Uppon Mondaye the 13th of October wee sett sayle from Shirehampton for Corke, where wee having so fair a passage as the honest gentleman this bearer can tell you, the master and saylers saied they neuer for this tyme of the yeare knew the lyke; We held our course for the place appointed by your honors instructions, but I, that was so sea-sicke as whilst I liue shall neuer lōue that eliment, being two dayes and a night at sea, besought them to lande me any where; so being not able to reach Corke a Tuesdaye at night beeing the 14th of this month wee fell in at Yoghall, where, that yr honor may know the trueth of my proceedings, I had like, comming new of the sea, and therefore somewhat weake to be overthrowen with the kisses of old Calleaks, and was receiued with that ioy of the poore people as dyd well shewe they ioyed in the exceeding mercy hir Sacred Maty shewed towards me. From thence wee went to Mr. John FitzEdmonds house at Clone where wee had a great deale of cheere after the contrey fashion, and show of wellcome, from thence to Corke (where I humbly beseech your Honor to take notice of this I write for that Towne as Capen Price can wittnes.) Coming thether three or fouer houers before night, we could not gett lodging in a long tyme, neither place to send my cooke to provide supper for us, untill I was fayne (except I would go supperless to bedd) to bidd my selfe to the mayors house, a lawer, one Meagh, who if he haue no better insight in Littleton then in other observations of this place for his Maties seruice, maye be well called Lackelaw, for it was much a doe that we gott any thing for money, but that most of my people lay without lodging, and Capen Price had the hoggs for his neighbours. From that towne, wch hath so great a charter, and I fear me so littele honesty, I cam to my Lord President to Moyallo, where by some of my well willers I am put in very good hope that with My Lord President's fauour, and the help of her Maties forces I shall gett Castellmayne, wch if it so happen shal be the ioy of my next advertisement. The people came many unto me uppon my landing, as the Lord of the Decis, and many else of the best quality, whome I tooke hand ouer head, and preached to them hir Highnes' clemencie towards me, of wch there could be no truer exemple then my selfe—and besought them if they bare me any affection, to ioyne with me in shewing their thankfullnes wth myne to do her Highness service, wch they haue promised faythfully wth their mouths, and I pray God to be truely settled in their hearts; and my selfe harteles when I think the contrarie. Thus yr Honor hath heard the discourse of this my hitherto travayles, crauing, according to my deserving, the continuance of yr fauour wch hath brought me to the height of that wch now I am. My best friend, next Yr Honor and my Lord President, the Lord Archbishop of Cashell putteth me in very great hope, that we shall shortly performe our greatest taske, I meane the killing or taking of James M^cThomas,

wch once accomplished, and therein the warrs in this province ended, I shal be very glad to attend upon your Honor, untill wch time I shall not be my self; And for Mr. Crosby I do find such good in his counsayle and readynes to advance her Highnes employments, that I hold my selfe, amongst a number of bonds, so tied to yr Honor for sending him with me, as I do assure my selfe all our busynesses will succcede the better for his company. And so beeing all in very good health, I take my leaue.

"Yor Honor's in unfayned

"Serviceable Affection

"Desmond.

"Moyallo ye 21th of October, 1600."

"P. Crosby to Cecyll.

"It may please yr Hor, on Mondaye the xiiij. of this instant th Earle of Desmond wth his retynue, and attendants were embarked at Bristoll, and arrived at Youghall the next day aboute vij. of the clock at night. At whose entrey into the town there was so great and wonderfull allaccryty, and reioicyng of the people both men women and children, and so mightie crying and pressing about him, as there was not oulie much a doe to followe him, but also a great number ourthrowne, and ourrun in the streates on striving who should com first unto him; the like wherof I neur hearde or sawe before, nor woulde think it coulde eur be, except it were aboute a Prince. Indeed I haue often read that upon th elleccion of a Kinge the people genrallie woulde crie Kinge H, King H, or otherwise according to his name, so likewise (though unmeete to be don to a subiect) the harts of the people, yea the very infants, hearing but this Desmond named, could not contayne them selves from showing th affeccion they beare to his house. I assure yr Honor it was not like the crie made to Rich the Third at Baynardes Castle.

"The next daie there came flocking unto him from all pts of the countrey LLs Gent and comons both to congratulat his comyng, and to offer their service, and attended him that night to Clone, Mr. Fitz Edmond's house. The next daie to Cork, and so on Thursday to Mallow to My Lo President, where he was euntertayned, and a certen course taken for his estate, and whether all intelligences doe com, and the people doe resorte from all places.

"The twoe plotts both for Castlemange and th usurping Eale are nowe in hand, and within these twoe daies a journey wilbe undertaken to see what good may be don both in them and in other things; I hope and I doubte not but all will doe well and that very shortlie untill the profe wrought may be had. My Lo President will not suffer me to depte but must attend the successe of his journey.

"I knowe yor Ho will look to here of the yonge Earles carriadg since his deptime thence (my self being still wth him) wherein I

must say (as I love to tell yr Ho truth) that of his owne nature and disposicon he is both honest faithfull and dutifull, and very willing to do her Mate service; but I see so much alreadie touching th expences and other things as I doe not think fitt that either him self or any of his owne people shoulde holde the raynes of his bridle; but the same to be comytted to others, of whom there hath bene had good triall, both of their fidelitie to the State, their knowledg of the countrey, and sufficiencie to pforme the acte, whose vigilant care and circuspeccion on him wilbe suche, as they will not onlie not suffer him to run any other then an even course (whereunto I must sweare him self is very well inclyned) nor pmitt any bad resorte unto him, that may any way corrupt him either in his religion or otherwise; but also by their counsell and advice wilbe good assistants unto him for the managing of his causes, wthoute whose helpes he cannot but erre, for neither his yers, his experience of the worlde, or knowledg of the countrey can warrant the sufficient discharging of so weightie matters. Yet I am psuaded (in respect he is so tractable and towardlie) that it wilbe easy to carry him to all good courses. This, I assure yr Hor wilbe the way to make him to doe that which is expected, for wch, as you are alreadie growen famous in this province and in most pte of the kingdom, and have purchased the prayers of a number of people, so I doubt not but her Maty shall have great cause to gev you thanks for the same, as for one of the greatest services (considering th iniquity of the tyme) that eur was don her in this kingdom.

"Touching this beaur Capn Price I say that although he be noe great doctor, nor any of these curious stately followers, yet I assure yor honor he is an honest plaine gent, and as discreete and carefull of his chardge as eur I sawe any; I would he had the lik still about him to hold the helme so he could speak the languadg. The Archbushop is very good if he could still contynue wth th Erle, but he cannot be alwayes wth him. Thus muche for this tyme, hoping to be the next my self, or at least to send you better newes, and in the mean while and for eur wilbe,

readie to live and die in Your Service.

"P. Crosbie.

"From Mallow, the xxith of October, 1600."

Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, to Cecyll.

"But howsoever the successe shall proue, there is agret aparance of gladnes and good will shewed in every place wher the yonge Erle of Desmond came, Corke only excepted, whosse majistrates seemet not to be glad of any tinge that might induce mor streinght or possibiliti in the Englis Gourment then to be as it is, nor so muche it shelve; but what shewe the comon sort ther, and eury sort, frome the cheffest, to the loest, in other places, doe make uppon his cominge, I doe referr it to the honest berer his report,

and the fruits thereof shall veri shortly (God willinge) make the same manifest. The yonge Erle was not 48 howres in the land when sure promisse was mad to hym of Castellmayn to be deliured to hym, for wch purpose his Lo and myselffe were suters to my Lo President, to give us a Companei of horsmen to goo thither to make present triall of that promiss; but his Lo weisly consideringe how warfully traytor's promisses shulde be trusted, toght fittest to send a trusti man from Desmond to make proffe of the promiss, then to go in pson; wherupon John Pouer is sent, be whome we expte good newes this night or the next. The next day after John is departure others came to Desmond makinge sure promisses of 124 (James McThomas) to be delivered (or at the least) discoured to hym wthin few dayes, accordinge to the first plott.

"Oct. 22, 1600."

"Cecyll to Carewe.

"I have mooved the LLs to wryte untoe the cittyte of Corke about the lewde usage of the yonge Erle of Desmond, to whom I have sente this cotype that he maie be comforted: for indeed Captin Price sware untoe me that all this was trewe wch is wrytten, he beinge bye.

"Nov. 1600."

"Cecyll to Carewe.

"I praie you Sir privattlie fynde meanes toe discover weare yt possible, yf yong Desmond can be so vayne as toe have anie purpose to marry the widdowe Norreys; yf he have, and yt he will confesse yt, tell him freelie yt hir Matie will in no sorte allowe of yt; not in respect of anie unwoorthines in her, butt because hir Matie looketh att his hands to fetche all light for his accens from her, and not to presume for other respects wherof she is not ignoraunt, nor anie waye allowethe him toe bynde himselfe. I praie you Sir, use this wth secresye and discrecon.

"Dec. 1600."

"Cecyll to Carewe.

"Ther is daiely prophesies yt yong Desmond's sendinge over was merelie idel, yt good yt can do none, butt harme yt may doe very muche. I doe professe untoe you (although I hope yt will proove otherwies) yt I doe never shutt myue eyes butt with feare att my wakeinge to heare som ill newes of him, soe as I beseeche you, when ons you shall perceave yt he hath don all he can doe, nurrish his desier to retorn, and toe com to sue for som lands and livinge, by which means hir Matie maye yett be satisfied yt his cominge over hath don hir noe harme, and then yt maye be in hir Matie chois whether she will sende hym abroad agayne wth contentemente, or yf she doubt him, she maie lett him live here in her

courte, bye wch she shall have a tie uppon all his followrs and dependers; and soe cold I wishe for mye pte yt Florence (McCarthy) mighte be persuaided likewies toe com over hettler and sue to the Queen for somthinge, for in my opynion he is like stille to be a Robin Hood in Mounster.

"Dec. 15, 1600."

"Cecyll to Carewe.

"I thinke Castlemang wold be a veray acceptable pleasure to the Queen, and an argument that myght be used to the world that the Queen gets somthinge by him good for herselfe, as well as for him. As for his expenses lett him knowe he must lyve frugallye, and within £500 yerlye, till he bee seated, and lands given him. He maie alsoe be tolde that he shall com over when he hathe don anie good, and marrye in England, whither yt seems he longs to retorne; and I asauer you in my opynion he will never muche lyke an Irish lyfe, for he is tender and sicklye; but tyme will shewe.

"I prairie you Sr remember good pledges uppon the white knight whylst thinges are prosperynge well; for yt is saide you wilbe cosened bye him at laste. You cannot please the Queen better then that som of the principal knaves of name be hanged. It is said that Cahir can delyver Dr. Craghe when he list. It wear well tryed to impress it uppon him, not as the doer, but under hand; for he can doe yt with a wett finger, and it will make him irreconcylable. Lett Dermod's wyfe have som maintenance, and contente the Archbishop with good wordes; for he doeth speake veray well of you, whatsoever he thinkes, and in this matter of Desmond maie be suerly trusted—God send yt well! And som act to ppose to followe, that maie visiblye stopp the mouths of thoes that here laughe att yt as our plott. I shall never ende but that my sleep surpriseth me, and therefor beare with this raphsodye.

"Yours al Solito,

"Robt. Cecyll.

"At Courte, Oct. 1, 1600."

"Desmond to Cecyll

"Right honnerable, the dutye that I owe unto that Sacred Matie that hath rayseed me from nought to be her creature (in which tytle I doe onely hold my selfe happie) maketh that the least defect, which might be a hindrance unto the aduancement of Hir Highness' service, soe greuous unto me, that I come soe farr short, of intymatinge myne humble thanckefullnes, for soe exceedinge a mercy, as the greatest service which I might doe, euen to the sacrefysinge of my lyfe, weare but tooe litle for her gracious fauour towards me. Not withstandinge lest Your Ho. should hold your expectaton of my indeuours as altogether frustrated, may it

please youe to be advertised, sithence my last letter wer to your ho., Thomas Oge who was constable to James Fitz Thomas in Castlemayn yelded the same unto me, whereof I tooke possession by my seruant John Power the xiiij of November and kept it for som few dayes, untill it pleased my uerie good Lord, the Lord President to haue it yelded unto his owne hands, to whome I comaunded it should be deliuered, and his Lordship is now possessed of it. When it was perfectly knowen in Ireland that I landed, James FitzThomas' his company that remayned, dispersed themselves, and him selfe beinge sicke, kept him close in solitarie places, for which cause I sent my spialls to trackt him out, who brought intelligence yt he was kept in Arlough, untill the uerie first night that I came to Kilmallocke, at wch tyme he was conueyed from Arlough by a few horsemen to one Morris Powers house, as they informed; but I hope by my spialls shortly to finde his trackt, if he be within Mounster, and the sooner to bringe him to an end, I wth the aduice of the Lord President sent his Lo's protection togeather with my letters, for Dermot O'Connor, hopinge that he, with the assistance of my truest frends myght finde out the Sougan in his most secret den; and for Dermot's most safety in his trauell to come with a few company to this prouince the Lord President sent his letters in yt behalfe, both to the Gouvernor of Connagh, unto the Earlls of Clanrickard and Thomond, safely to conduct Dermot with some fyftie men through their gouernment to this prouince; who after receauinge his protection, jorneyd hitherward as farr as Gortnishy-gory xxiiij. myles from Lymbrick, and was there murdered by Theobold Bourke alias Tybot ne Longe, accompanied with 300 men. Some saith this murther was comitted for that he tooke prisoner James Fitz Thomas (and I hold it the chefest cause, how-soeuer it may be disguised) whereby the Irishry were weakened, and feringe that he wold doe more seruisers against them, as I doubt not, your Ho. shall understand by my Lord President's letters, who is as much greued with this indignitie offered to the State, as I am, yet I finde my self the more griued for that his cominge hither was procured by my Lord President's protection and my letters, the reuenge whereof I referr to your honorable consideration. At my being at Lymbrik with the Lord President, Mary She, a woman of longe continuance with my mother, came thither to speke with my sister Jone, immediately thereupon (as allwayes) I gave knowledg to my Lord President of all such intelligenc as came to me, I made him acquainted with the intent of the cominge of this woman, and deliuered him, and acquainted him, with a letter that was written from O'Donnell to O'Connor Slygo, the copie, or originall whereof I doubt not but he will send your Ho. These as hitherto have bene my aprowments, which I clayme not merit by, for they are the frutes of my duty. Now I humbly beseech you to consider my estate which is so dessperat in this kingedome that my person is not heere secured by these inhabitants great or litle, nor able to doe any

seruice by reason I want meanes to execute it. I doe desyre noe perpetuite of hir Highnes charges towards me (but of hir fauor) neither doe I desyre to be here (God is my wittness) for any respect except to doe hir Matie true seruice. If I had knowledg of James Fitz Thomas where he were, I haue no comaund of force to take him, except I shold send to the garrisons to joyn wth me, and what oportunitie is lost in that tyme, I referr to Yo. Ho's. discreession. Let any man imagin himself in this state that I writte to youe I am in, and I will demand noe more then he wolde in the lyke condition. I find my Honorable good Lord kinde unto me, but I am contemptible unto the contrey, in regard that they see my meanes under my Lorde, not soe much as a priuatt captein's to follow the rebbles, if there were present occagion of seruice, nor in their good carriage to geue soe much countenance as a farr meuer man then a Earle; so I do not at all, at least uerie litle participate of the Italian prouerb *Amor fa Molto, Argento fa tutto*. I hope Your Ho. holds yor resolution for James FitzThomas, Pyerce Lacy, and the Knight of the ualleis landes, that I shold haue it, for Mc'Morris his land my honorable good Lord hath an assured tytle to it, and he that wth Your Honor's fauor gott me to be intytled as I ame, I shall neuer be soe ungratefull as to possess any thinge of his, for it cannot be but his gifte, and the world can binde me no more then I am. I humbly beseech youe that these obstackles that hinder the abilitie of my euer willinge seruiceable testimonies may not make youe expect those performances of my dutifull prosecutions that their suply might giue youe iust cause to expect, except youe sende directions to inhale me, otherwise lett me haue leaue to come into England, which howsoeuer youe procure hir Highnes to make me great here, I protest, if it be put to my choyce I shall allways hold to be there best, and soe will I imbrace it. The latter end of your letter maketh me to desyre the knowledg of that honorable personage whome her Highnes hath thought of my unworthynis for, which with expectation of resolution of Your Ho., in all these my expressions by this bearer, my seruant, yelding many thanks for yor infinett fauors, and hauing noe offeringe of my loue to sende youe but the Sigan's Auncient,* which this bearer shall present youe, I rest

"Your Ho. in all humble and faithfull affection,

"Desmond.

"Moyallo the xviij. of December, 1600."

"Desmond to Cecyll.

"Rt. Hon. Sithence the writting of my lres, Thomas Oge hath brought unto me Piers. Lacyes tow sonnes. I do fynd him the

* Standard.

trueste follower I haue, since my coming ouer. Whereof I beseeche Yor Honor to consider in behalf of his dylygence to do hir Matie seruice, and his affection to me. And thus I humbly take leaue, and rest Your Honor's as I will and euer protest,

“Desmond.

“Kyllmallock, the xxj. of December, 1600.”

The intense simplicity of the Earl of Desmond reflects infinite credit on the character of the schoolmaster employed by Sir Owen Hopton to train his mind through the important years of his youth. He was able to believe that the fortress of Castlemayne had been ceded to him by the attachment of its Constable! that Thomas Oge Fitz Gerald was a model of feudal fidelity! He believed that it was his coming into Munster that had so scattered the forces of the Sougan Earl that his espials failed even to ascertain what had become of him; but the climax of his credulity was his belief that his simple narrative of these events would find credence with the English minister! Cecyll knew that Thomas Oge was a traitor, and had sold the fortress, for he had himself repaid to Carewe the price of its surrender: and it may have occurred to him that the good fortune and gallantry of Captain Richard Greene, who came upon the straggling forces of the Sougan Earl when on a disorderly march, charged and scattered them, may have contributed, at least, as much as his coming into Ireland, to the undoing of the rival Earl. One painful truth his ingenuous correspondent was indeed able to relate to Cecyll, which Carewe had not imparted to him, and which he would have been better pleased not to hear so plainly spoken—“He was become contemptible unto the country.” Four hundred years of pride, of power, of magnificence, had come to this! But older blood, loftier rank, greater worth, have been since strewn about the soil of Ireland in sadder ruin.

To this James FitzGerald would have been more appropriate the designation of “the Sougan or straw Earl,” than it was to the man who bore it; James FitzThomas, if he failed in his loyalty, possessed at least the lofty spirit and the gallantry of his race; of him no man could assert that he ever became contemptible to his country; he fell as Castlemayne fell, by treachery; the President of Munster bought him of the White Knight, as he had bought the fortress from Thomas Oge. For four months longer trailed on this pitiful correspondence with Cecyll.

The silence of Carewe concerning Desmond was sufficient acknowledgment that nothing could any longer be hoped from his presence in Ireland; that his famous scheme had been a failure. The queen must have been long since convinced that she had no cause for apprehension about him; the courtiers had had their laugh and forgotten him, and Cecyll perceived that "the hour was then come" when it would be wise to take him back from Ireland as quietly as he had a few months earlier taken him from the Tower.

"Earl of Desmond to Cecyll.

"Right honorable, I cannot let scape the leaste conuenientie of a messenger (and spetially this bearer Patrick Crosby) but that I must allwaies continue that course of my thaukfullnes wch yor fauours bath tied me unto. The meanes of my entertaynement wch groweth by the castings of a coompanie I do finde so mangled, what wth disbursements that groweth foorth of it to My Lord Archbysshop, my sisters and others, and the detaynement of the clothes belonging to a companie, that the profit wch I should make of it is much shortned by these issues and wthholding, wherefore I must humbly beseech you, as you have beene the only meane to repayre in me the wracks of my house, so you would not let the foundation of this yor greate worke sinke, to the dishonour of the builder, and in yor participation of my fortunes (because you were the erecter of them) the littell glory of yor owne proceedinges. Pardon me that I write so playnely unto you, for that I will neuer alter yor good thoughts of me, nor euer be marked wth the brand of shame and ignomy. I haue writ unto yor Honor formor letters by my servant, wherein I shewed the dispoition of the people heere, wch I protest I am uery glad of, for that my dependencie must be only uppon hir Sacred Matie, where I alwaies seeke to depend, and in there better nature they might attribute soomthing to themselves wch nowe they cannot. What seruices I haue doon I hope my formor letters haue acquainted you wthal, and what they should omitt, this bearer can aduertise, to whose relation both of my willingnes to seruehir Matie and the lettes that hinder me, I refer my selfe, and flye to no other refuge then yor Honor. who I will alwaies make the umpire of my carriages. And so I take my leaue, and remayne,

"Your Honor's in my much

"assuraunce and seruice,

"Desmond.

"Killmallock, this 4h of Janrie 1600."

"I beseech yor Honor for my sake to receaue into yor good opinion Captayne William Power whose hurts and loss in Hir Highnes service deserueth extraordinary fauour.

"Desmond."

The reader will remember that the Earl of Desmond had complained to Cecyll of the slight which he conceived had been put upon him by the mayor of Cork on his arrival in that city. Captain Price, who had returned to England as soon as he had delivered over his charge to Carewe, had declared that Desmond had not complained without cause; and Cecyll had written to the President to make enquiry into the matter. The following letter was Mr. John Meade's vindication of his character from the charge of so great an unpoliteness. What the effect of this long apology was we shall shortly see.

"John Meade Mayor of Cork to the Privy Council.

"I received another lre from Yr Ho, directed to me and the Aldermen, wch lre did contayne that Yr Ho were informed that the Young Earle of Desmond whou lately came hither, was, wth his company, very hardly intertayned here, and not well accomodated wth lodgings or other necessities: the truth is Rt Hon that upon his repaiere hither yt did not appeare unto me by sight of his Pattent or in any other manner, what aucthority he received from her most Excellent Matie (albeit I hold the favours bestowed by her Matie upon him a most rare psident of her Highnes wonted gracious clemency) and where he hath landed at Youghill, he did not repaire to the Lord President, being then at Mallo, but oame hither first, and therefore yt may please Yr good Ho to be advertized that I did feare it might be offensive to intertaigne him or any other not putt in aucthority by her Matie, with any publike wellcome, at the gates of the Cytty, or otherwise, wch is onely used to the L Deputy, L President, or such as are aucthorized by her Highnes. And yf I had knowen it were her Maties pleasure, my good will should never want to countenaunce anie wth that measure her Highnes would expect, were it signified unto me by lyne, lre, or otherwise from my Lord President or any in aucthority. But Rt Hon althoughe I hope well of the dispotion of the Young Earle, yet I did feare thuse of some of his auncestors whou have challendged courtesies for dueties, and soe might intangle this corporacon wth newe customs, wch onely depends of God and her most excellent Matie, and of no other peere or pson whatsoever. Yet for private kindnes there wanuted none; for I assure your good Ho that the Young Earle's officers did send to bespeake one Mr. Skiddy's house, for some private affection betwixt them, wherby I expected the same should haue bene readdie for his Lp; but by meane of certayne provaunt and provision of the Garrizons wch was kept in the said house, the same was not so soon reddie as his Lp came hither, whereuppon I entertaigned him at my poore house, while his lodging were a making reddie, and when he had remayned an houer or two in my house

his officers would not accept of the former lodging, and thereupon I was fayne to lodge him at one Phillipp Martell's house (being an Alderman of this cytty) being th usuall lodging of th Earle of Ormond, and where Sir Warham St Leger, here lately in comission, did lye, and the L cheefe Justice of England at his being here; and being of the principallest houses in this place; and notwithstanding that the self night of his Lops repaiere hither, there came alsoe 400 of the Walshe soldiers sent hither for supplies, wth the lodging of wch th officers were much troubled, yet all his company wch came to the Bayllies of this cittie to demaund lodging were harboured sufficiently, and lodged wthout making of any paymt for the same, neither would anie of them repaiere unto th usual Innes, and yf any were unlodged it was for waunt of demaunding the same of th officers appointed here for those causes. And concerning his supp the truth is I expected his steward and others had pvided for him the first night of his repaiere hither, and ment to have entertained him to deinner the next daie; but that his Lop came of himself wth his trayne whou had the best provision I could affourd. And his Lp being at supp complayned of the waunt of horssees, and he would not beleeve but that the cittie could affourd sufficient horssees for him and his troupe wch I truely answered that all the horssees of the towne, except a few garruns for wood, were stollen awaie this last rebellion, and out of use; for that the cittizens durst not traivale abroade, and wthal I gaue him the best advyse I could, to send to the Ls and Gentle adioining for horssees, and his Lop called for pen and inke to write unto my Lord Presidt; and I thinking that he ment to wriet by way of complainte for not furnishing him wth horssees, praied his Lop of God's will to acquainte me wth his meaning, and that I would endevo to see him provided to my power; and he said his lres were for her Maties service, and required haste; wheruppon I pntely dispatched them awaie at midnight by a messenger of the cittys, and collected the keis being divided among the Aldermen, by custome used here since King John's tyme, and I receaved the next morrow an answer the contents of wch I have dilligently endevoured to observe (at wch conference Capten Price was not present) and that was all that past betwixt the Earl and me touching anie lres; protesting before God that he never writt lres to Yor Ho in my house, but wee did passe the tyme in merymt, and in no such mattrs of waight, wch were to be used with gravity and secrecie—onlie he writt those few lynes to the L Presidt, sitting at the table accompanied wth me and diverse others after supp. And I marvaile greatlie that of such small and publique conference these matters were informed against me, as rather became mere indiscretion and childishnes in me if I were faulty, then anie witt or sense, beseemyng the place I now carrie on my pffession of lawyer, and albeit I cannot make ostentacon of discretion or other sufficiencies fitt for the place I now beare, wch was involuntarily cast uppon me, being a burden of greate care and

charge. Yet there is no waunt of my love and zeale to serve her Matie, according my most bounden duty; and to extend my poore power to entertainge such as are in her Princely favor, whom God Almighty longe may blesse and prospr against all her enemyes whatsoever! And so not doubting but the L President hath, and shall have occasion to make like repte of my willingnes in her Maties service as occasion shalbe here ministred, I most humbly take leave

" From Coreck the xiiijth of January 1600.

" Yo ho: Lps most humbly a comaund Jo Meade

" Maior of Coreck."

Although we meet with no further mention of any anxiety on the part of Elizabeth concerning the youth who had so little while back caused her so much uneasiness; and although Sir George Carewe appears to have discontinued even the mention of his name, Cecyll could not divest himself of the alarm with which he had viewed this venture from the beginning. The English courtiers openly laughed at the whole business; and however reluctant the President might be to confess the failure of his "plot" Cecyll plainly saw that his own better judgment had been overruled, and that the whole blame of a great blunder was falling upon himself. So great became his uneasiness, so excessive his apprehensions of some fatal issue to this ill advised adventure that his mind fluctuated, as the reader will have perceived, from one dark scheme to another, how it might be safest and best to deal with him! The feeble character of the man who caused him all this uneasiness, at last turned the mind of the minister to less tragical devices than those which had at first occurred to him. Cecyll was a man of great genius, and of many resources! fortunately for the Earl of Desmond a plan presented itself to his mind which promised certain success, and required the co-operation of no John Anias, nor indeed of any living mortal. In one of the many sleepless nights which Desmond had occasioned him, a scheme, in every respect the counterpart of the famous project of Carewe, burst upon his imagination. That Puer male cinctus defiled with the mud and spittle of the rabble of Kilmallock, an object of "contempt to all the followers of his father, and the great Lords of Munster," and of derision to the English courtiers, languished in the country of his ancestors, unnoticed, without a purpose, heart-weary of his pitiful position, yet not daring so much as to express

a wish to be rescued from it. To leave him or to withdraw him seemed equally to court a duration of the ridicule under which he had long smarted. The reader has seen that the Widow Norreys had been the cause, doubtless the unconscious cause, of certain day-dreams in the mind of Desmond which, in the opinion of the Queen, were not very far removed from rebellion. When this matrimonial fancy was made known to him, Cecyll at once perceived that his troubles were at an end. He wrote and explained to the dreamer that it was for her Majesty to select a wife for him, and not for him to choose for himself! He wrote much more, which probably Desmond found as enigmatical as the reader will find it. "A maid of noble family, between 18 and 19 years of age, and no courtier," sprung at once from the head of this English Jupiter. "Her name might not be breathed until there were likelihood of an affection on his part," but the matter might stand over till he should find occasion to repair to England.

"Cecyll to the Earl of Desmond.

"Wherin becaus I have fallen in to ye subiect of marriage, and yt I see youe take hold of som words of myne concerning a disposicion of matchinge you in England, in wch poynt you desier to be satsfied who shalbe ye pson I have; I have thought good to make you this answer Fyrst that yt proceeded from a disposicion wch I did noate in yerselffe when you were in England to bestowe yrselff to hir Maties likinge wth som English psone wch was the reason that I have both gon about to ppare hir Maties mynde to suche a course for you, as alsoe to consyder wth myselff in ptcular wher to fynde suche a match for you as shold in all circumstances answer the publique respects of hir Mats service, and above all thinges the satisfaccon of your owne mynde and your desieres. But my Lo I must entreate you to consider that in a matter of mariadje shee is of smale valyewe whos frends wilbe contented to haue hir name used before ther bee likelyhood of an affecon of your pte, although in this generall sorte above mentioned I have ben contented (as an argument of my care and affecon towards you) to forthinke where wilbe most necessarie for you, soe as I can only for your satisfaccon make this—(remark) that she is a maid of a noble familie, between 18 or 19 yeers of age, no courtier, nor yett ever sawe you, nor you her. Wherwith I praie you remayne satisfied till you shall fynd occasion herafter for further consideracons to repayre into England, at wch tyme (with tyme enough) this matter maye bee thought of.

"Robt Cecyll."

' This letter was written towards the end of January. In March Desmond was already in England eager on the quest of the British Minerva! No more letters from Ireland! A veil has fallen over many scenes which we could wish to have witnessed. His farewell with the Lord President of Munster; his sudden emancipation from the society of the Archbishop of Cashel, and Patrick Crosbie; his progress to Cork or Youghal; and above all his first interview with Cecyll! An official pen, busied with reports for the Treasurer's department, alone of all the pens in Ireland, alludes, and that but incidentally, to the departure of this last recognised Earl of Desmond from the Palatinate which his ancestors had ruled for four centuries.

" Mr. Harold Kynnesman to Treasurer Caryl.

From Cork.

" Righte Wor. At this present th Erle of Desmond hath made his repaire out of Ireland, to the Courte of England; and for that his Lo cannot lyve without his interteynment from tyme to tyme, I haue sent yor Wor the coppie of the Lo President warrint for the deuision of the lendings, or paie of the cts fotemen allowed to the saide Earle of Desmond without chequie and without captns and officers, viz., what his Lo is to recauie himself at the rate of xxxijs iiij^d pr diem. The Lo Archbushop of Casshell for his stipend at vjs viij^d pr diem. The Ladye Elis FitzGerald at the rate of xxj^d pr diem, and John Power Gent for his stipend at 2s pr diem, all wch stipends are taken out of the lendings of the said fote companie as appeth by the pticulers here inclosed I send Yor. Wop. Also I send Yor Worp a certifycat of what paiements haue bene made to the said Earle of Desmond by my self, and what I haue paid to his Lo uppon his enterteynment by warrint from the Lo President and counsell, to carrie his Lo into England, and lastelye what ymprest bills his Lo hau given uppon his enterteynmt to others he stand indebted unto, wch bills I am to paie here as soone as the same is deu uppon his said enterteynmt, all wch bills paieth his Lo to end the xxth of Maye 1601; therefore I humbly praye Yor Worp that there maie be no more ymprest to his Lo untill the said paiements be defalkes, and the said xxth of Maye expires—for all the other seurall stipends I paie them here from tyme to tyme, till I here from yr worp to the contrary (for the state of this province, thankes be to God the hole is quiet, but there is expected some forces to come out of Ulster thorough Connought into Mounster, therefore the Lo President by order from the Lo Deputye this present haue sent one thousand foote to front the enymie in those ptes, and their dyreccons are, not to pass Galway without great occasion of service. Capen Geo. Flower haue the

comaund of them. The companies that goe are under written in this yor wops lre. The state of our treasurie here by estymacon will serve th army to the xiiij of Aprill next after this date hereof, wch will be the furthest; even so not hauing anie occurrences more as yet to certyfye Yor Wop of, I most humblye take leaue. From Corke this xxij of Marche 1600.

Yor verie dutyfull servt. H. Kynnesman.
The lyst of the Companies to be drawn
into Connaught under the comaund of
Captn Flower as enseweth.

Sir John Barkley	ceth
Sir Jerratt Haruie	clty
Captn Flower	cth
Sir John Dowaltile	cth
Sir Ed. Fitz Gerald	cth
Captn Blunt	cth
Captn Power	cth
Captn Kingsmill	cth

Total ix clty, so there wants only Lty of one thousand.

"March 23, 1601."

"And now was the day come when the Lord President of Munster was to give back to the Queen the person of her Earl of Desmond!" When my Lord Buttevant sent to the same minister the present of "three Hawck and a coupell of hobbies" he made more case of his gift than did Carewe when he surrendered the treasure for which he had pleaded so long and so earnestly, and which had been entrusted to his care with so much reluctance! The Earl of Desmond left Ireland on what precise day, from what port, with what attendance, are matters of conjecture. He was gone, and all men forgot him!—except Mr. John Meade the Mayor of Cork! whose memory was refreshed as often as the books of his household charges were presented to him. The reader will recollect that this worthy magistrate had been taken by some surprise when the Earl of Desmond, sea-sick, wearied and hungry, had presented himself uninvited, at his door. Had the Earl found means of procuring himself supper and lodgings for that night elsewhere, the Mayor had intended to entertain him with becoming splendour on the morrow. Had this been explained at the time it is unlikely that the humble spirit of the Earl would have been so far provoked as to cause him to complain to Cecyll. Mr. John Meade had been called upon for his account of the transaction. He had given it, and the reader has seen it. It was well

considered by Cecyll, and probably by the Privy Council and the Queen! The excuses were unavailing, and for two reasons; the first, that at such a moment he, like a loyal subject and the Mayor of a chartered city, should have been but too happy to furnish the supper, as well as to intend the dinner! And the second, because it chanced that there were two poor sisters of the Earl who possessed neither the money to buy a dinner, nor a roof under which to eat one. Her Majesty could not be troubled to cass any more companies of soldiers for their maintenance, and there was an evident propriety in billeting these ladies upon the man whose blundering had brought discredit upon the hospitality of his high office. "The ladies Joan and Ellin Fitz Gerald were by direction of the Lord President harboured and dieted in his house." For two months Mr. Meade contented himself with remonstrating with the Lord President. At the end of that time he carried his complaints before her Majesty's principal secretary. With these complaints of the Mayor of Cork we can have no sympathy, for it is difficult to believe that his treatment of these poor ladies was as courteous as the President must have intended. Not only does he petition to be eased of them, but the ladies, on the self same day, petition to be eased of him.

"Cecyll to Carewe.

"I am veray gladd yt th Earle of Desmond is heer; he is well used, and shall have the same some wch growes by the landynges, but not by the apparell; att the least he shall not knowe soe muche because he is every daie lookynge for more then his allowaunce. Other newes heare are none but yt the Queene is well, and goinge to Greenwich.

"Robt. Cecyll.

"April 30, 1601."

"John Meade Mayor of Cork to Cecyll.

"Right Honorable. I haue thought fitt to adurtize Yor Honr that sithence the last of January I have bene chardged by directon of the L President wth the Lady June, sister to the Earle of Desmond, whou together wth her sister Ellin and others of her retynue have bene harbored and dieted in my house. I have bene a suitor to my Lo President to be eased of her, whouse Lop doth answere me that he hath written to the Ls, and expects theire answers, and in the meanetyme must rest contented. I haue no allowaunce for her and her dependants, wth wch I rest willinglie contented if it be

their Lops pleasure. I am a suitor to yr Honr that yt will please you to resolute uppon some course for the said Lady, &c.

"J. Meade.

"March 23, 1601."

"To the Right honorable Sir Robert Cecil, Knight, Principall Secretary to her Majestye.

The Petition of the ladies Joan and Ellen Fitz Gerald.

"May yt please Yr Honnor, wth compassion to regard and looke into the tenor of this our Peticon. That wheras we yor humble supplyants, Joane and Ellin Fitz Gerrald, daughters unto the late Earle of Desmond, in the behalf of ourselves and the rest of our systers Margaret Katherin and Ellis, haue before this tyme purposed by way of peticon to make our humble sute unto her Maiesty to bee by her Highnes reliued, either in porcon, or yearly annuities accordinge as to her princely clemency shall seeme meet and convenient, the causes vehemently forceng us therunto being our mother's dishabilitie (not sufficient to supply her owne necessary wants) and our kindred and frends, forsaking us, uppon the dead hope of all other meanes, but of her Maties, goodnes, wee now intend (Yor honourable father's sicknes, and yor honnor's absence, the causes that till this tyme wee have stayd) forthwth to exhibitt the same; most humblye beseeching yr Honnor in the due consideracon of our weake condicions (the rather for that we haue no other meanes of releif but from her Matie, and otherwise like to perrish) to graunt us yor honnorable furtheraunce therein, on wch (next unto yor honnorable father's) wee greatlie depend; and doubt not but that yor Honnor will therein further us, as our mother in the like heretofore youe haue done. Soe shall wee (as she hath done and doth) acknowledge ourselues therefore much bound unto Yor Honnor, and dailye praye unto the Almighty for the increase of yor happiness.

In this ingenuous and remarkable fashion of providing for the subsistence of those two noble ladies it is pleasing to recognise the playful and at the same time the thrifty inspiration of her most gracious Majesty. The bountiful provision for the brother, and the touching promise of good usage for him we may attribute to the heart of Cecyll himself, who, we are assured, had been a second father to him! There can be no doubt but that the teeth of this Irish Earl were watering for some portion of the lands which had belonged to his father, but he had evidently learned during his stay in Munster to discriminate between lands which it was safe, and which it was exceedingly dangerous, to covet. He wisely turned away his eyes from all the estates conferred upon the undertakers, and

ventured only to petition for the lands of his cousin James Fitz Thomas the Sugane Earl. Once arrived in London, the vision of the maid of noble family, which had allured him thither, utterly vanished ! Probably the sinking health of the unhappy man may have reconciled him to this disappointment, for he makes no complaint on the matter ; but that that other illusion of the lands of his cousin should seem to be flitting away as imperceptibly, he felt keenly ; and it was with his usual simple faith in the friendliness of Cecyll that his *last* letter was written. From the date of that letter we hear no more about the writer till the feeble flickering light of his existence was extinguished ; and then the calm tones of the official voice were heard directing that “ the company allowed for him be discharged.”

“ Desmond to Cecyll.

“ My most Honored Sr. It is no smale greefe unto me that I cannot attend hir Matie, nor so often accompanye Yor Honor as in all affection I would ; for in both those courses only, under God, my hopes doth rest ; but before I begin these fewe lines of my demongstrating necessities I knowe not whither to turn me : if into tyme past, I beheld a long misery ; if into the present, such a happines in the comparison of that hell, as maye be a stopp to anie farther in-crochement. Yett pardon I beeseech you this my humble sute, who wayhinge wth my self hir Maties liberallyty unto me, and yor honorable fauours towards me, that I maye not be distastinge to either in ouerpressinge receaued bounties, I haue heere inclosed sent yor honor a note of a sute whereof no disbursement shall growe foorth of hir Highnes purs, but an increase of £20 yearly to her cofers, wch by the aire of yor breathe unto hir sacred Matie, and the blessednes of hir graunt maye supplye these my wants, wch neuer hereafter shall importune you. If it be my misfortune not to haue it, soome other shall, and where can hir Highnes charity more perfectly shine then vpon hir humble creature who hath receaued life from hir, and grace by you ; wherein as you have begun wth me, so I may not herein find you wanting to me that submitts all his ends to your likeing, and in all humblenes doth rest much assuredly bound to you.

“ Desmond.

“ Greenwich this last of August 1601.

“ I do heere that yor honor shalbe earnestly solicited for certaine lands in Ireland, especially James Fitz Thomas Lands. I beseech Yor Honor not to procure anie graunt to anie boddy untill the land wch shall stand at Hir Highnes fauour to bestowe vpon me be passed.”

These were the last lines with which the writer troubled Sir Robert Cecyll. Four months and a half later he ceased to suffer from either scorn or penury; we may conjecture that it was to the house of Dr. Noel that the dying man betook himself on his return to London, and that Mr. Roberts, unless his days or his trade had been cut suddenly short, had been allowed to supply, as he had previously done for seventeen years, the drugs with which his physician strove to assuage his sufferings. In the first week of January, 1602, this pale shadow of a Desmond imperceptibly faded away out of the world, and of the memory of his generation,

"The Lord Deputy and Council to the Privy Council.

"As your Lls haue directed, upon notice of the decease of the Erle of Desmond, the company allowed for him is discharged; saue what yt hath pleased you to continue to the Archbishop of Casshell, the Erle's sisters, and John Power,

"1602, Jany. 14."

Between nine and ten months had elapsed since the patience of the mayor of Cork had broken down under the charge of the sisters of the deceased Earl, and since those ladies had prayed for some pittance from the queen to enable them to quit that inhospitable roof. Time, (as was written by a learned Spaniard, D. Francisco de Moncada, at the very period when these ladies were petitioning), Time, which is the mother of oblivion, and through which have perished many bright deeds and illustrious memories, amongst other things which it has left in doubt to posterity is also this—whether during those long nine months the Meade family were kept smarting under their penance for the neglect of a night's hospitality! If the mayor were indeed liberated from his burthen, it would appear that the ladies had not greatly benefited by their change of condition, for as soon as their brother was dead, and before whatever pity might be felt for him could grow cold, an appeal was made to "the immortal fame" of Sir Robert Cecyll in their behalf.

"William Power to Sir Robert Cecyll.

"And least my lres. haue not come to yor Honr's. hands, and that the best friend I had, the young Earl of Desmond, (whom yor Honr. had raised) is lately dead, (as it is credibly reported) so as nowe I am altogether destitute of any freind there to countenance my honest desart, &c.

"The late unfortunat young Earle of Desmond hath left here fouer poore sisters; the Lady Roche best able of them, but of meane estate, to liue; and the rest, albeit hauing some annuity of Her Majesty, yet for the smalenes thereof are much distressed wthout any other freind or meanes to help them. You have been a father unto him (as himself often told me) and I think yor Honr. should add much to your immortall fame, to be so unto them in pcuring Her Mati's most gracious goodnes towards them for their reasonable matching there, or here.

"Yor Honor humble dependant,

"Wm. Power.

"Cork 17 Ja. 1601."

When the intelligence reached Ireland of the death of the Earl of Desmond, there arose a rumour that he had been poisoned! Current with it circulated another rumour, "that Cecyll had found a man to poison Florence MacCarthy." In the serene consciousness of his innocence the English minister paid no heed to the first of these rumours; he left it uncontradicted, and it became a tradition which has survived to our own day, and which no man believes. The second of these rumours he stigmatized as a base and foul slander, and he entreated Carewe, whom the rumour implicated with himself in the calumny, to be sure and hang the slanderer if he could in any wise catch him. He repelled it with so much abhorrence, that, had we no means of forming our opinion upon the matter on other grounds, we should be compelled to believe that the charge was true. Fortunately for the fame of Cecyll, though the man, said to have been found for the purpose, himself declared that the English minister *had* engaged him to do it, this man, "John Anias the Irishman," who has been so fortunate as to have large portions of his biography preserved in the state papers of England, and who, though recommended, as we have seen, by Cecyll to Carewe for the gallows for calumny, lived to lay his head upon the block for high treason, this John Anias was utterly incapable of any real design upon the life of Florence MacCarthy; but he was exceedingly capable of undertaking to do it, and accepting the minister's money as an earnest of his design. We may even venture to say, judging from his antecedents, that it would have cost him little remorse to spread such a rumour, without having been honoured by Cecyll with such a commission at all. Florence MacCarthy was living at the time when this

rumour was first heard; he was more dreaded than any man in Ireland, save O'Neill; he was out of the reach of Carewe; and it is certain that his poisoning would have been a great consolation to Cecyll. To the grave consideration of the reader it must be left to decide which of these two men is worthiest of belief? Whether the aversion of Anias to an untruth was greater or less than that of Cecyll to remove an "Irish rebel" by murdering him? But where, since Astræa left us, can we hope to find an earthly balance so exquisitely sensitive as to weigh things so ethereal as the conscience of this great English statesman, and the imaginative faculty of John Anias the Irishman?

But the matter was wholly different in the rumour touching the Earl of Desmond. There was no John Anias in this case to accuse him, nor was there any sufficient motive for such "a curious caution." Whether Desmond lived or died, could signify only to the extent of the £500 a year allowed "for the support of his dignity," and that saved out of the disbanding of a few soldiers. The Earl, besides, had been dying from his childhood; nothing but the skill of Dr. Noel, and the resources of Messrs. Fethergill and Roberts had kept him alive till the time destined for the trial of Carewe's project. He had been got safely away out of Ireland, why should he have been poisoned?

In the few preceding pages is comprised the brief biography of James the 17th, the last and the feeblest of the Earls of Desmond. The tenor of his letters will have shown, better than anything that can be added to them, how effectually a little tower-training could tame the turbulent blood of the most turbulent race which had conquered Ireland for the English crown in 1172; and for four centuries, fighting incessantly with their sovereigns, or their Norman brethren, or with the native chiefs, had held no inconsiderable portion of it for themselves. That his education had not been wholly neglected is manifest from his letters. The reader will admit that the first of the series is not wanting in pathos or dignity. His style scarcely improved by association with the Archbishop; but no sooner did he set his foot upon Irish soil than the influence of that magic stone in the castle of the lords of Muskerry came over his spirit; and not Carewe, scarcely Essex himself, could have addressed the splendours of

majesty more rapturously than he has done in his letter of the twenty-first of October, from Moyallo. When it is considered that by the forfeiture of his father, "lands extending 110 miles, and containing 574,628 acres," fell to the crown, there is something unspeakably shabby, and, —be it said with abashed countenance before those "royal eyes which added fulness of joy with admiration to the beholders," and in presence of such "majesty as was envied, but not equalled by any earthly prince"—peculiarly Elizabethan in the pittance so grudgingly given for the support of such an earldom, restored with so great parade. To this parsimony may certainly, in some degree, though less than to his English religion, be attributed the utter failure of the hopes based upon the appearance of James FitzGerald, the Tower Earl of Desmond, in Ireland. But the reader will not need to be informed that no success of this Earl of Desmond would have effected the pacification of Ireland. Had he been able to allure or to bribe to his service every follower of his house, he might have saved to the queen a thousand pounds, the precise sum paid to the White Knight for his treachery to the Sugane Earl; but unless, simultaneously, John Anias could have dealt with Florence MacCarthy, and Walker, or Combustion or Atkinson with O'Neill and O'Donnell, there would have remained those powerful chieftains with the whole force of the three most numerous and warlike septs in Ireland to welcome the Spaniards to Kinsale. It was the unaccountable action under the walls of that old town that decided the fate of Ireland, when five thousand Spaniards remained within their intrenchments, but dimly conscious of the battle that was fought and lost within their hearing!

The same Irish chieftains, who had annihilated an English army at the Blackwater, were utterly routed by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy and his force. He and they were brave men, but they could not be braver men than were led out by Marshal Bagnal, from Armagh.—Four thousand foot, and three hundred and fifty horse! and who were scattered like chaff before the legions of O'Neill. The inactivity of the Irish chieftain after his victory at the Blackwater remains a puzzle to the historian to this day; scarcely less so his conduct at Kinsale. Is it credible that O'Neill could have been so infatuated as to fight that battle without previous concert with the Spaniards? If he did so he grievously tempted fortune, and paid a heavy penalty for

his rashness. If the Spaniards failed him after promising a simultaneous attack upon the rear of the English force, it was his misfortune, and their disgrace; but why even then that feeble resistance, that speedy overthrow, that disastrous flight, that scandalous spectacle of the two most noted chieftains of the Irish race, "with all the principal gentlemen of Ulster and Connaght," and those veteran warriors who had defeated Harrington in the Glyns, defied Ormond, chased Essex through Munster, and wholly annihilated Bagnal, flying headlong homewards, and abandoning within a besieged town the allies whom they had invited to their aid? Don Juan de Aquila added little to his renown by his Irish expedition; but the least blameworthy of his proceedings was to capitulate as he did when he beheld the only native army there was, utterly routed, and its chiefs flying panic-stricken back to their fastnesses. O'Neill's victory at Armagh led to nothing, his defeat at Kinsale insured, we are told, "the honour and safety of Queen Elizabeth, the reputation of the English nation, the cause of religion, and of the crown of Ireland."

ART. II.—*Egyptian Chronicles*. By William Palmer, M.A. In two volumes 8vo. London, 1861, Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts.

A STRANGE world it is in which we live. With our lot cast in what appears to be the end of time, we seem to be continually coming upon fresh sources of information respecting occurrences in the beginning of time. Monuments have been discovered that had lain buried for ages: inscriptions have been deciphered that had proved unintelligible to both Greeks and Romans: ancient writers of all nations have been compared, and corrected, or elucidated one from the other. From a comparison of languages we have obtained true notions respecting the history of each, and affinities of all: out of a hundred conflicting eras and epochs we have moulded at length a definite system of chronology: we know both the shape and extent of our earth. Unless we are vastly out in our geological reckon-

ings, we are not less certain of the high antiquity of our planet, than we are of its comparatively recent adaptation as the "local habitation" of the race which descended from Adam. We are no longer content to call earth, air, fire, and water, elements: but can resolve them into their constituents at pleasure, and reproduce them sufficiently to show that we have unlocked the secret of their composition. Earth's compound substances have been resolved into their elementary gases—the nearest approach to immateriality that is cognizable by the senses. Earth's crust has been discovered to consist of stratified and non-stratified rocks—a consequence of the immemorial agencies of water and fire—earth's denizens, before it was in a condition to support man, are attested by fossiliferous remains of colossal magnitude and remote antiquity. Finally, the records of the earliest peopling of the earth by man, have been exhumed, and interpreted systematically, perhaps for the first time, since their language had ceased to be a living one. Though Herodotus and Berosus flourished upwards of two thousand years nearer to the events of which they treat, it is undeniable that Egyptian and Assyrian history may be much more accurately gleaned from the recent discoveries of Champollion, Sir H. Rawlinson, and others, than from those comparatively contemporary writers. Thus it is that in the present old age of the world, our thoughts are forcibly thrown back upon the transactions of its childhood; and just when we seem standing on the tiptoe of expectation of what we shall be, we are drinking in echoes of the first lisplings of our race, and of time antecedent to its very commencement.

Why, or wherefore, revelations so momentous, and so long concealed, have been reserved for the nineteenth century, it may be premature to conjecture. So far as we can see, there is no reason why the same discoveries should not have been made ages ago, and some of them a good deal before others. It is in the simultaneous bringing to light of so much truth that the designs of Providence may be traced without presumption; though, in each case, some apparent trifle may have been suggestive of serious investigation, and ultimate success.

To apply these remarks to the study of Egyptian antiquities. It has been brought about, and carried to the perfection already attained to, by a tissue of accidents;

and yet, of such sequence and combination, as to savour strongly of serving as means to an end.

It was in the train of a French army, fitted out for a widely different purpose—that of obtaining possession of the high road to India—that modern science may be said to have invaded Egypt. Those who had fought over its material territory, sat down together amicably to examine the wonders of antiquity that each had discovered: and peaceful travellers, like Belzoni, were free to penetrate to the interior of a country which the late campaign had opened so signally to all comers from Europe. His adventures form a remarkable section in the chapter of accidents, as we may learn from Mr. Palmer.

“Most persons who have at all attended to Egyptian antiquities will remember with interest how slight an accident it was, which led Belzoni to his grand discovery of the tomb of Seti I. the father of Rameses the Great. In the wild desert valley of Biban el Malouk, the bareness of which contrasts so strangely with the green plain on the other side of the Assassif, when, in crossing by the mountain path, one sees from the top both sides at once, at the foot of one of those lateral ridges in which are many of the Kings' tombs, he noticed a slight depression of the sand, as if the rains which, even in the Thebaid, fall in some years, had there soaked through to some cavity. So he dug, and came first upon a descending gallery, and then, after trying the rock at which it seemed to end, and which sounded hollow, he broke his way through it, and found himself in the most perfect and the most magnificent of all the royal tombs—one unentered by Greek visitors under the Ptolemies, and connected with reigns of the highest historical interest (for Seti I. and his son Rameses II. are the chief elements of the Sesostris of Herodotus and Diodorus) the gorgeous paintings of which, partly historical, and partly relating to the dead, preserved intact in all the freshness of their colours, have been the source of the most striking of those fac-similes of Egyptian sepulchral paintings, which are now to be seen in the museums of Europe.”*

But had these “gorgeous paintings” a true historical meaning of their own, unlike mere works of the imagination? Chance, or something infinitely beyond chance, had appositely made the *westernmost* mouth of the Nile the repository of that uncouth block of black basalt—the celebrated Rosetta stone—with its threefold, i.e. sacred, civil, and Greek versions of the same inscription in honour

* Palmer's *Egyptian Antiq.* Introd. p. 1.

of Ptolemy Epiphanes, as appears from the Greek text. Its discovery and arrival in England in 1802 proved a powerful incentive throughout Western Europe, to the study of hieroglyphics. This was still further advanced by a second discovery.

“In the island of Philæ, situated high up the Nile, (we quote from a well-known work) an obelisk was found, and thence brought to England, on which were two cartouches or frames, containing hieroglyphics, joined together. One of these presented invariably the group already explained in the Rosetta stone by the name of Ptolemy. The other evidently contained a name composed in part of the same letters, and followed by the sign of the feminine gender. This obelisk had been originally placed on a base, bearing a Greek inscription, which contained a petition of the priests of Isis to Ptolemy and Cleopatra, and spoke of a monument to be raised to both. There was consequently every reason to suppose that the obelisk bore these two names conjointly: and observation proved that the three letters common to both, P.T.L. were represented in the female name by the same signs as occurred for them in the kings. Thus there could be no reasonable doubt as to the second name, which put the learned investigators in possession of the other letters, which enter into its composition. All this Champollion claimed exclusively as his own. Mr. Bankes, however, maintains that he had previously deciphered the name of Cleopatra, and endeavours to show that M. Champollion must have been aware of the discovery..... When these first and more laborious measures had been taken, the work was comparatively easy: and Champollion, who at first had imagined that his system could apply only to the reading of Latin and Greek names, hieroglyphically expressed, soon found that the older names yielded to the key, and that successive dynasties of Pharaohs, and of Persian monarchs who had ruled in Egypt, had recorded their names also, with their titles and exploits, in the same character..... Suffice it to say that new discoveries have gradually enlarged, and perhaps almost completed the Egyptian alphabet, till we are in possession of a key to read all proper names and even—though not with equal certainty—other hieroglyphical texts. To proper names the application is so simple that you may be said to possess a means of verifying the system perfectly within reach. For you have only to walk to the Capitol or the Vatican, with Champollion's alphabet, and try your skill upon the proper names in any of the Egyptian inscriptions.”*

If such was the state of knowledge thirty years back,

* Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. Lect. viii.

it may readily be conceived what steam-boats, railways, and electric telegraphs, have done for Egyptology since their commencement, especially since photography has been brought to bear upon the obelisks and temples of Ra. We can study their architecture, and compare the characters of their mural decorations at home—with our stereoscopes and books about us—and by our own fireside—with greater facility, and no less accuracy than travellers on the spot; or we can visit our museums, and be in ancient Egypt as completely as it is possible to be in any one of the tombs of kings or queens in the actual neighbourhood of Thebes or Luxor. Then, confining ourselves to works in our own language, we may learn from the late Chevalier Bunsen, in his great work, entitled “Egypt’s place in Universal History,” or from Sir G. Wilkinson and Mr. Birch in their much more portable “Introduction to the Study of Hieroglyphics,” or from the new translation of Herodotus by the Rev. G. Rawlinson and his eminent coadjutors, not merely what kings ruled, or what gods were worshipped, in ancient Egypt, but how the Egyptians themselves, nearly four thousand years ago, passed their time, what were their occupations, agricultural, scientific, or domestic, with what arts they were acquainted, and how they amused themselves; what origin their physiognomy betokens; what ornaments, what dress they wore; with what weapons they fought; what conquests they made; how, finally, they were buried, and with what expectations of a life beyond the grave. Perhaps there is no other nation of antiquity whose every day life we may know so intimately, if we will, thanks to the freshness of those pictorial records, “appropriately coloured with simple colour, to imitate the objects which they represent.” Of Roman and Greek life, by comparison, as portrayed in the classics, we may be said to know no more than the bare skeleton. Here bright gesticulating figures appeal to the senses, not words to the imagination. The plough, for instance, is drawn, sometimes by men, sometimes by oxen: the sower follows scattering the seed broadcast. Oxen tread out the corn, which has been cut with a toothed sickle, just below the ear, and carried in baskets, suspended from poles, on the shoulders of men to the thrashing floor. Women are gleaning in the rear of the reapers. A weary reaper is lifting the jug to his mouth. Some are treading out grapes with their feet; others

squeezing them in a bag by means of two poles twisted contrariwise: others are filling earthenware jars with the must after fermentation. Cattle are led to pasture or tethered, hounds held in slips, fish speared or netted, birds clubbed, wild beasts caught with the lasso, or transfixed with darts or arrows—sometimes from the chariot. Manifest are the processes which Egyptian cookery exhibits. Among manufactures, the arts of the potter, of the glass-blower, of the engraver and polisher of metals, of the carver in wood or ivory, of the canvas and rope maker, are represented with their appropriate tools and manipulations, many of them still in use. They danced, they played on the harp, or lyre, or tambourine, they wrestled, threw and caught balls, played draughts, fought with sticks and poles for amusement. Observe too, how largely religion entered into their daily life. Each offers of his first fruits to the gods—the peasant no less than the monarch at the head of his victorious troops, and out of his countless spoils—while the Greek letter T their symbol of life—in the hands of their divinities, shows that blessings were asked for and expected, that were not of earth—a wonderful commentary. this, upon their oblations for the dead, and upon their scenes of the judgment day, which may well compare with those of the Campo Santo of Pisa, or the Florentine Church of St. Maria Novella. There is Osiris on his throne, with his forty-two assessors seated above, right and left, in two rows: and Harpocrates seated on his crook. Four genii stand before him on a lotus blossom. Thoth, the god of letters, bears a tablet on which the actions of the deceased are inscribed. Horus and Aroeris weigh his good deeds against the ostrich feather, the symbol of justice and truth. Finally, the deceased walks in, bearing the ostrich feather in token of his acquittal, to whom the judge extends the symbol of life. Such is the bright side of the picture of Hades or Amenti in its full development,* truthful, fresh, and eloquent as ever, upon those undying monuments, illustrated by contemporary papyri.†

* That is, as seen in the tomb at How; and in the W. chamber of the temple of Deyr el Medeenah—both constructed under the Ptolemies. It would be difficult to assign a date to the coming in of the idea.

† See *Egypt's Place*, &c. vol. iv. p. 643, where the beautiful

‡ All these speak in a language intelligible to mankind in all ages; and we, when we have once mastered the hieroglyphical alphabet—can tell pretty well what important personage it is that they are talking about, and what events they attest. One difficulty remains unfortunately of the most prosaical kind, as it is of the utmost importance—namely their chronological series. It is on this point that we are compelled to go from pictures to books, and to books ineffably dry. And such from its very nature is the work, that we should much wish to extract the pith from, if we can. Mr. Palmer must excuse us for saying that he has made our task indescribably more laborious, by the hastily-formed mould in which he has cast his materials. If he, with his immense varied acquirements, was profoundly ignorant of Egyptian antiquities till a chance journey up the Nile, with nothing else to do, forced them upon his notice, how can he fondly expect that the general class of readers to whom he offers his book, should know all about Phoenix and Sothic cycles, intricate lists of Egyptian dynasties, and the explanations which, up to the very time of his writing, had been given of them, so as to dispense with his first putting them “au courant” with his subject, and explaining definitively what it was that he was going to improve upon? The fact is, he has published a book too large by half. A moderately short text, in flowing intelligible language, would have sufficed to have put the world in possession of the cream of his discoveries; and all stiff, minute, criticisms of ancient chronologies, all complicated addition and subtraction sums, should have appeared in small print, as footnotes or appendices. Had Mr. Palmer followed this course, his discoveries might, as he suggests, have ranked with those of Belzoni by this time, instead of being guessed at doubtfully (for they are by no means self-apparent, from the mass of details enveloping them) by a few. We therefore, before we so much as allude to them, must endeavour to do the very thing which he has omitted to do, namely, to clear the way for their right appreciation.

1. Egyptian chronology has hitherto been little more

“Book of the Dead,” translated in its entirety by Mr. Birch, is quoted. Champollion has exquisitely styled it “the negative confession of sins” from its subject matter.

than a system of guesswork in the hands of the learned. Beyond a certain point the monuments themselves are dumb, and the papyri that have been found as yet, defective.

"The oldest monuments of Egypt," says Sir G. Wilkinson, "are the pyramids to the north of Memphis, but the absence of hieroglyphics, and of every trace of sculpture, precludes the possibility of ascertaining the exact period of their erection, or names of their founders." And again—"Previous to the accession of the first Osirtasen, who probably lived about 1750 B.C., we have little to guide us upon the monuments of Egypt."*

Singular indeed that they should begin to be communicative, from that epoch downwards, as though fellowship with Israel had breathed life into them. The celebrated papyrus in the Museum of Turin claims no higher antiquity.† Be that as it may, "we see from this papyrus," says M. Bunsen, "that it was the Egyptian custom on one hand to proceed by dynasties; on the other, at certain epochs, to state at the close of a dynasty the sum total of the kings, and years reigned, in a given period.‡ So far so good. As yet, however, the number both of the dynasties, and of the kings who reigned in them, is so uncertain, that we are no nearer our mark. From the papyrus itself nothing decisive can be made out respecting the earlier dynasties, owing to its tattered state, and of dynasties xviii. and xix.," says Mr. Palmer, "the fragments exhibit no trace." For the rest we prefer quoting from Sir G. Wilkinson, to hazarding any statement of our own:—

"The kings of Egypt are arranged by Manetho in 26 dynasties, from the time of Menes to the invasion of Cambyeses, which happened in 525 B.C., but whether any dependence can be placed on the names and number of the kings before the accession of the 18th dynasty" (the "new" dynasty, or "the king that knew not Joseph" in all probability) "is a matter of great doubt; and some of the authors to whom we are indebted for the fragments of his

* *Ancient Egypt*, vol. i. p. 19.

† "Near 1,000 years," says Mr. Palmer "older than Herodotus." Vol. ii. p. 468. Surely Mr. P. should have discussed this, the oldest extant document, before the *Old Chronicle*, and in a chapter by itself.

‡ *Egypt's Place*, &c. Vol. ii. p. 429.

work, disagree in their arrangement.....One great difficulty arises from the long duration assigned to the Egyptian monarchy, the sum of years from Menes to the Persian invasion, being, according to Manetho, about 4750 years, without reckoning the 14th dynasty; and Herodotus' account, who was assured by the priests, that 330 kings succeeded that prince, requires, on an average of fifteen years to a reign, about 4950 years for the same period.....If we may believe Josephus, Manetho speaks of the kings of the Thebaid, and the rest of Egypt, uniting in a common cause, and thereby shows the existence of contemporary dynasties.”*

Five more dynasties, including the Persian, intervene between BC. 525 and the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great, making in all 31, which is the received number.

Such, therefore, is, at present, the only hypothesis on which Egyptian chronology has been attempted to be reconciled with that of the Bible.† It starts from Menes, who is therefore supposed to be a true historical character—though “the frequent occurrence of a similar name, *e.g.*, Manes the first king of Lydia, the Phrygian Manis, the Minos of Crete, the India Menu, the Tibetan Mani, the Siamese Manu, the German Mannus, the Welch Menu, and others, may seem to assign him a place among mythical beings”‡—and then by dint of asserting some dynasties to have been contemporary, gets them all in within the usual date for the flood and BC. 332, when Egypt passed into the hands of Alexander the Great. Of the time that elapsed before Menes it says nothing; the dynasties and kings that followed him it makes in some cases consecutive, to fill up, in other cases contemporary, to fall in with, a certain received system of dates, which, upon other grounds, is held to be trustworthy, at all events, till something can be put forward upon superior evidence to supplant it. Why imagine more ages to have elapsed than there are personages or occurrences to fill? If Egyptian history claims to go back many thousand years beyond the deluge, let it be shown from authentic records in detail what events happened in those antediluvian periods. Or again, as geology controverts the universality of the de-

* Ancient Egypt. Vol. i. p. 18 and seq.

† It may be called Sir G. Wilkinson's, *par excellence*.

‡ Rawlinson's Herodotus. Vol. ii. p. 338.

luge, cannot geology likewise prove that it did not extend over "rainless" Egypt, and consequently did not occasion any disruption in the work of civilization that was going on there? Englishmen are prone to accept any theory that can appeal to facts, and will leave the Bible intact. Continentals are rather in the habit of putting the Bible on one side for the sake of some favourite theory. They ask, will geology be content to let the colonization of Egypt date from the period usually assigned to it; will ethnology grant that a nationality may be formed, and become so highly civilized in so short a time; how long does philology say is required for the origin and development of a language? No system of chronology that runs counter to the conclusions of these kindred sciences can be maintained, and the Egyptian priests who talked of elapsed periods of ten and eleven, fifteen, and seventeen thousand years, may have been right in the main after all.* Accordingly M. Bunsen has proposed a revised scheme of chronology, in which he boldly dates the commencement of mankind at BC. 20,000; the flood at BC. 11,000; the beginning of Egyptian nationality at 10,000; and the accession of Menes—a shade less arbitrarily—at 3623 BC. Similar views have been put forward by Dr. Lipsius, on whom the mantle of Champollion seems to have fallen—and others—all equally opposed to the chronology of the Bible, and having Egyptian antiquities for their excuse.† It is the riddle of the Sphinx over again, and should Mr. Palmer,

* Palmer. Vol. ii. c. v. "Statements of Greek authors."

† In a private letter Mr. Palmer says, "Even the Belgian Professor Laurentia, who is, nominally at least, a Catholic, and certainly an able writer, expresses himself (I am writing from memory) as if the *historical* authority of the Scriptures was set aside by modern discoveries; and the Germans, such as Dr. Lipsius and Bunsen, have made free use of their opportunity, though both of these have been *moderate*, if compared with others. In France, different publications on the same subject of Egyptian Antiquities, as those of Lesueur and M. Brunet de Presle, proceed equally on the assumption that the historical and other sacred books of the Hebrews are to be quite set aside, so far as chronology is concerned, while more sober and Catholic writers, such as De Rouge, are doubtful what expansion, precisely, is necessary and admissible; so that they speak hesitatingly, and dare not absolutely, contravene the assertions of the Rationalistic Protestant."

under the influence of "gout" and "list shoes," have hit upon its true key, he might fairly lay claim to distinction as the modern *Œdipus*.*

II. What his key is we shall endeavour to explain concisely, before quoting from him for its application. It is much to be regretted that he should have deferred all elucidation of this, the pivot upon which his whole theory turns, to a discursive section of a remote chapter (c. v. § 9.) of his second volume. A chapter upon cycles generally, and the use that has been made of them, might, in short, have well been substituted for the last half of his Introduction. Here, we must confine ourselves to our immediate subject. The Egyptian year, † like that, apparently of Genesis viii. 3 and 4, originally consisted of twelve months, each containing thirty days, or 360 days in all. This was their unintercalated year, and having been used in their records and upon their monumental stelæ from time immemorial, was never wholly abandoned. Gradually, observations showed them that their year was defective by five days, and to remedy this, it became customary to add five days at the end of each year, which was therefore said to be intercalated. Still there were about six hours at the end of every year that remained over; and as these, every four years, made one day, and every 1460 years, one whole year, their months and seasons were speedily seen to be retrograding, till summer would become winter and winter summer. The true astronomical year, therefore, they found to consist of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, so that a day intercalated every fourth year would make their reckonings correct. On the other hand, their fondness for numbers led them to

* From οἰδεῖν (to "swell") and ποῦς (a "foot"), should any have forgotten their Greek mythology.

† See Rawlinson's Herod. Vol ii. p. 283. Comp. Hoffman's Lexicon Universale s. v. Chronology of Hist. by Sir H. Nicholas p. 12. Outlines of Astronomy, by Sir J. Herschel § 912. Sir G. Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians. Vol. iv. p. 375. The last authority shows how the Julian year was founded on the principle of the Sothic year of the Egyptians, while Sir John Herschel points out how the precession of the equinoxes—a phenomenon overlooked both in the Julian and the Sothic scheme, led to that further change, which is embodied in the Gregorian calendar, as now in use. Mr. Palmer's incidental discussion, vol. ii. p. 691—695, is learned enough but comes sadly too late.

notice further, that every 365 years, this quarter day would become one quarter year, and every 1460 years (or 365×4) these intercalated days would make one year. So they had what grammarians would call a "positive" period of four years, or their great year; a "comparative" period of 365 years, or their greater year; and a "superlative" period of 1460 years, or their greatest year. And it was in the last of these periods, that their celebrated ἀποκατάστασις, or return of all planets to the same point in the heavens from whence they had set out, had its accomplishment. The question for them was, from what point should they begin? Was there any one of the heavenly bodies on whose rising and setting they were more than ordinarily interested? Sothis, or Sirius, or the Dog-star, as it was the brightest of all fixed stars, so it was to them the most welcome, for just as it rose heliacally (*i.e.* immediately before the sun) it was, that they were most anxiously expecting the overflow of the Nile—their most festive season; and on which the hopes of the whole year were concentrated. Could there be a more apposite coincidence? Should they not take Sothis for their "guiding star,"* and his heliacal rising as the starting point in their true chronological system? Accordingly they arranged for its commencement when the first day of their first month Thoth should coincide with his heliacal rising; and then, afterwards, they knew that, every 1461 years, the same coincidence would ensue regularly, without their intervention. The smaller periods, so that they commenced with the rising of the dog-star, might date from any month, or day of the month, but the greatest of all should be computed exclusively, when the first day of Thoth coincided with the heliacal rising of the dog-star, or every 1461 years. Thus it was, that this period of 1461 years came to be the basis of all subsequent Egyptian reckonings, and the year of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, or the Sothic, canicular, or square (quadratus) year, as it was called, their *natural* year, and hence that observation of Herodotus "that they were indebted to the stars,"† for their mode of adjusting the year and its seasons. "The period when they first

* Egypt's Place, &c. Vol. iii. p. 44, in a c. devoted to the Sothic cycle.

† Lib. ii. 4.

began their observations, as well as that still more remote one, when the intercalated year of 365 days came into use," is shown by Sir G. Wilkinson to have been long before 1322 B.C., so that it must have been earlier still that the heliacal rising of Sothis was ascertained. Nevertheless, in a true spirit of conservatism, they would not permit either the unintercalated year of 360 days, nor the intercalated, but vague, year of 365 days, to fall into complete desuetude, thereby preventing the confusion that must otherwise have arisen from the older and later chronological memoirs having been kept in years of a different reckoning. "For it was always easy," continues Sir G. Wilkinson, "to turn these last into Sothic years, when accurate calculations were required, and this Sothic or sidereal year was reserved for particular occasions, as the old Coptic year is used by the modern Egyptians, when they wish to fix any particular period, or to ascertain the proper season for agricultural purposes."* They retained the first, therefore, to be in harmony with all previous reckonings; and used the last to be in harmony with the motions of the heavenly bodies.

It is plain, then, that the Sothic cycle was no random or arbitrary period of 1461 years, but one that had been accurately marked out by astronomical observations, and made to date from the coincidence of the heliacal rising of the dog-star with the first day of their first month Thoth. It only remains to fix this coincidence, for which purpose we may avail ourselves of the following clear statement from Mr. Palmer.

"It has been shown by modern calculations, *independently of any historical testimony*, that this coincidence, at or about the latitude of Memphis, where Sirius for several thousands of years has risen heliacally on our July 20, occurred during quadriennia containing the years A.D. 139, B.C. 1322, B.C. 2782, and so on upwards. And there is direct historical testimony that these were, in fact, the Sothic epochs of the Egyptians."† The authorities

* Rawlinson's Herod. Vol. ii., note by Sir G. W., p. 283.

† Vol. ii. p. 680. "M. M. Ideler and Biot," says a writer in the Penny Magazine (art. Zodiac) "have determined the longitudes of the sun at the terminations of three Sothic, or canicular, periods of 1460 years, within which the heliacal risings of Sirius return to the

whom he cites are Censorinus, who is certainly very explicit—Pliny, Clement of Alexandria, to whom he had already referred—Josephus, Aratus, and Porphyry. July 20, AD. 139, July 20, BC. 1322, and July 20, BC. 2782, therefore, for the Egyptians were so many charmed periods, and we must carry them carefully in our heads, besides remembering the various sums total of one, two, three, or more periods of 1461 years added together.

Such is the form and description of the key applied to Egyptian chronology by Mr. Palmer, and it is not that others have never suspected, or tried the same key before—as Mr. Bunsen has said of Boeckh—but that others have hitherto failed in using it: nor would the lock have yielded to pressure so readily, even in his case, had he omitted to take into full account the luminous hint dropped by Ptolemy of Mendes. “Ptolemy of Mendes,” he says, a writer, probably, of the last century BC., “or whoever was the editor of the Manetho of Africanus, undertook to explain the origin of those myriads of years which seemed so incredible, reducing them as *months*, to 1-12th of their apparent bulk.* Read through these diminishing glasses, it is astonishing into what rational and moderate compass, epochs of two or three myriads of years may be thrown, till Egyptian kings and dynasties begin to assume their ordinary dimensions, and to bear comparison with contemporary history. The theory of month-years, indeed, of itself, may not explain all anachronisms that present themselves, and yet concurrently with the application of some kindred principle, it may prove of invaluable service. Month-years then, and the Sothic cycle conjointly, may be said to make up the clue which Mr. Palmer has proposed for threading the labyrinth of Egyptian chronology, as it has come down to us, in systems more inconsistent and intricate than hieroglyphics themselves. It is impossible not to admire the courage with which he has plunged, almost head-foremost, into the abyss of details; and the untiring patience and ingenuity bestowed by him upon the six schemes which he endeavours to reconcile one with

time of the Summer solstice, and have found that between 2782 BC. and 139 AD., the sun was in the constellation of Leo and in the sign Cancer at all the three epochs.

* Vol. i. p. 11.

another, and make say the same thing. Incidentally, too, he has unravelled the origin of those schemes in no small degree. He has shown very convincingly that the Old Chronicle of BC. 305 has been disparaged by moderns, especially M. Bunsen,* upon insufficient grounds; that the genuine Manetho† differed widely from the abridgment or re-edition of it by which it was superseded, about the commencement of the Christian era; that, finally, by comparing these carefully with the schemes which followed them, it is still possible to extricate Egyptian chronology from the confusion in which certain commentators or improvers upon Manetho had involved it, and restore it to its earliest and most pristine dimensions, from its own earliest and most authentic records.

“For it is one thing to infer (as in c. i. p. 32) that there probably existed an earlier scheme, from which the old Chronicle was derived and altered; and that its construction was probably of such and such a kind: and another, to have before us the scheme itself, with its general features, still plainly discernible, though much mutilated in detail. And now we have before us the scheme itself (pp. 508, 12) fixed by its idea and nature to the date of July 20 BC. 1322; and in a copy, the actual writing of which cannot be supposed to be later than the end of the 13th century before Christ, that is 800 years before a similar papyrus was shown by the priests of Phthah, at Memphis, to Herodotus. This being by far the most ancient and authentic of all writings concerning Egyptian history, sheds, even in its present mutilated state, a flood of light not only upon the mythological dynasties of the original Manetho, and upon those of his Manes and other kings, as well as upon the additions of Ptolemy, but also upon some of the phenomena presented by the monuments, especially on the Thothmes Chamber of Kings.”‡

Thus hopefully does Mr. Palmer speak of the earliest, or hieratic, scheme, as recovered beyond all doubt from the Turin papyrus, the restoration of which is elaborately discussed in his 4th chapter. Of the five Egyptian schemes that remain, the 1st, preserved by Diogenes Laertius,

* Egypt's Place, &c. Vol. i. p. 211 and seq.

† What if Manetho should turn out as mythic a personage as Menes? as it is evidently a name compounded of Manes and Thoth. (Bunsen. Vol. i. p. 58. Comp. Voss De Hist. Gr. i. 14. Fabricii Bibl. Gr. Vol. iv. p. 128.)

‡ Introd. p. xxxv. Comp. Vol. i. p. 292 and seq.

ends in BC. 332; the 2nd is that of the old Chronicle of BC. 305; the 3rd is that of Manetho BC. 268; the 4th that of Eratosthenes, made out for him by the priests of Thebes, about BC. 226; the 5th and last that of Ptolemy of Mendes, or the Manetho of Africanus, about BC. 100. To those of Manetho, and Eratosthenes, Mr. Palmer has allotted independent chapters respectively; but why he should have chosen to mix up Ptolemy, the latest, with the Turin papyrus, or the earliest scheme, at the beginning of his 2nd volume; and Diogenes Laertius and the Old Chronicle, schemes so nearly contemporary, at the beginning of his first, is more than we can explain. It is to these two last—early but contemporary—schemes, by way of specimen, that we must confine our extracts, with the exception of the short prefatory notice which we now quote:—

“Three of the six schemes (above-mentioned) viz., the Hieratic, the Old Chronicle, and that of Ptolemy, are *cyclical*, pretending to exhibit a series of complete Sothic cycles. And of the three, one, the earliest of all, the Hieratic, ends at a true cyclical epoch; the other two do not. The two latter consequently *throw up* those years of the cycle, current when they were made, which were yet future. But all the three alike insert a sum of 341 fictitious years, in order to make time seem to have begun from a cyclical epoch, which in truth, it had not done. Two other schemes—those of Manetho and Eratosthenes—are *uncyclical*; and lastly, one, that preserved by Diogenes Laertius, is a *compound* sum of years, partly cyclical and partly uncyclical. And, as none of these three last-mentioned schemes pretend to exhibit a single series of complete cycles, they all three omit those 341 fictitious years which are indispensable to such schemes as are cyclical.”*

Consequently, we shall hear more about these 341 years, as we proceed with the old chronicle, which is one of the cyclical schemes.

“Those elements of Egyptian reckoning in terms of the moveable year which are common to all the six schemes, cyclical and uncyclical alike, are 3139 years (divisible into 2,922 and 217) from the beginning of human time to Menes, and 903 years of kings from Menes to the Sothic epoch of July 20, in BC. 1,322. To these common elements the three cyclical schemes (the Hieratic of BC. 1322, a copy of which was contained in the Turin papyrus—that of the Old Chronicle, and that of Ptolemy of Mendes or the Manetho

* Introd. p. xxvi.

of Africanus, add the 341 fictitious years mentioned above, not prefixing them, however, at the head of all: but interposing them between the first 2922 years, and the 217 really following. Five out of the six schemes add a continuation of 978 years of kings from the Sothic epoch of BC. 1322 to the conquest of Ochus in BC. 345, and two of the five go on thirteen years further to BC. 332. The two later of the three cyclical schemes throw up, besides, all those years of the cycle current in BC. 345 or 332 which were still future, at the one or other of these dates. The two schemes which are not cyclical (those of Manetho and Eratosthenes) contain, nevertheless, the one a sum of 1435, the other a sum of 443 years, really unchronological, but presented as chronological to the Greeks, and borrowed or imitated from the years thrown up in the cyclical schemes, though without seeking or admitting any cyclical result. Lastly, the mixed scheme preserved by Diogenes Laertius, while it prefixes a round *month* of xxx. fictitious cycles, or spaces equal in length to cycles, subjoins to these, without any mixture of fictitious or concurrent years, the true chronological and uncyclical reckoning of the Egyptians from the beginning to Alexander, viz. $(3139 + 903 + 978 + 13 =) 5033$ moveable years.*

We pass, from these general remarks, to the Old Chronicle, the 2nd in order, of the cyclical schemes. It has been preserved by George Syncellus, a writer of the 9th century, who speaks of it thus:—

“There is extant, among the Egyptians, a certain Old Chronicle, the source, as I suppose, which led Manetho astray, exhibiting xxx. dynasties, and again, cxiii. generations, with an infinite space of time (not the same either as that of Manetho) viz., three myriads, six thousand, five hundred, and twenty-five years, first of the Aeritæ; secondly, of the Mestræans; and thirdly, of the Egyptians.”

Then the first four items of the Chronicle—slightly dovetailed.

	Years.
“First Dyn. i. Ra—the sun—God,	30,000
Then Dyn. ii. to xiv. inclusive—Seb. <i>i.e.</i> Χρόνος and all the other xii. Gods (the Aeritæ?)	3,984
Then Dyn. xv—viii. Demigod-Kings (the Mestræans?)	217
After them xv. generations of the <i>Cynic Cycle</i> were registered in years,	443.”

So far all is mythical—the historical portion, which fol-

* Introd. p. xxvi. and vii.

lows, will be better understood from Mr. Palmer's summary, than from the text itself.

"It gives, *without names*, a series (not to be supposed to correspond uniformly to actual reigns) of lxxvi. royal *generations*, averaging $24\frac{1}{2}$ years each, divided into xv. *dynasties*, the whole in a space of 1881 moveable years, from the commencement of the native monarchy, Feb. 22, BC. 2224, to its extinction, Nov. 16, BC. 345."*

It is, of course, Mr. Palmer, not the Chronicle, who supplies these precise dates. Now let us hear what Syncellus has to say of the entire period, embraced by the Chronicle:—

"These 36,525 years, being divided by 1461, give the quotient xxv. and exhibit the ἀποκατάστασις of the zodiac fabled by the Egyptians and the Greeks; that is, its circuit from starting round to the same point, which point is the first minute (λεπτόν) of the first degree (μοίρας) of the zodiacal sign, containing the vernal equinox, called by them Aries; as is said in the Γενικά of Hermes, and in the Κυρηνίδες" (spurious and late writings mentioned here only by Syncellus.) "And hence one may see how irreconcilable such accounts are both with our Divine Scriptures, and with one another, when this, *which is accounted the oldest Egyptian document*" (of all that have been written in Greek) "introduces first a time absolutely infinite, and then".....the 36,525 years before mentioned.

What explanation has Mr. Palmer to give of them, or of Syncellus upon them?

"We cannot, perhaps, set about this better than by putting ourselves, in thought, in the place of the Egyptian constructor of the Chronicle, at that point of time at which it seems to end, viz., at the end of the last native dynasty, or the conquest by Ochus, and ask ourselves what we have to do in order to exhibit an imaginary ἀποκατάστασις in xxv Sothic cycles† ending at this point? Now, as the Sothic cycle, which is by no means any or every period of 1461 vague years, did not end at, or near, this date (BC. 345) but was still current, and had many years, let us say 483 years, still to run, to July AD. 139, its true epoch; the first thing to be done, plainly, is to cut off and throw back to some period above well-known history,

* Introd. p. xxix.

† Why, this should be "defined as taking place after xxv. rather than any other number of cycles" he shows at great length. p. 30—35, observing that "two cycles of solar years,"=twenty-four (2×12) "cycles of Egyptian month-years."

these 483 years of the real cycle. Next, it will be natural to survey the chronological materials at our disposal, running back from Nectanebo to the head of the monarchy, before we think of placing the 483 years cast up from below ; and going down, in like manner, from the beginning of all known time, as many perfect cycles, or rather as many times 1461 years, as our reckoning will allow, till we come to a fractional number, which will be sure *not* to coalesce with the years reckoned upwards from Nectanebo, and the years of the cycle thrown up, into a sum divisible by 1461. For it would be absurd to suppose that either the sum of our own chronological reckoning should of itself fall exactly into a number of spaces of 1461 years each, or, that the world, in point of fact, should have begun from an epoch of the Sothic cycle. So when we come to this fraction, we shall have to cut off or to add, according as it presents too many years or too few. And lastly, if after this operation, our whole number of cycles, or spaces like cycles, falls short of xxv., we must add as many more whole cycles, purely fictitious as are wanted.”*

In this manner it is to be supposed that the author of the Chronicle, reckoning 1881 years between Nectanebo, the last, and Menes, the first Egyptian king, decided to place before them the years of the true cycle, which in B.C. 345 were still to run. But here, while he was about it, he was induced to go a step further, and transpose “ the interval of 40 years between the conquest by Ochus, and the assumption of the crown by Ptolemy Lagus,” his reason being, “ that the latter epoch of the two, viz., B.C. 305, might be marked, in the structure of the Chronicle, by the specification of 443 years of the cycle,” as thrown up ; whereas, if the 40 between B.C. 345 and 305, equally thrown up, had been included in one and the same sum, the specification of “ 483 years of the cycle,” would have pointed only to the end of the last native dynasty B.C. 345, and the commencement of a new world would have been given to the Persians, instead of these conquerors and successors of the Persians, (i.e. Ptolemy), for whom the compliment enigmatically contained in the Chronicle was intended.

As there were, therefore, 443 years to be thrown up immediately before the 1881 years of kings, so there were 40 to be thrown up a stage beyond. His next step was to set down

* p. 16.

"Two complete cycles, or spaces of 1461 years each,* which he gave to Chronos, the first deified ancestor, and first measurer of human time, and to xii. other gods, in xiii generations, seemingly answering to the xiii. patriarchs of the antediluvians, or of the old world. After these 2922 years, there came a fraction of 217 before the foundation of the monarchy by Menes, and this he gave to viii. demigods, representing no doubt viii. generations of postdiluvian patriarchs of the line of Mizraim. But this fraction of 217, with the 1881 years of the monarchy from Menes to Nectanebo, and the $(443+40)$, or 483 of the cycle thrown up, as aforesaid, making altogether a sum of 2581, short of two complete cycles by 341, he threw in 341 fictitious years, adding them to the 2922 of the xiii. gods, where they could cause no confusion; whereas, if they had been added to the 217, of the demi-gods, no one could have any longer distinguished the original fraction, nor so much as guessed what addition or curtailment had been needed in order to make time from the beginning seem to run in the form of Sothic cycles. Having thus obtained four complete cycles of human time, but wanting xxi more, the author prefixed and added xxi more whole cycles of time purely fictitious, (i.e. $1461 \times 21 = 30,681$ years) or, as it seem, cosmical: not reckoned by men, nor by deified ancestors of men, but by the Sun-God alone: though, in order to give him the round sum of 30,000 rather than 30,681 years, the fraction 681 was detached, and added to the two cycles of the xiii (human) gods, again without danger of any confusion. So their numbers were swelled by the double addition both of 681 from above, and of 341 from below: and yet further, by 40 detached from the 483 of the cycle: so as to amount in all to the sum of $(681 + 2922 + 341 + 40 =) 3984$ instead of 2922 years."†

Thus every item of years in the chronicle has been elucidated and unravelled: and its 36,525 are found to be made up as follows:

xxi fictitious cycles, in round numbers	30,000
Remaining odd years of the same	...	681	
Two more complete cycles	...	2922	
Forty years detached as explained	...	40	
Fictitious years thrown in	...	341	3984
Fractional years before Menes	...		217
Years of the current cycle thrown up	...		443
Historical years of kings	...		1881
			<hr/> 36,525

* Which, multiplied by twelve, would give 24 cycles of Egyptian month-years, as observed in a preceding note.

† P. 17.

And therefore, triumphantly proceeds Mr. Palmer,

“Cutting off the xxi cycles of 30,681 entirely fictitious prefixed; ejecting the 341 inserted, for cyclical purposes, between the xiii gods and the viii demigods: and restoring the 40 and 443 years of the cycle current under the Ptolemies to their proper place, between B.C. 345 and A.D. 139; we obtain the Egyptian chronology of the world, at a date at least as early as that of the chronicle, i.e. before the settlement of multitudes of Jews at Alexandria, or the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, as follows—2922 years of the xiii ante-diluvian patriarchs + 217 of viii post-diluvian patriarchs of the line of Ham and Mizraim + (1881 or) 903 years from Menes to the epoch of the Sothic cycle, (B.C. 1322) + 978, or thence to the last Persian conquest by Ochus, (B.C. 345) + 40 to the assumption of a crown by Ptolemy Lagus, (B.C. 305) + 443 to the cyclical epoch A.D. 139; making, in all, from Chronus, who should be Adam, to the expiration of the Sothic cycle (in A.D. 139) 5493: or to our era (i.e. to B.C. 1, Aug. 24, within four months and seven days of it) 5364 vague or civil years of 365 days each.”*

The scheme of Diogenes Laertius differs from that of the chronicle, both in the idea that underlies it, and in the number of years apparent on its surface—48,863 from Phtha to Alexander the Great, whose conquests opened Egypt to Greek eyes and ears. Nothing daunted by the additional myriad, Mr. Palmer grapples with them unhesitatingly, thus:

“The sum of 48,863 contains, first, for its fictitious part, thirty times 1461, or a full Egyptian month of thirty ‘great days’ or cycles: instead of the 21 fictitious cycles of the chronicle, or its 30,000 of years assigned to the Sun-God: the number 30 having a plain relation both to the sun and to the moon, while neither the number 21, in connection with cycles or ‘great days’; nor that of 1000 in connection with 30 as its multiple, had any peculiar sense or propriety. And after the aforesaid month of cosmical cycles, being (1461 \times 30 =) 43,830 years, the remainder of the 48,863, being 5033, resolves itself into a simple and honest addition of the true periods of true or human time, reckoned by the Egyptians from the beginning of the world to Alexander—without any insertion of 341 fictitious years to make the world seem to have begun from a cyclical epoch—without any allusion to the idea of the ἀποκατάστασις—still less without any throwing up of years still future, in order to exhibit a feigned ἀποκατάστασις, ending at a point not really the epoch of a Sothic cycle. For 5033 years are equal to those 2922 + 217 +

* Pp. 18-19.

1881 years, which alone in the chronicle belong—properly and originally—to the xiii. gods, the viii. demigods, and the last xv. dynasties of the kings from Menes to Nectanebo: with 13 more years only, from the conquest of Darius Ochus to Alexander: i.e. seemingly to the autumn of B.C. 332 when he entered Egypt. And those years of the chronicle which we distinguished in its internal structure as true human time, chronologically reckoned, if added to 30 cycles of cosmical time, together with 13, instead of 15, years on from Nectanebo to the cosmocracy of Alexander, make exactly the sum total of Diogenes Laertius, (43,830 + 5033 =) 48,863 years; and the comparison of the two schemes will be as follows:

xxi cycles or 30,681	+	2922	+	40	+	341	+	217	+	443	+	1881	
												+15	= 36,525,
xxx cycles or 43,830	+	2922					+	217		+	1881
													+ 13 = 48,863.

"In both cases alike, the sum of real Egyptian years, reckoned chronologically, will be 5364 to Aug. 24, B.C. 1, four months and seven days before the vulgar era."*

We are bound to acknowledge the skill, patience, and delicacy with which these arithmetical intricacies have been handled; and some plausible harmonies elicited from what might have been hitherto well described as a jargon of figures. If it should turn out that some of the details are capable of amendment, or should exception be taken to some of the arguments adduced in their favour, at all events we think it undeniable that Mr. Palmer has not only fastened upon the true clue, but pursued it steadily through successive entanglements, till he has penetrated to the core of each puzzle, and laid bare their homogeneity.

"But for a scheme of sacred chronology with which to compare the Egyptian, what method is to be followed? The simplest rule will be this. Let it be supposed open to us, and to every man, to take for a basis whatever text or system we prefer; only, when this is done, let us consent to sacrifice in this our basis every *peculiarity*, by making first its excesses and deficiencies compensate one another, so far as possible, and only afterwards, in case of need, cutting off or filling up any residual excess or deficiency: preferring also, *ceteris paribus*, the elder to the later writer or text, and the original text to the translation. With these principles, we shall select the historian Josephus, as being at once the most ancient and best qualified writer of all who have left anything like a continuous reckoning, connecting sacred with profane history. And, as he is often inconsistent with himself, citing sometimes the

* P. 21.

shorter numbers of the Hebrew text, which already differed from the Greek, but generally following a longer chronology, which gave to many of the patriarchs 100 years more before the birth of their son—we shall take for our basis the longer or Greek, not the shorter or Hebrew reckoning of Josephus.”*

Accordingly, the results of his scheme, recapitulated a few pages on, are stated to be

“A sum of 2256 years *full* to the end of the year including the Flood, reckoning from September to September, or 2257 years *current* to the birth of Arphaxad, and from a little before the birth of Arphaxad, reckoning now from the spring instead of the autumn, from Nisan to Nisan, 940 years to the birth of Abram, + 550 to the division of lands, + 30 of the survival of Joshua and the elders, + 450 of Judges and servitudes, or other intervals, to Samuel the Prophet, + 32 of Samuel alone, + 20 of Saul with Samuel, + 490 to the end of the 11th of Zedekiah, in the spring of B.C. 587—a little before the burning of the Temple—+ 52 to Nisan 1 in B.C. 535, or 70 to Nisan 1 in B.C. 517—between two and three months after the end of the 4th of Darius Hystaspes: for his 4th (Nabonassarian) year ended Dec. 31, B.C. 518. Thence, in Nabonassarian or Egyptian years—from Dec. 31, B.C. 518—the remainder of the Persians, being 188 years, + 300 of Macedonians, + 29 of Augustus, in all 517 to August 24, B.C. 1; but from Nisan 1 in B.C. 517, where our Hebrew reckoning ended, only 516 years, 5 months, and some days to the same date, Aug. 24, B.C. 1; or 517 years to Nisan 1 A.D. 1 of the vulgar era.

“The sum total is 5355 Hebrew, or solar years, beginning from September, B.C. 5356, and ending in September, B.C. 1, or 5356 years from September B.C. 5356 to September A.D. 1, of the vulgar era. But these 5355 Hebrew or Julian years being equal, in terms of the vague Egyptian year, to 5358 years, and 243½ days, i.e. about eight Egyptian months, ending perhaps ten or eleven days later than August 24, (the end of the vague Egyptian year in B.C. 1.) we have the sum of our sacred chronology, collected from the Scriptures and Josephus, to compare with that Egyptian reckoning of 5364 vague years ending August 24 B.C. 1, which we obtained both from the chronicle, and also from the sum of 48,863 given by Diogenes Laertius.

“But if we deduct 5358 Egyptian years and 243 days, or nearly 8 months, from 5364, we have, for the remainder, five years, four months, and some days; which is, in fact, the same thing as to find that the two reckonings absolutely coincide, except that the Egyptian agrees with the Alexandrine LXX, in having six years (before the Flood) more than the Hebrew text and Josephus, (2262

* P. 22.

instead of 2256) though this excess of six years is reduced to five years and about four months, by the Egyptians putting down their *natale mundi* from the Hebrew epoch in Sept. b.c. 5362, to the next following commencement of their own moveable year. For Thoth, the first day of the vague year, being in b.c. 5362 and 5361 not in autumn, but at April 26, it was clearly necessary for the Egyptians either to cut off eight months, (supposing them to have had originally the same reckoning with the Hebrews,) or to add and antedate by four months, if they chose to make the world begin from the first day of their own year; and this we may be sure they would choose to do, even apart from any scheme which should superadd the idea, that all time, both cosmical and human, had run from the beginning in the mould of a Sothic cycle; in which case, of course, a commencement from any other point than that of the new year could have no place."*

This, therefore, is the issue to which Mr. Palmer has brought his investigation of the two preceding schemes, namely, that Egyptian chronology exceeds by only five or six years such a scheme of sacred chronology, as would result from a comparison and combination of the Greek reckoning of Josephus with that of the Hebrew and Samaritan Scriptures; and it agrees exactly with the same sacred scheme, if only the reckoning of 2262 years before the Flood be adopted from the Alexandrian LXX version, in lieu of the 2256 of Josephus.

The remainder of his work is only the same position further established, though the learning and labour that have been expended upon it all baffles description. Upon Manetho and Eratosthenes, Ptolemy of Mendes, and the Turin Papyrus, we have fine-spun and exhaustive disquisitions. Then Herodotus and Plato, Eudoxus and Aristotle, Dicæarchus, and Diodorus Siculus, are cited and cross-examined: and even a letter from Alexander the Great, adduced in evidence. Then Christian writers, as Africanus and Eusebius, Amianus, Panolorus, and George Syncellus, are called upon for their respective schemes or commentaries. The general result follows in a laboriously digested harmony of Sacred and Egyptian chronology; and finally, by way of appendix, Chaldean chronology, similarly unravelled, is shown to be all but identical with

* p. 27-29.

Egyptian; the scheme of Berosus with that of Manetho.*

It is impossible to find space for even a summary of these arduous chapters; and we recommend any one desirous of embarking in them on his own account, to make himself thoroughly master of their headings, at the beginning of each volume, in the first instance. Would that, in their elaborate composition, the 'limæ labor' had been more prominent. It is a calamity to society, when 'one of a thousand,' like Mr. Palmer, if indeed, for depth of learning and original thought, he has his equal amongst contemporaries—brings out a book—upon one of the most interesting of all subjects—that, from its unchastened prolixity, sadly confused arrangement, interminable digressions, long-drawn parentheses, slipshod phraseology, uncouth quaintness in the mode of telling its story, is far more likely to repel than to attract the great mass of even inquisitive readers. Already that most masterly, and by no means cumbersome, volume of his, 'Dissertations on the Orthodox Communion,' is comparatively but little known, owing to its defects of style; and how differently would his present work have been received, did only every hundredth of its 1050 pages contain a sketch like the following—a plain proof of the style which Mr. Palmer *can* command when he thinks fit:

"Confining ourselves to the voyage on the Nile, let us recal if we have seen, or paint to ourselves from description, some of the most striking features of that scenery; the broad surface of the river—the black steep bank—the creaking wheels for raising water to irrigate the banks—the narrow, flat strip, covered with growing crops above the bank, sometimes of a dark blue green, sometimes of a yellow green—the bare stems of palms rising from this strip, some upright like slender shafts, others slanting in different ways, and all with the green tufts at their heads, showing as against a back ground, against the sky; or the yellow sand of the desert, or the rock rising behind; then the frequent mounds, like small hills, marking the sites of ancient towns, and often still occupied by modern villages—each village on its mound—which during the inundation becomes an island—amid a clump of palm-trees, full of pigeons," (he might have added—with innumerable scavenger-birds,

* A chapter upon Chinese chronology, we venture to suggest, would have testified to some still more striking agreements. See, for instance, a paper by J. Williams, Esq., in vol. ii. of *Transactions of the Chronological Institute*.

or kites, balanced in air round them, and screaming shrilly,) "the houses and walls all of sun-burnt bricks of black earth, such as were used by the ancient Egyptians—the doorways, too, slightly converging towards the top, as in all the old Egyptian buildings—their roofs not flat, as in Syria, but rising into a multitude of picturesque turrets, which are dovecotes, and which give to the villages a castellated appearance—the contrast in places, where both are seen together, of the broad expanse of the river and treeless flats of the most vivid green in islands, or on the shores, with some portion of the yellow sand of the desert. From the hill and old rock-tombs above Osiout, formerly Lycopolis—and *wolf*-mummies are still visible in the tombs—this contrast is heightened by a double city, that of Osiout itself at one's feet—one of the chief places of modern Egypt, with its port full of life, connected with cultivated tracts on the shore, and in an island beyond, and with the river, with the picturesque sails of the vessels, pointed like hare's ears, crossing one another, upon it—and a little to the left, the medieval and modern necropolis, a perfect town of Saracenic tombs and small mosques and cupolas, standing apart without any sign of life or vegetation near it in the midst of the desert. Then, in places, the Libyan and Arabian mountains—sometimes both, but oftener only the Arabian—approach close to the bank, and narrow the course of the river; at others the river widens and bends so as to resemble a huge lake; in some places again it is divided into several channels, and half lost between extensive islands. When the Arabian hill comes near, the entrances to ancient tombs are often visible to passing boats in the rocks above. For those who have the use of their feet, a walk along the steep bank—by no means to be mounted and descended at every point—is an agreeable preparation for breakfast in the early morning, while the Arab crew tow the boat up the stream, crying out to keep time, and singing as they haul—on the deck too, and in rowing, they are not sparing in their songs. Sometimes, perhaps, a funeral from some village may be crossing the river, with the wailing of hired mourners, and a car drawn by oxen to convey the dead from the landing-place to the cemetery on the opposite bank; so that the modern funeral bears close resemblance to the ancient—the greater conveniences offered for burials by the more desert side, and the hill-bank, having perpetuated the custom of ferrying the dead across the water. The form and colours also of the cattle in the pastures, the innumerable flocks of wild geese on the river, and the barley, wheat, and dhourra of different heights in the cultivated tracts, remind one constantly of the cattle and crops sculptured and painted in the tombs, and of the geese, living and dead, which make so great a show in the same sculptures and paintings, that they quite take precedence of the kine and the beef. Buffaloes in the fields, and negro slaves, occur on the monuments: mixed, as now with the handsome cattle of the Apis form and breed, and

with the native Egyptians : but now one sees also lines of camels with their packs, on the banks of the river, and in the city: and in the cultivated lands crops of maize, which are absent from the monuments.”—p. xiii.-xv.

O si sic omnia! Could not Mr. Palmer have borrowed a pen from his friend, Professor Stanley, a little oftener? In the name of the holy cause in which he has embarked, in justice to his own vast acquirements, let him study to write so that he may be read!

ART. III.—1. *An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond.* By the Hon. Horace Walpole. 1758.

2. *Who was the old Countess of Desmond?* By Richard Sainthill, Esq. (Olla Podrida, 1844.)

3. *The old Countess of Desmond.* Quarterly Review, March 1853.

4. *A Second Series of Vicissitudes of Families.* By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms. 1860. 8vo. (Pp. 402—418. *The Old Countess of Desmond.*)

5. *The olde Countesse of Desmonde : her Identitie ; her Portraiture; her Descente.* By the Ven. A. B. Rowan, D.D., M.R.I.A. 1860.

6. *The old Countess of Desmond : An Inquiry, Did she ever seek redress at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, as recorded in the Journal of Robert Sydney, Earl of Leycester? and, Did she ever sit for her Portrait?* By Richard Sainthill, of Topsham, Devon. (Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. vii.) 1861.

THE Old Countess of Desmond is the “Aunt Sally” of the historical arena. No sooner is the name of this venerable lady set up than adventurous champions are ever ready to take their aim, and to endeavour to knock her off her perch, to their own immortal honour and glory. It has been an exciting sport. But, after all, there is not so much in the actual performance, as in the imaginary difficulties and mystery affected by those who have set up the image. They have not been satisfied with one puppet,

but have kept a box-full to exhibit in succession. There has not been merely a single Countess, but many, offered to view: and the gamesters have had to exclaim, like the desperate monarch with whom the old lady's history is associated,

"I think there be six Desmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of her."

The great question has been the old lady's "identification;" she has been identified once and again, and yet the identification has been obscured and superseded by fresh disputes. Her assumed portraits are numerous, and some of them have, from time to time, been engraved as her "veritable portraiture," and yet Mr. Sainthill condemns them all.

The extent of her longevity, which was the original source of her celebrity, has been stretched to various limits, and is still undetermined.

We propose, in the present article, to take a sober and systematic review of the whole controversy, and rather to give a history of the discussion, than to take part in it ourselves—to be the heralds of these literary jousts, rather than tilers or combatants.

The subject, at its outset, has the recommendation of having attracted the notice of some of the greatest among English authors. Having been originally started by Sir Walter Raleigh, it has interested Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher, Sir William Temple, and many others of less celebrity. About a century ago, Horace Walpole imported his "Historic Doubts" into the discussion; and those doubts have been the prolific seed of other doubts, down to the present year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

The earliest printed book in which the Countess of Desmond is mentioned is Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, published in 1614. He there states (at p. 66)—

"I my self knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin in Munster, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since; who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her joynture from all the Earles of Desmond since then; and that this is true all the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Munster can witness."

The *Itinerary* of Fynes Moryson is the next testimony in order of date (1617).—

"In our time the Irish Countesse of Desmond lived to the age of about 140 yeeres-, being able to goe on foote foure or five miles to the market towne, and using weekly so to doe in her last yeeres; and not many yeeres before she died she had all her teeth renewed."

These two passages are the sources from which all subsequent notices of the old Countess of Desmond are generally derived, with more or less of apocryphal embellishment. Nor is even the original account of Sir Walter Raleigh free from important error, as we shall find hereafter.

We now proceed to lay before the reader all the additional anecdotes that are offered of this remarkable lady; with this warning, that, as we descend further from her own day, they become more and more suspicious. And first, let us see what Lord Bacon has said of her. Our great natural philosopher has mentioned the Countess of Desmond twice. First, in that part of his *Instauratio Magna* which is called the *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, and which was printed in 1623.

"Hiberni, presertim sylvestres, etiam adhuc sunt valde vivaces; certe aiunt, paucis abhinc annis Comitissam Desmondiæ vixisse ad annum centessimum quadragesimum. Et tres per vices dentiisse."

Thus translated in the early version—

"The Irish, especially the wild Irish, even at this day live very long; certainly they report that within these few years the Countess of Desmond lived to a hundred and forty years of age, and bred teeth three times."

Again, in his *Sylva Sylvarum* or *Natural History*, first published by Dr. W. Rawley in 1627 (after the author's death) Lord Bacon writes, when discussing the subject of teeth—

"They tell a tale of the old Countess of Desmond, who lived till she was seven score years old, that she did dentire twice or thrice: casting her old teeth, and others coming in their place."

Upon these two passages all that we need observe at present is, that they contain nothing in addition to the statements of Fynes Moryson; whom Bacon evidently followed, as he had done just before in regard to a well-known story of the morice dance performed by a company of aged men in Herefordshire, in the reign of James the First.

Another great author, who has recorded the venerable Countess of Desmond as not only living, but lively, "in his own days," is Archbishop Usher. His testimony (which has not been quoted on recent occasions) occurs in his *Chronologia Sacra*, at p. 202:—

"In Hibernia Desmonia Comitissa, Edwardo III in Anglia regnante Comiti marito nupta, meo tempore et viva fuit et vivida; circa annum demum vitæ CXL defuncta. (D. Gualter. Raleigh Histor. Mundi, lib. 1, cap. 5, sect. 5. Fr. Bacon de long. vita, et L. Cork genealog. Desmon.)

In this again there is no fresh information; but, whilst Raleigh and Bacon are quoted as authorities, we may recollect that Usher was himself a native Irishman, born in Dublin in 1580, and may therefore have heard of the Countess whilst living, as well as read of her when dead.

The next writer in point of date offers several new particulars. This is Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, whose Table-book has not been published, but who is supposed to have written the following passages* about the year 1640, whilst he was resident as English ambassador in Paris.

"The old Countess of Desmond was a married woman in Edw. IV.'s time, of England, and lived till towards the end of Q. Elizabeth, so as she must needs be neere 140 yeares old. She had a new sett of teeth not long afore her death, and might have lived much longer had she not mett with a kinde of violent death; for she would needs climbe a nut tree, to gather nutts; so falling down she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death. This my cousin Walter FitzWilliam told me.

"This old lady, Mr. Harriot told me, came to petition the Queen; and, landing at Bristoll, she came on foot to London, being then so old that her daughter was decrepit, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, theyr poverty not allowing meanes for better provision; and, as I remember, Sir Walter Rawleigh in some part of his story speakes of her, and sayeth that he saw her in England in anno 1589.

"Her death was strange and remarkable, as her long life was, having seen the death of so many descended of her, and both her own and her husband's house ruined in the rebellions and wars."

* As transcribed by Dr. Birch in 1749 (MS. Addit. Brit. Mus. 4161, p. 253.)

Where the Earl of Leicester, in these passages, quotes Sir Walter Raleigh, it will be observed that he quotes him inaccurately, for Sir Walter does not relate that he saw the Countess in England in 1589, but merely that she was living in that year; and we know that Sir Walter was then resident at Youghal, at which town, or at her castle of Inchiquin in that vicinity, it doubtless was that he made her personal acquaintance. Again, in speaking of "so many descended of her," the Earl of Leicester was evidently under the false impression that she was the ancestress of the subsequent earls, which was not the case. Of Lord Leicester's further anecdotes, told him by his cousin Walter FitzWilliam and Mr. Harriot, it must be allowed that they are of doubtful credit. But of them more hereafter.

The Earl of Leicester's reminiscences were personally communicated to Sir William Temple, and are retailed in his essay "of Health and Long Life," published in his *Miscellanies* 1689, in the following terms:—

"The late Robert Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one, of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward IV's time, and who lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from Bristol to London to beg some relief at Court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married."

Here, the journey from Bristol—upon which, as it will be seen hereafter, there rests considerable doubt—is introduced by three statements which all exceed the bounds of the earlier accounts, namely, 1. That the Countess was married *out of England* in Edward the Fourth's time; 2. That she lived *far* in King James's reign; 3. That she died some years *above* a hundred and forty. We are evidently getting out of the regions of truth into those of fable.

But how is it that we still have heard nothing of the Countess dancing with King Richard the Third? for it was her celebrity in that particular which first recommended her to the attention of Horace Walpole.* And

* "The great particular (besides that of her wonderful age)

do none of the authorities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries say anything of that story, which is generally put foremost in modern accounts of her? Granger, in his *Biographical History of England*, states as historical facts that "she was married in the reign of Edward IV. when she danced with Richard, Duke of Gloucester:" for which he cites as his authority Walpole's *Historic Doubts*, p. 102. But what was Walpole's authority? Though a century and a half had passed from the time when the aged Countess was finally laid in her grave, and something like two centuries and three quarters from the days of her assumed gaiety in the English court, yet Walpole appears to have relied upon oral tradition alone for this portion of her history. We have searched for any printed or written record of it earlier than his own, but without success.

We are given to understand that Walpole first heard the tale from his friend Mrs. Cholmondeley, or her brother the old Lord St. John, the father of the great Lord Bolingbroke.* The old Lord St. John died in 1742, in about the ninetieth year of his age: his father Sir Walter died in 1708 in his 87th year. Now, Sir Walter

which interested me in this enquiry, was the tradition which says, that the long-lived Lady Desmond had danced with Richard the Third, and always affirmed that he was a very well-made man. It is supposed that this was the same lady with whom the old Lady Dacre had conversed, and from whose testimony she gave the same account." Letter of Horace Walpole to Charles O'Connor, Esq., Sept. 17, 1757.

* For a copy of the following letter—hitherto, we believe, unpublished—we are indebted to Herbert F. Hore, Esq.

"Mr. Meyrick presents his compliments to Mr. Crane, and thinks it may be agreeable to Mr. Walpole to be acquainted with the particulars he happened to mention in regard to the old Countess of Desmond, showing by how few the account she gave of Richard III. is brought down: they are as follows: that Mr. Meyrick knew the old Lord St. John of Battersea, and his sister Mrs. Cholmondeley, of Vale Royal, (having married her grand-daughter)—that their father, Sir Walter St. John, received the description of Richard, mentioned by Mr. Walpole, from the Countess. But it is probable that Mr. Walpole may have received this information from the family of St. John, or of Cholmondeley, or Meredeth,—descendants of Mrs. Cholmondeley. The age of Lady Desmond, by their tradition, amounted to 130; of Sir Walter St. John to

might just remember his great-uncle Sir Oliver St. John, Lord Tregoze, who died in 1630. Having been President of Munster (and afterwards Lord Deputy and Lord Treasurer of Ireland) Sir Oliver might well be acquainted with the Old Countess of Desmond. But this is not what Horace Walpole tells us. He speaks of "the old Lady Dacre" who had conversed with the Countess, and thus heard her opinion of the personage of King Richard. We have therefore next to inquire who Walpole meant by the "old Lady Dacre;" and this question it is not easy to answer. To have conversed with the old Countess of Desmond she must have lived in the reign of Elizabeth, or of James I. at latest. It seems most probable that the person meant was Anne, wife of Gregory Lord Dacre, and sister to the Lord Treasurer Buckhurst; a lady whose name still survives in her noble almshouses founded in Westminster. Sir Oliver St. John already mentioned, having been created Lord Tregoze in 1626, died in 1630, and was buried at Battersea, where his family continued to reside for some generations. The old Lady Dacre lived at Chelsea, on the opposite side of the Thames, and was buried in Chelsea church, in 1595. So much for the supposed transmitters of Walpole's tradition; and whether we have truly identified them may still be questioned.

Another version was published in 1845 by the late historian Mr. Sharon Turner; in a postscript to his poem of Richard the Third:—

"Mr. Paynter, the magistrate, hearing of the announcement of the preceding poem, related to my son, the Rev. Sydney Turner, the following particulars:

"When a boy, about the year 1810, he heard the old Lord Glastonbury, then at least ninety years of age, declare that when he was a young lad he saw, and was often with the Countess of Desmond, then living, an aged woman. She told him that when she was a girl, she had known familiarly and frequently seen, an old lady who had been brought up by the former Countess of Desmond, who became noted for her remarkable longevity, as she lived to be above one hundred and twenty years of age. This lady

something more than 80; of Lord St. John (who died in 1742-3) to 92."

As shown in the text, Sir Walter St. John could not have had personal communication with the Countess, his birth going no further back than 1621.

mentioned that this aged Countess of Desmond had declared that she had been at a court banquet when Richard was present, and that he was in no way personally deformed or crooked.* Edward IV. was deemed, in his day, the handsomest man of his court. It is a fair inference from her impression that his personal appearance could not be such as the Tudor partizans and our Shakespeare have described it: and it is an instance how much they have misrepresented him," &c. &c. (*Richard the Third, a Poem*, by Sharon Turner, F.A.S. and R.A.S. L. 1845, p. 277.)

This is a lame story and will not bear examination, although the modern eulogists of Richard the Third, Miss Halsted and Mr. Heneage Jesse, both add the unsubstantial authority of Mr. Sharon Turner to the originally slight evidence of Mr. Horace Walpole. Lord Glastonbury, at his death in 1825, was only in his 83rd year, having been born in 1742. The last person who had borne the title of Earl of Desmond was William Fielding, previously to his becoming the third Earl of Denbigh in 1675. We do not therefore see what Countess of Desmond Lord Glastonbury could have known, and the story at once breaks down.

But we have heard of another line of tradition in which a Countess of Kildare is mentioned, who may possibly have been the lady meant by Lord Glastonbury,—from confusing the two great lines of the FitzGerald's. A clergyman of high birth, now living in the county of Rutland, has been heard to relate that he knew old Lady Stanhope, who knew old Lady Kildare, who knew the old Countess of Desmond, who knew and danced with Richard Duke of Gloucester. The old Lady Stanhope was Grizel (Hamilton), wife of Philip second Earl Stanhope; she died in 1811, in her ninety-third year. The old Lady Kildare was Elizabeth (Jones), widow of John eighteenth Earl of Kildare; she died in 1757, also in her ninety-third year. But this carries us to a period no further than the

* Mr. Sharon Turner, in his *History of England* had previously decidedly accepted the Countess of Desmond's testimony to King Richard's good looks, upon Walpole's authority:—

"I think that the declaration of the old countess Desmond, who had danced with Richard, that he was the handsomest man in her room (*sic*,) except his brother, (Walp. Hist. Doubts, p. 102.) sufficient evidence as to the beauty of his face." *History of England during the Middle Ages*, 3rd edit. 1830, iii. 443.

reign of Charles the Second, and another long life is required to take us to the days of the Old Countess of Desmond.

Still, these various forms of the tradition, lingering in several noble families, tend, even if imperfect, to keep alive the interest which the name of the Countess of Desmond has always excited.

We are now arrived at the close of all that are professedly original accounts of the aged Countess of Desmond, unless we admit the inscription upon Mr. Herbert's picture at Muckross, which Mr. Sainthill totally rejects. It is as follows :

CATHERINE, COUNTESSE OF DESMONDE,

AS SHE appeared at y^e Court of our Souvraine Lord KING JAMES in thys preasent A.D. 1614, and in y^e 140th yeare of her Age. She came from BRISTOL to seek Reliefe, y^e HOUSE of DESMONDE having been rvined by Attainder. SHE was married in y^e Reigne of KING EDWARD IV. and in y^e Course of her long PILGRIMAGE renewed her Teeth TWICE.—HER PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE is at INCHIQVIN IN MUNSTER, WHITHER SHE undavntedlye proposeth (her Purpose accomplished) incontinentlie To RETURN. * LAVS DEO.

This inscription accords with the phraseology of the time when it was professedly written, and we cannot detect such inconsistencies as would manifestly condemn it for a forgery. The only apparent flaw that strikes our eye is the omission of the word *hath* before "renewed," which might have been expected when a person still living was intended. But Mr. Sainthill considers the whole to be fabricated from the other accounts, and consequently utterly condemns it. His reasons will appear more fully hereafter.

We proceed to relate the progress of the controversy on the question, *Who was the long-lived Countess of Desmond?*—a controversy which has been almost as vivacious as the old lady herself: but which yet need not have existed at all, had Walpole never "doubted," or, when he was informed, had been content to suppress his doubts. For before he even began to doubt, the following passage had been published, in the year 1750, in Dr. Smith's "Natural and Civil History of the County and City of Corke":—

"1534. Thomas, the 13th Earl of Desmond, brother to Maurice the 11th earl, died this year, at Rathkeale, in the County of Limerick, being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghal.... The earl's second wife was Catharine FitzGerald, daughter of the

FitzGerald's of the house of Drumana, in the county of Waterford. This Catharine was the countess that lived so long, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his *History of the World*, and was reported to live to 140 years of age. (Russel's MS.)"

When the name of the old Countess of Desmond first excited the curiosity of Horace Walpole, because she was said to have remembered the person of King Richard the Third, his attention was not immediately directed to the *History of Cork*. The only book he thought of consulting was the *Irish Peerage*. He there found a long series of Earls of Desmond, and among them they had many wives, which gave room to a variety of conjectures, that he entertained in succession. To follow him in these would answer no purpose: but at last he fixed upon Elinor, widow of the last great earl slain in rebellion in 1583, who survived to a year so late as 1636, having remarried the O'Connor Sligo. Thinking he had identified the Old Countess in this lady, Walpole entered into correspondence, in the year 1757, with Charles O'Connor, Esquire, (well known as the O'Connor Don) a gentleman supposed to be preeminently skilled in the antiquities of Ireland. But, strange to say, that renowned antiquary did not set the inquirer right. He sent him the epitaph of the Countess Elinor, but that only added to the Doubter's doubts; and it was to an English friend, and afterwards President of the Society of Antiquaries of London—Dr. Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter, that our dilettante historian was at last indebted for what an ordinary mortal would have found for himself—the passage in Smith's *History of Cork*. This simple but satisfactory statement might, very properly, have determined him to put his previous speculations behind the fire; but it actually had a contrary effect; it induced him to print them at his private press at Strawberry Hill.*

We have not seen the original edition of this pamphlet, but it is reprinted, (with some corrections) among the miscellaneous essays in Lord Orford's *Works*; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1781, and also in the *European Magazine* for 1785. An abstract of the author's

* "An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond, 1758."

speculations, as submitted to his correspondent Mr. O'Connor, is given by the writer of the article on the Countess of Desmond in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1853.

In the essay which was thus put forth, Walpole, with his characteristic heedlessness, was inclined to exaggerate the old lady's years; he says he had often heard that they were one hundred and sixty-two or three, and he finally calculates that they were one hundred and forty-five. He also misrepresents Sir William Temple, as having stated that she came from Bristol to London "*towards the end of the reign of James the First*;" and he appends a note to the extract from the *History of Cork*, contradicting the author's assertion that the Countess's husband was "Thomas the thirteenth Earl of Desmond," and affirming that "his name was James, and he was the twelfth Earl."

Altogether, Walpole did his best to obscure the question which he proposed to elucidate; but, what is more surprising, he succeeded. Even Pennant—who openly quarrelled with him about the Countess's portraits, quoted Dr. Smith's biographical notices impaired by Walpole's variation. Many other authors adopted for fact Walpole's calculation of her longevity. But the general ignorance of the Countess's parentage is still more unaccountable; for, though there was a second edition of Smith's *History of Cork* in 1774, and Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, a popular work, and frequently reprinted, continued to set forth the truth, the rest of the world persisted in treating her "identification" as a mystery. In Granger's *Biographical History*, another popular work, of which there were several editions, she was not identified—except so far as the Christian name "Catherine" placed upon both the engravings of her helped to do so. Her parentage and her marriage were points of her biography there omitted as if unknown. Even Mr. Gough, (no special admirer of Walpole, who was too much of the *petit maitre* to suit his own zeal and earnestness,) in his edition of Camden's *Britannia*, 1789, declared that it did not seem to be well ascertained to which of the earls she was wife—relying too implicitly upon Raleigh's expression which made her a widowed countess before 1483.

This extraordinary obscuration of the light that had already broken forth, we can attribute only to the circum-

stance that Katharine Countess of Desmond had never found her proper place in the peerage. As a second wife, and one who did not transmit the succession of the family, her name had been omitted in the first edition of Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland* (1754), nor was it supplied in the edition by Archdall (1789). Thus it happened that the plain statement of Dr. Smith was still kept out of sight, the manuscript pedigrees were unconsulted, and even the late Ulster King, Sir William Betham, when requested by Mr. Sainthill, in the years 1832 and 1833, to assist him in identifying the Old Countess, could not return a satisfactory answer. On the contrary, he gave his vote in favour of Margaret, daughter of Thady O'Bryen, the wife of James ninth Earl of Desmond, murdered in 1467; and Mr. Sainthill, in consequence, wrote a memoir maintaining the claims of that lady, which was read before the Cuvierian Society at Cork, and printed in 1834, in the first volume of that gentleman's very interesting miscellany of numismatic and antiquarian lore (privately distributed) under the title of *Olla Podrida*.

The Countess thus selected as the heroine of the controversy was recommended by her having been born of the O'Bryens seated at Inchiquin in the county of Clare, and thus apparently suiting the designation given to the Old Countess by Sir Walter Raleigh: Sir William Betham and Mr. Sainthill attributing that designation to her origin and place of birth, rather than to her residence. But both Sir William Betham and Mr. Sainthill forgot that there was another Inchiquin in the county of Cork, only a few miles distant from the town of Youghal, and within the ancient domains of the Earls of Desmond.

In the years 1850, 1851, and 1852, the subject of the Old Countess of Desmond was again revived in *Notes and Queries*: and among those who then took part in the discussion we recognize the well-known and respected names of Mr. Wilson Croker, Mr. Markland, the late Archdeacon Rowan, Lord Braybrooke, Lord Strangford, and the Knight of Kerry. Much of what was then said related to the pictures assuming to present the Countess's portraiture. But Archdeacon Rowan* deliberately reopened the whole controversy, and again proposed the three questions,—Was there an *old* Countess of Desmond? Is there

* *Notes and Queries*, iv. 305 (Oct. 25th, 1851)

really a portrait of her? And, Who was she? Extracts were given of what everybody had said on the subject, in every imaginable expression of conjecture and uncertainty; with the single exception of the real key to the mystery, which was still allowed to lie perdu in the old History of Cork.

Shortly after there appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, for March, 1853, an article entitled "The Old Countess of Desmond," exhibiting not only a wide acquaintance with the annals of the Irish nation, but a just appreciation of its medieval usages and spirit, free from those partialities, prejudices, and crochets which have so often marred the industry of Hibernian antiquaries. This writer at length dissipated the mists which had been thrown over the identity of the old lady by Walpole; restored the Countess Catherine, or Kathrin, to her position in the family genealogy, as well as to her fame in the annals of longevity; and again published the passage that had enlightened Walpole—or ought to have done so—but still without recognizing its author.*

In December 1859, Archdeacon Rowan read a paper before the Royal Irish Academy, embodying his researches; and in the following year he printed its substance under this title, "The Olde Countesse of Desmonde: her Identity; her Portraiture; her Descente."

To the same learned body another essay has since been addressed by Mr. Sainthill, avowedly with the intention of replying to the Archdeacon, from whom he differs upon certain points, which will appear as we proceed.

The subject has also formed one of those recently illustrated by Sir Bernard Burke in his book entitled, "Vicissitudes of Families." He has eked out his scanty materials by the help of imagination. Though we recognise the assistance evidently derived from the local information of the diligent historian of Youghal (the Rev. Samuel Hayman), yet we cannot historically approve of the amplification of certain parts of his story, and more particularly his account of the Countess's imaginary marriage in London; where, improving upon the unauthorised statement

* ——"A then recently published authority."—*Quarterly Review*, xcii. 341. We cannot imagine that the suppression of Dr. Smith's name was intentional: but it seems as if the History of Cork was by some fatality to be always kept behind the curtain.

of Sir William Temple (already mentioned) that this Geraldine was "married out of England," it is added that "the wedding was graced by the presence of the court, and the bride danced with Richard Duke of Gloucester." Such is the "romance of history," after the approved modern pattern.

We have now, we believe, recounted the whole of those who have written on the story of the Old Countess of Desmond, with any originality of research or remark; and we may briefly state the results of their investigations by reciting the few ascertained particulars of her prolonged but obscure life, before proceeding to the other branch of the controversy, which relates to her Portraiture.

The Decies line of the FitzGeralds began with Sir Gerald FitzJames, a younger son of James seventh Earl of Desmond, who died in 1462. Sir Gerald was father of Sir John FitzGerald, who, by Ellen, daughter of the White Knight, had issue Gerald Fitz-John, (father of Maurice created Viscount Decies in 1569,*) and Catherine or Kathrin (as Mr. Sainthill maintains is the correct Irish orthography), the Old Countess of Desmond.

Thomas the twelfth Earl of Desmond, the husband of Kathrin, was the grandson of her great-grandfather James the seventh Earl, so that they were cousins german once removed. Earl Thomas was some years older than the Countess Kathrin; but according to the story of her extreme longevity he would not be so many as might be expected from his position a generation higher in the pedigree: for if, as is said, he was eighty years of age, at his death in 1534, he would have been born about 1454; and if the Countess was one hundred and forty at her death in 1604, she would have been born about 1464.

Between her birth, if in 1464, and her death, if in 1604, so many as eight or ten of her family had borne the title of Earl of Desmond. Her great-uncle Thomas, who enjoyed the dignity in 1464, and in that year returned from

* Pedigree appended to Archdeacon Rowan's essay; which adds that he died s.p. in 1572. Sir Henry Sydney, in 1576, speaks of "Sir Morris FitzGarrold, brother to the Viscount Decies." (Sydney Papers, i. 91.) According to Lodge's Baronage (as printed in Lascelles's *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*, i. 19,) the patent for this dignity has not been found.

the court of Edward the Fourth with the authority of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was in 1467 superseded by John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and beheaded at Drogheda: leaving issue four sons,—James, his successor, Maurice the tenth Earl, Thomas the twelfth, and Sir John of Desmond.* James the ninth Earl was murdered in 1487, at the instigation of his youngest brother, John. Maurice his successor died in 1520, leaving issue James the 11th Earl, who died in 1529.

The dignity then reverted to Thomas FitzThomas, who had the cognomen of *Maol*, or the Bald; whose second wife was the Old Countess. He had already passed a life of more than seventy years, distinguished in the sanguinary annals of his country as one of its most warlike chieftains. He is celebrated by O'Daly the chronicler of the Geraldines,† as “far-famed in deeds of arms: in nine battles did he win the palm of victory;” and in 1534, the eightieth and last year of his life, it is said of him (in a dispatch of the Earl of Surrey) that, “albeit his years requireth quietness and rest, yet intendeth he as much trouble as ever did any of his nation.”

“Canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentes
Comportare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.”—

Virgil. Æneid. ix. 612.

He had previously sent as a hostage to Henry VIII. his

* This youngest brother is also reckoned as an Earl of Desmond (the fourteenth), in each of the pedigrees attached to the essays of Archdeacon Rowan and Mr. Sainthill. Though both those authors speak in highly complimentary terms of the writer of the article in the Quarterly Review, yet they have overlooked his account of this portion of the family history. Mr. Sainthill's pedigree presents the whole descent of the Earldom of Desmond, and was compiled by the late Sir William Betham, who communicated it to Mr. Saint-hill in 1833; but Sir William then acknowledged that he had never been able to complete it. It is not so appropriate to the matter in hand as that given by Archdeacon Rowan, for the latter includes the Decies branch of the family, from which the Old Countess sprang, and that branch is omitted in Sir William Betham's table.

† Dominicus de Rosario O'Daly wrote a brief memoir of the Desmond Geraldines in Latin, which was printed at Lisbon in 1635, and a translation, by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, was published in 1847 in Duffy's Library of Ireland.

grandson and heir-apparent, James FitzMaurice (whose father had died of the plague in 1529), and the boy was receiving his education at the English court. When this young Anglicised chieftain returned to Ireland upon his grandfather's death, it is said of him, "he speakes very good Inglyshe, and keepith his hair and cap after the Inglyshe fashion, and wold be, as far as can be perceived, after the Inglyshe fashion." But, before his arrival, his patrimony had been seized by his last surviving great-uncle, Sir John of Desmond,* the same who had instigated the assassination of his own eldest brother in 1487. This old savage disputed the legitimacy of "the court page," on the score of his parents' consanguinity. He died soon after, about Christmas, 1536, in the habit of a Dominican friar, at the abbey of Tralee; but he transmitted his family feuds to his children, and the younger of them, Maurice FitzGerald, (surnamed *Antoithan* or the incendiary,) in the following year assassinated his cousin. "Your grace's Servant, James FitzMaurice, who claymed to be Earl of Desmond, was cruelly slayne the Friday before Palm Sunday, by Maurice FitzJohn, brother to James the usurper of the earldom." (The Council of Ireland to Henry VIII.)

After this act of *fiongail* or kin-murder—a crime then so frequent in Ireland as to have a name and rank of its own—the usurper regained possession of the earldom, of which he had been for a time dispossessed by the English authorities; and, as he was now the male heir, it was deemed the wisest policy that his claim should be admitted. He was afterwards received at Hampton Court as Earl of Desmond, promoted to the high place of Lord Treasurer of Ireland, and died quietly in his bed in 1558.

A renewed series of family contests immediately ensued. The earl left sons by three several wives: and Thomas Roe or Red Thomas, the son of the first wife,

* It is for this reason only that John can be reckoned as titular Earl, as mentioned in the last note; but, if so reckoned, his name must change places, in point of order, with that of his great-nephew, and he must be numbered before him. It may be noticed that the error of making the great-uncle survive is perpetuated from Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland*, where the death of Earl James is placed on the 31st August 1535 instead of 1537.

was recognised by the Government, and summoned as Earl of Desmond to the parliament of 3 Philip and Mary. But his father had previously declared him a bastard, putting away his mother on the ground of near affinity—a plea always ready when those semi-barbarous chieftains desired a change of partners; and his half-brother Gerald or Garrett, having been elected by his followers, according to their native custom, became the seventeenth (or eighteenth) Earl of Desmond. He maintained his princely eminence until the year 1583, when he was slain in rebellion, and all his vast estates, amounting to nearly 600,000 acres, were divided amongst English settlers.

James, the heir of Garrett, (who had been born in England, where Queen Elizabeth was his god-mother,) was detained a prisoner in the Tower of London, until the year 1600, when a formidable rebellion was raging in his native country. The leadership of the broken clan had been assumed by a *Sugaun Iarla*, or Earl of Straw (James the son of Thomas Roe), who had now become “the most mightie and potent Geraldine of any of his line, having 8000 well-armed men” at his command. The young lord was sent over, in the expectation that his father’s followers would rally round him—a hope which was disappointed, as we have shown in a preceding article. On his landing at Youghal, however, he had been received with acclamations, and, he writes, “had like to be overthrown with the kisses of *calleaks* (hags).” In that throng of affectionate enthusiasts the perennial Dowager of Desmond, still hearty and active, peradventure was foremost.*

“The Queen’s Earl,” as this unfortunate youth was called, found his way back, *nolens volens*, to the Tower of London, and died there in the following year. He was the last of this long line of admitted or usurping earls,†

* We adopt this conjectural incident of the old lady’s history from the suggestion of the Quarterly Reviewer.

† How many other *Countesses* of Desmond there may have been contemporary with our long-lived Countess it is very difficult to ascertain. Respecting the wives of her husband’s predecessors with whom Horace Walpole embarrassed himself, we meet with no dates. Lodge tells us that Mary (MacCarthy) wife of his successor James the 13th Earl, was remarried to Donald O’Sullivan More, and died in 1518. Maud (O’Bryan) was the wife of the titular Earl, Sir John

with the exception of John, (a brother of the *Sugaun Iarla*.) and Gerald his son, who, after the final ruin of their family in Ireland, were known by the title of *Conde de Desmond*, whilst exiles in Spain. But we have now arrived at the extent of the protracted life of the Countess Kathrin or Cathleen, and may revert to her personal history. Had she lived in comparative peace and security at Inchiquin during these scenes of strife and violence, wherein so many of her race had fallen by kindred hands, and so many had suffered from their unavailing resistance to the English yoke? So far as we can judge, she probably had; for, horribly as the incidents of Irish story present themselves to modern eyes, in the pages of "The Four Masters" or other chroniclers, they formed the normal condition of her semi-barbarous kinsmen, who, like the pike or the shark, were always living in troubled waters, and "taking a prey" of friend or foe. The Countess Kathrin, by her high rank, was in some degree raised above the common fate, except on occasions of extraordinary calamity.

The Decies branch of the Geraldines had their principal seat at Dromana, co. Waterford, and to that place the birth of the Old Countess of Desmond has been conjecturally assigned.* The date at which that event took place has been hitherto calculated from the age assigned to her in her latter years, and with reference to the assertion of Sir Walter Raleigh and the rest, that she was not only married in the reign of Edward the Fourth but "held her jointure" from that time. We are, however, enabled to show that Raleigh was greatly misinformed. His statement that she had been a burden on all the Earls of Desmond from the reign of Edward the Fourth, was at once ob-

of Desmond. James the 15th Earl had four wives; Joan (Roche), whom he divorced; Mand (O'Carrol), who died in 1548; Katherine (Butler), who died in 1552; and Ellen Honora (McCarthy), who died in 1560. The great Earl Gerald married first Joan, widow of James Earl of Ormond, and daughter of his cousin James Fitz-Maurice, 11th Earl of Desmond; she died in 1564. He married secondly Elenor Butler, daughter of Edmond Lord Dunboyne, the lady elsewhere noticed in these pages as having remarried the O'Connor Sligo; she died in 1636—not 1656 as misprinted by Lodge, (edit. Archdall.) i. 75, and followed by Archdeacon Rowan, p. 9.

* Crofton Croker's *Researches in the South of Ireland*.

viciously disproved upon the identification of her husband, who did not die until the year 1534, the twenty-sixth of Henry VIII. It is now further in our power to show that in 1528, the twentieth of Henry VIII. and *forty-five years after the death of Edward the Fourth*, she was not yet married; for the following original piece of evidence* proves that at that date her predecessor Shela M'Carthy† was still the wife of Sir Thomas of Desmond. It occurs in the rental book of the ninth Earl of Kildare:

"Indenture from Gerald Fitz Thomas, Earl of Kildare, unto Gyles ny Cornyk, wifo to Sir Thomas of Desmond, upon Corbynnne, in the co. of Cork, for five years, paying 26s. 8d. yearly, and that the said Giles shall not waste the woods. Dated 9th June, xx. II. VIII." (Harl. MS. 3756, fol. 4.)

This record very materially affects our inquiry. Shela, who remained the wife of Sir Thomas of Desmond in 1528, was the mother of Maurice FitzThomas, who died a married man in the following year, leaving issue "the Court Page." It is almost certain therefore that Sir Thomas did not marry his cousin Kattelyn until after his accession to the Earldom, which happened in the next year, 1529; and as it is also a known fact that in that year he granted the country of the Decies, in perpetuity, to Sir John FitzGerald, Kattelyn's father, it is no improbable presumption that that grant was an arrangement connected with his matrimonial contract. And if Kathrin FitzJohn was a bride in 1529, and afterwards (as the genealogists tell us) gave birth to a daughter of her own name, who became the wife of Philip Barry Oge, it is physically certain that she could not have been born so early as 1464. This leads to the conclusion that her great age has been much over-rated, and probably to the extent of nearly forty years.

* Kindly communicated by Herbert F. Hore, Esq.

† Shela or Giles is the Irish Julia. The lady in question was the daughter of Cormac M'Carthy, lord of Muskerry, and in the present record is designated by her father's baptismal name. He was the builder of the noble Castle of Blarney, and surnamed *Laidir*, or the Strong; but his fate was to fall in battle, in 1520, by the sword of his Desmond son-in-law.

Earl Thomas the Bald died at Rathkeale in the county of Waterford, in the year 1534, and was buried in the church of the Franciscan Friars at Youghal. For seventy years did Kathrin remain his widow, and of that long period, though much might be written from conjecture and imagination, we know little more than that her usual residence was the castle of Inchiquin, in the county of Cork. This fact is recognized in three parcels of records which have been discovered, one belonging to the year 1575, and the others to the years 1588, 1589, and 1590.

The first of these was communicated to Archdeacon Rowan by the late Mr. James Fred. Ferguson, Keeper of the Exchequer records in Dublin, whose premature death was a great loss to sound antiquarian research. By a deed dated the 5th August, 1575, the "Lady Kathrin, late wief to Thomas late Earle of Desmonde," surrendered to Gerrot, then Earl of Desmond, "the castle and towne of Inchiquine, with arable land called the six free plowlandes in Inchiquine, together with mores, meadowes,* pastures, groves, woodds, mill places, with their watercourses, rivers, streams, with their weares and fisheryes." The only reason assigned for this surrender is expressed in the words "for good consideracions me moving," but Archdeacon Rowan has shown from the accompanying documents that it was part of the Great Rebel's scheme, when preparing himself for revolt, to place all his estates in the hands of trustees, in order to save them from forfeiture; and that, to carry out that plan, he encoffed the Old Countess's jointure lands with the rest. But this shallow contrivance was rendered nugatory by an act of parliament which declared all deeds executed "subsequently to the Earl's intent to rebel" null and void; and the old Countess was consequently left after that storm in the same estate as before.

Before the time of the later documents, Sir Walter Raleigh had become possessed of considerable portions of the Desmond property, including the town and castle of

* This reads "together with MORR's meadowes," as the document has been hitherto printed by Archdeacon Rowan, the Rev. Samuel Hayman, and Sir Bernard Burke. But we prefer, without hesitation, to understand the word "mores" as meaning moors or marshes.

Inchiquin ; and, in order to give his personal superintendence to his new acquisitions, he went to reside in the town of Youghal, where the college (founded by the Desmonds) had also come into his hands. Raleigh was mayor of Youghal in 1589, the very year mentioned by himself in his *History of the World* as the date of his acquaintance with the Old Countess of Desmond : and it is to the same year that the documents we now proceed to notice belong.

A state paper, dated 1589,* enumerates among the forfeitures of Garrett, Earl of Desmond, then attainted, "the castle and manor of Inchiquin, now in the hands of dame Katherine FitzJohn, late wyfe of Thomas sometyme Earl of Desmond, for terme of lyef as for hir dower:" and at the same period Sir Walter Raleigh himself writes, after specifying the leases he had made, "There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne which are yet in occupation of the old Countess of Desmond for her jointure."

The main building of Inchiquin castle, a circular tower of massive structure, is yet standing, about five miles from Youghal ; and it was to the market at Youghal that the aged Countess resorted weekly on foot after the fashion still in use and thus described :

"Up to our own time the country people at Youghal make this weekly journey to their market town. Those from Inchiquin and the adjoining sea coast take their route (as often as the tide permits) by the splendid strand, which, firm enough to bear carts and cattle as well as pedestrians on its smooth sands, extends itself unbroken for five miles. Each Saturday, either a long cavalcade or numerous detached groups may be seen at sunrise proceeding to the town, and in the evening returning to their homes, by the sands. Imagination may paint for us the venerable Countess wending her way after this manner."†

The house of the warden of Youghal College, which was Raleigh's residence at the same period, is still existing, and has some interesting features of his time.

Two leases, granted by Raleigh, of the plough lands of Inchiquin, have been published by the Rev. Samuel

* Cited in the *Quarterly Review*, March 1853, p. 342. It is not stated where this document is preserved, and Mr. Sainthill (p. 26 of his recent essay) says that he has searched the State Paper Office in London for it unsuccessfully.

† *Vicissitudes of Families*. Second Series.

Hayman, the historian of Youghal, and are quoted by Mr. Sainthill. They are dated respectively the 22nd July, 1588, and the 1st Feb. following; and both of them recognize the incumbrance of "the Ladie Cattelyn, old Countess Dowager of Desmond, widdowe." In the second of these leases, the lordship is grandly distinguished as "the Barony of Inchequyn Raleigh in the county of Corke."

By an inquisition taken at Youghal, August 31, 1590, it was found that Gerald, late Earl of Desmond, was seized of a ruinous mansion-house, waste and in decay, near the church of the Holy Trinity, in Youghal, which was parcel of the jointure of Katherine late Countess of Desmond, worth 12d. and concealed from the Queen.*

This was perhaps a memorial of the injuries inflicted on Youghal some years before; for when Sir Henry Sydney, as Lord Deputy, made a progress in the South of Ireland in 1575-6, that town was too poor to entertain him.

"I passed (he writes) from Dungarvan to Sir John of Desmond's,† [at Moygeely] leaving Youghal, for that they were not (as they protested) hable to receyve me and my traine, by reason of their spoyles donne upon them and their people in the tyme of the rebellion of James Fitz-Morris."

We have next to consider the anecdote already related in the words of the Earl of Leicester, which describes the Countess of Desmond as having, in her extreme old age, repaired to England, and journeyed on foot from Bristol to London, to sue for some restoration of her maintenance. A main point of Mr. Sainthill's recent Essay is to show that this anecdote is altogether improbable. He ridicules the details of the story,—that the Countess should encumber herself with a helpless companion in her "decrepit" daughter; that the latter should be "brought in

* Hayman's Handbook for Youghal, 1858, 8vo., Annals, p. 23.

† This Sir John of Desmond was a brother of the Earl. Lower down in the same report Sir Henry Sydney adds,—“Sir Thomas, Sir John, and Sir James of Desmond, brethren to the Earl, were continuallye with me.”—(Sydney Papers, edit. Collins, i. 91.) The imperfection of Lodge's account of the Desmond family is again apparent here, for of these three brothers of the Earl he notices one only, “Sir John Fitz-Gerald of Moygeely, co. Cork, knighted in 1567, and killed in rebellion in 1581.” (Edit. Archdall, i. 73.)

a little cart," when one somewhat larger might have been found that would have accommodated both the old ladies. He argues that, if the Countess were so poor as is alleged, the expenses of so long a journey would have deterred her; that the roads were then bad, and the dangers of travelling great from thieves; and that if, at her extraordinary age, she had really made her way to the English court, such a proof of her wonderful vigour would not have been omitted in the notices left of her by Raleigh and Bacon, both then resident in London.

We see no occasion to join in Mr. Sainthill's objections to the circumstances attributed to this journey, supposing that the Countess found it necessary to undertake it. The roads, it is true, were then bad, and that was the reason why so much travelling was performed on foot. There was considerable danger from thieves, but, to provide against that disagreeable contingency, wayfarers went together in large companies. If the ladies were lightly burthened with valuables, there was the less occasion to dread robbery.

In estimating the credibility of the Earl of Leicester, we must take into consideration who his informant Mr. Harriot* was. Thomas Harriot was one of those learned men (the two others being Robert Hues and Walter Warner,) who were frequent visitors of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, during his long imprisonment in the Tower, from 1606 to 1621, "and were usually called the Earl of Northumberland's magi. They had a table at the Earl's charge, who did constantly converse with them to divert the melancholy of his confinement, as did also Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then in the Tower."† Raleigh was in the Tower for more than twelve years, from 1603 to 1615-16. Harriot died very shortly before the release of the Earl of Northumberland, on the 2nd July, 1621. Now, Robert Lord Sydney, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was born in 1595, and became the Earl of Northumberland's son-in-law by marrying the Lady Dorothy Percy in

* This name has hitherto been printed incorrectly. In *Notes and Queries*, First Series, v. pp. 16 and 324, and in Archdeacon Rowan's dissertation it is given as "Harnet," in that of Mr. Sainthill as Haniot.

† Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

or before 1616.* As we know that the Earl was allowed to have his children to visit him in the Tower, it is evident where Lord Sydney made the acquaintance of Harriot, and when he heard the anecdote of the old Countess of Desmond. It would be after his own marriage in 1616, and certainly before Harriot's death in 1621. This carries us to a time little later than the other testimonies of Raleigh and Moryson; and Harriot (who was born in 1560) may have spoken of the Countess of Desmond's visit to the English court as an event of which he had been a personal witness.

We must admit, however, the force of Mr. Sainthill's arguments that so remarkable a feature of the Countess of Desmond's story as her travelling from the South of Ireland to England in her extreme old age would scarcely have been unknown either to Raleigh or Bacon, nor would it have remained untold to Fynes Moryson, who was at Youghal in the year 1613. We may add that we might expect to find her coming mentioned by some of the Court news writers, of whose letters so many are preserved bearing date in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign and in that of her successor.

Mr. Sainthill suggests (p. 26) that some confusion may have been made between the old Countess and Elenor Countess of Desmond the widow of the rebel Garrett. His researches in the State Paper Office have been rewarded with some very interesting papers respecting the latter lady, with which he has enriched his appendix. It appears, by some letters of Thomas Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, then Lord Treasurer of Ireland, written on the 18th of June 1583, that the Countess of Desmond, having

* "The young Lady Sydney with her sister Lady Lucy Percy going some two or three days before the feast (given by Lord Hay to the French ambassador,) to visit their father in the Tower, after some few carresses he dismissed his daughter Sydney to go home to her husband, and to send her sister's maids to attend her, for that he meant not to part with her, but that she should keep him company; adding withall that he was a Percy, and could not endure that his daughter should dance any Scottish jigs. And there she continues for aught I know." (Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, March 8th, 1616-17.) This was written some eight months before the Lady Lucy Percy was married to the Lord Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle.

been previously "protected" for some considerations, did on that day utterly forsake the benefit of her protection, and put herself wholly and simply to Her Majesty's mercy. In October 1584, the Lord Deputy Perrot and his council report that "the Countess of Desmond lay at Clonmel, where she was allowed a diet of viiis. per diem for herself, her daughters and weemen;" this they had thought proper to cut off, and had brought her to the castle of Dublin. They at the same time admit, "We thincke her estate to be verie bare, and muche she lamenteth, and *ernestlie desyreth to be sent over to your Majestie.*" There are other papers to the like purpose; and at last a letter from the Lord Roche and Fermoy to Sir Francis Walsingham, dated "Bristol, the viii. of January, 1587[-8]," wherein mention is made of "the *privie departure* of the Countess of Desmond," for whom the writer, with others, had been bound in the sum of £100. There are, further, papers and petitions of the Countess, which show that she obtained from the Queen in March 1587, (and therefore probably when in England,) a yearly pension of two hundred pounds sterling to be paid in Ireland, with another of one hundred marks for her two daughters. All this is very curious, and is enough to incline to the conclusion that Mr. Harriot's anecdote of the Countess of Desmond who "came to petition the Queen" belongs properly to the Countess Elenor.

But there still remains the positive assertion that "Catherine Countesse of Desmonde" came to the court of King James, made in the inscription on the picture at Muckross, an inscription professing to be contemporary with the event, and which we have in part criticised already. Its date, 1614, is evidently inconsistent with Sir Walter Raleigh's account of the Countess (published in that very year) and with the date of her death in 1604, as stated in a pedigree at Lambeth. The Quarterly Review maintains that 1614 "must be a mistake for 1604," and that consequently her journey to London and her death happened in one and the same year,—the former possibly hastening the latter, as was subsequently the case with "the old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr," after he had been brought for exhibition to the court of Charles the First.

Mr. Sainthill argues that the supposed error is highly improbable, for what painter of the present day would inscribe 1672 for 1862? But, on the other hand, if the

picture has at any time been cleaned and the inscription retouched, or if both picture and inscription were copied from another original, such an alteration may have crept in by inadvertence.

Again, Mr. Sainthill objects that the Countess's christian name was at that time invariably written with a K for its initial. No doubt it was usually so, but as certainly not invariably. Indeed, in the documents he has himself printed (at pp. 28-30) the Countess's name is written "Cattelyn." And that "Catherine" was already beginning to be the spelling of the name in the reign of Elizabeth may be shown by many examples.*

The picture and its inscription present some claim to credence in that very name of Catherine. For whence could a forger have derived it? Not from Raleigh, Moryson, Bacon, or any of the older authorities; not from the Earl of Leicester or Sir William Temple; none of whom give the Countess her Christian name. It could not have been obtained from any printed book before the publication of Smith's History of Cork in 1750. Does the inscription bear marks characteristic of that or of any more recent date? We rather think not. And it must be considered that, if this inscription be condemned, the credit of the portrait itself, and of those which resemble it, will suffer likewise. Our present belief is that the picture (of which more hereafter) supports the inscription, as much as the inscription vouches for the picture.

The Quarterly Reviewer and Archdeacon Rowan both transferred the incidents of the journey related in the Earl of Leicester's anecdotes to the reign of James the First

* 1579, Sept. 19. "Nicholas Bretton, gent. (a well-known author both in prose and verse,) and Catherine Storey, widowe," married at St. Dunstan's in the West, London. (*Collectanea Top. et Geneal.* v. 215.)

1592, Dec. 10. Catherine, daughter of Thomas Shelley, gent. buried at the same church. (*Ibid.* iv. 118.)

1588, Sept. 29. Catharine, dau. of Henry Knevett, Gent. and 1596, Dec. 23. Catharine, dau. of Arthur Messenger, Gent. baptized at the same church. (*Ibid.* p. 123.)

1595. "Catharyn, wyfe to Gilbert Hussey," in a funeral certificate prepared by York herald of arms. (*Ibid.* p. 377.)

1587. Catherine, wife of John Hungerford, Gent. baptized at Hungerford, Wilts. (*Ibid.* vol. v. p. 361.)

instead of that of Elizabeth, and, on the authority of the Muckcross inscription placed it in the year 1604—reading that date instead of 1614. Neither of those writers had seen the documents now brought forward by Mr. Sainthill, which appear to show so clearly that the Countess Elenor was the subject of Mr. Harriot's reminiscences. But, after all, supposing some confusion to have arisen regarding the two ladies, the visit of the Countess Elenor to Queen Elizabeth does not render one of the Countess Kathrin to King James entirely impossible. They may both have had similar reasons for such a journey, and, when they came, each would almost inevitably come by way of Bristol.

Shortly before the close of Elizabeth's reign, and the commencement of his own troubles, Sir Walter Raleigh had sold his Irish estate to Richard Boyle, Esquire, afterwards the first and great Earl of Cork. The Quarterly Reviewer, accepting Mr. Harriot's anecdote (as related by the Earl of Leicester), but adapting it to the reign of James the First, according to the Muckcross picture, suggested that the Countess "may have been ousted by the rapacious Earl of Cork, after he had acquired Raleigh's Irish estates;" and the Archdeacon conjectured (p. 35) that Boyle's new patent, by which he was to hold his lands direct from the Crown, having been passed to him on the 10th May, 1604, the poor old widow may have been ignored in the process, and so compelled to present herself at Court to prove, *in propria persona*, the prodigious vitality with which annuitants are proverbially endowed.

Possibly some fresh evidence may yet be discovered that will throw light upon the old lady's latter days. The date of her death is not determined beyond dispute. Sir Walter Raleigh, publishing in 1614, and Fynes Moryson, writing probably in 1613, when he visited Youghal, for he died in 1614, both speak of her as if already deceased. The only direct statement of her death is in one of the pedigrees compiled by Sir George Carew, Earl of Totnes,* where we find that "she died in anno 1604."

* (Lambeth MS. 626, f. 74. b.) In another copy of the same pedigree (Harl. MS. 1425) the words are "She lived in anno 1604" Mr. Archdeacon Rowan supposed (p. 34) that the Lambeth MS. had been corrected from "she lived" to "she died:" but this turns

This date is probably that of her death; but other evidence is desirable. Whether any record of the devolution of the castle and demesne of Inchiquin to the Earl of Cork, by her decease, may still lurk concealed in the title-deeds of that estate, which has descended to the Dukes of Devonshire, and since passed by purchase to the Earl of Bessborough, remains for future investigation. Mr. Sainthill has already made unsuccessful inquiries in the former quarter.

Respecting the Countess's place of burial the historian of Youghal (in the work of Sir Bernard Burke) has made the following remarks:—

"In the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may safely assume that her remains were laid with those of her husband in the Franciscan Friary at Youghal, but a search there for the tombs of the Geraldines is fruitless. Seven Earls of Desmond, besides numberless members of families of lesser rank, were interred within its walls, but not a vestige of their monuments remains. The religious house itself is swept away, the cemetery is partly built on and partly converted into gardens."

To the *longevity** of the Countess of Desmond various limits have been assigned, and all, as we have now reason to think, far surpassing the truth. In the original calculation of Fynes Moryson it was "about 140 years." The speculations of Horace Walpole have misled many authors: some having adopted his figures 145, and others his longer calculation of 162. In a book on Health and Longevity, compiled by James Easton a bookseller at Salisbury, which reached several editions, her age is

out to be a mistake: neither MS. has been altered, but the Harleian MS. is in fact a copy from that of Sir George Carew, and, in this and in many other respects, a very inaccurate one.

* In "A Natural History of Ireland, by Dr. Gerard Boate, Thomas Molyneux, M.D., F.R.S., and others, Dublin, 1755," 4to, p. 141, we find the following parallel of Irish longevity:—

"The great age of two Persons in Ireland, by Dr. Tho. Molyneux. My Lord Bacon says that the Countess of Desmond, in Ireland, was one hundred and forty years of age.

"Mrs. Eckleston, who lived at Philipstown in the King's-county, was born in the year 1548, and died 1691; so she was 143 years old."

positively fixed at 145;* so in Mr. Sharon Turner's *Sacred History of the World*, 1837, iii. 283, and in Mrs. Hale's large volume of female biography entitled "*Woman's Record*," published in America in 1853. On the print published in 1806 from the Knight of Kerry's picture it is "supposed" that she actually survived the reign of James the First, and died at 162. In the old catalogue of the pictures at Windsor Castle her age was placed at "one hundred and fifty within a few days:"† an assertion which, however apparently precise, may probably be attributed to the *ipsa dixit* of a garrulous housekeeper. As we have not the year of the Countess's birth, nor with absolute certainty that of her death, it is impossible to determine the accurate figures of her longevity; but after having ascertained that she was a bride and a mother late in the reign of Henry the Eighth, instead of that of Edward the Fourth, we must certainly deduct largely from her reputed years. It is more likely that they were a hundred-and-four than a hundred-and-forty.

It is now clear that she can never have danced with Richard Duke of Gloucester. But, after all, her reminiscences of him may have come from her husband: for the Bald old Earl, having been fifty years her senior, may have seen the Prince, either in England, or in Dublin, if Gloucester ever was there.

Of the story which describes the cause of her death there are several variations. Instead of falling from a nut tree, as told to the Earl of Leicester by his cousin Walter FitzWilliam,‡ Horace Walpole, as his careless humour prompts him, makes her at one time fall from a cherry tree, and at another from a walnut. He writes to the Countess of Ossory, August 22, 1776:—

"I propose to conclude my career in a manner worthy of an antiquary, and when I am satiated with years and honours, and arrived at a comfortable old age, to break my neck out of a cherry-tree in

* Easton also varies her dancing partner into the Duke of York instead of Gloucester.

† Pote's *History and Antiquities of Windsor*, 4to. 1749, p. 418.

‡ Walter FitzWilliam was his second cousin, being a younger brother of William first Lord FitzWilliam of Lifford (created 1620), whose grandmother was Anne daughter of Sir William Sydney.—*Lodge's Peerage of Ireland*, edit. Archdall, ii. 177.

robbing an orchard, like the Countess of Desmond at an hundred and forty."—The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, edit. Cunningham, 1857, vi. 370.

Again to the Countess of Ossory, July 19, 1777 :—

"The Duchess of Queensberry died on Thursday of a surfeit of cherries, as my old Countess of Desmond of robbing a walnut tree, for the Duchess's beauty at seventy-seven was as extraordinary as the other's at an hundred and forty years."—*Ibid.* p. 461.

Tom Moore, the bard of Erin, adopted one of these perversions—

"That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was killed by a fall from a cherry tree then ;
What a frisky old girl !" — *Letters of the Fudge Family.*

And this preference of the cherry tree for the story may perhaps be justified by the circumstance that the district of Ireland where the Countess resided had already become famous for a fruit which is said to have been introduced by the great successor of her race, Sir Walter Raleigh. Dromana, the countess's presumed birthplace, in the adjoining county of Waterford, stands in a parish of which the county historian says,

"Affane is famous for the best cherries in this county, or perhaps in Ireland, being first planted here by Sir Walter Rawleigh, who brought them from the Canary Islands."—Dr. Smith's *Antient and Present State of the County and City of Waterford*, 1774, 8vo. p. 55.

But the author of the *Fairy Legends*, though, with still further poetic licence, he places the incident in an orchard at Dromana, converts the cherry into an apple tree.

"Drumana, recently the seat of the Earl of Grandison, the reputed birthplace of the long-lived Countess of Desmond, the number of whose years approached so near to those of old Thomas Parr. This wonderful lady, being deprived of her jointure by the attainder of the Earl of Desmond, at the advanced age of one hundred and forty, crossed the Channel to Bristol, and, travelling to London, solicited and obtained relief from James the First. In this part of the country her death is attributed to a fall whilst in the act of picking an apple from a tree in an orchard at Drumana."—*Researches in the South of Ireland*, by T. Crofton Croker, 4to, 1824, pp. 122-3.

There remains only one more of the anecdotes respecting her unexamined. This is the marvellous statement

that she had three sets of teeth, which some writers have even exaggerated into four. Such is the interpretation put upon the story by Dr. Thomas Fuller, who, in his *Worthies of England*, (under Northumberland) after commemorating Patrick Macelwain, (a Scot by birth) who in 1657 was the incumbent of Lesbury near Alnwick, and, being then a hundred and ten years of age, had received new hair and two fresh teeth, within three years preceding,*—introduces, in his usual amusing style, the following notice of the Countess of Desmond:—

“The nearest that treadeth on his heels is the Countess of Desmond, married in the reign of King Edward the Fourth, and yet alive anno 1589, and many years since, when she was well known to Sir Walter Raleigh and to all the nobles and gentlemen in Munster: but chiefly to the Earls (for there was a succession of them worn out by her vivacity,) of Desmond, from whose expectation she detained her jointer. The Lord Bacon casteth up her age to be an hundred and forty at the least, adding withall *Ter per vices dentisse*,—that she recovered her teeth, after her casting them three several times.”

Another example of dentition in extreme old age is thus noticed by Aubrey:—

“One goodwife Mills of Yatton Keynel, a tenant of my father’s, did dentire† in the 88 years of her age, which was about the year 1645. The Lord Chancellour Bacon speakes of the like of the old Countesse of Desmond, in Ireland.”—*Natural History of Wiltshire*, edit. Britton, 4to. 1847, p. 70.

* We have corrected these particulars of Macelwain from a letter written by himself to a citizen at Antwerp, published by an author named Plempius, and inserted in Joseph Taylor’s *Annals of Health and Long Life*, 1818. By Fuller he is miscalled Machell Vivan.

† This word “dentire” is also used by Dr. W. Rawley (if not by Bacon himself) in the passage quoted at the commencement of this article. It is remarkable that it is quoted in Dr. Johnson’s *Dictionary* (citing Bacon) under the erroneous form *dentise*. The observation is added “Not in use:” which should have been “Never existed!” Dr. Richardson, in his *New Dictionary of the English Language*, 1844, 4to. p. 512, has fallen into the same error, notwithstanding that he quotes Bacon in his old orthography. Dr. Noah Webster the American, in his 4to. *Dictionary*, 1828, has converted it into *dentize*. It is really a French word: “† Dentir, To

The reality of any human being having three sets of teeth may be questioned: for, though some other instances of "a new set" at an extreme age* are mentioned in the gossiping "*Annals of Longevity*," yet in all the better authenticated cases the accession is limited to a small number, and where the number is mentioned it is generally only two. Jane Lewson, who died in 1811 at the age of 116, had two new teeth at 87, having never lost one of her former set. Hannah Wilson, who died in 1807, aged 103, had two new teeth after her 85th year. Rebecca Poney, who died in 1795, aged 106, had two new teeth at 102, and all her teeth except two were perfect at her death. Peter Larocque, a butcher in Gascony, who lived to 102, and died in 1768, is said to have cut four large teeth at the age of 92; and Margaret Melvil, who died in 1783, at 117, had "several teeth" when a centenarian. These cases of senile dentition were sometimes accompanied by the return of fresh hair in its original youthful colour; and are paralleled by others in which the sense of vision was renewed. The great John Hunter, in his *Treatise on the Human Teeth*, admits that a third set has now and then appeared "complete" in very old people, but he seems to make this admission upon report only, for he also says that when such teeth come they usually do so in a very irregular manner, and that he had never seen an instance of the kind but once, "and there two

breed young teeth." Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, edit. Howell, folio, 1673. But the mark † denoted an obsolete word.

* The following case, which occurs in the obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine, resembles that of the Countess of Desmond in more points than one. "July 15, 1751. At Mapleton, Derbyshire, aged 112, Mary How, widow. Her death occasioned by pulling a codling off a tree, the limb of which breaking fell on her arm and broke it. About two years ago she cut a new set of teeth, and her hair turned from grey to a beautiful white, and she had a very florid countenance."—Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxi. p. 332.

In another copy of this paragraph (in Easton's *Health and Longevity*) the words "new set of teeth" are altered into "several new teeth," as if the former statement had been in excess of the truth, and confirming the view we have taken on consideration of all the recorded cases.

fore teeth shot up in the lower jaw." He adds that such teeth, coming in one jaw and not in the other, were often more hurtful than useful, as they wounded the opposite gum, and had consequently to be extracted.* It seems therefore most probable that the acquisitions of all these veterans were some few teeth only that had remained undeveloped, not required in their early days, but called forth by the last efforts of their vigorous nature. Had they *dentured* or bred teeth in their old age, as Lord Bacon supposed, they must also have formed, as Hunter suggests, "a new alveolar process," or series of osseous nests in which the teeth are hatched and grown; but these alveolar processes are limited to two, which are both born with us.

We now turn to the second question proposed by the late Archdeacon Rowan, *Is there really a Portrait of the Old Countess of Desmond?* There are many pictures which professedly represent her; among which it will be hard indeed if we do not find some that are true. The Quarterly Reviewer, in 1853, enumerated seven.

1. At Dromana, her assumed birthplace, the seat of Lord Stuart of Decies.

2. At Chatsworth. Formerly at Devonshire House in Piccadilly.

3. At Knole in Kent.

4. At Windsor Castle.

5. At Dupplin Castle, the mansion of the Earl of Kin-noul.

6. The Knight of Kerry's, at Ballynruderry.

7. Mr. Herbert's at Muckcross.

In addition there are said to be,—8. One at Bedgebury in Kent, the seat of Viscount Beresford;† and 9. One at the Marquess of Exeter's at Burghley.‡ In the year 1744, Mr. West, (sometime President of the Royal Society,) exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a portrait of the Countess of Desmond attributed to Levinz.§ Mr. Pennant, in 1772, besides those at Devon-

* Works of John Hunter, F.R.S., edit. Palmer, 1835, vol. ii. p. 36.

† Notes and Queries, I. iii. 341. ‡ Ibid. I. v. 260.

§ Camden's Britannia, edit. Gough, 1789, iii. 498. By Levinz is probably meant Jan Lievens, a Flemish painter who worked in the style of Rembrandt.

shire House (now at Chatsworth) and Windsor Castle, mentions others, at the Hon. John Yorke's seat near Cheltenham, and at Mr. Scott's, a printer. Further, Mr. Cole saw "a tolerable good old picture of her at Mr. Dicey's, prebendary of Bristol, at Walton in Bucks;"* and Lord Braybrooke in 1852 mentioned one "very much resembling the Windsor picture and Pennant's engraved print, though evidently the work of an inferior artist." This had been for a short time in the possession of the second Lord Braybrooke, "soon after the year 1800, having been delivered to him (with other pictures) by the executor of Mrs. Elizabeth Berkeley, an eccentric old lady, well known as a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. But it was soon claimed by a Mr. Grimston of Sculcoates, in Yorkshire." Lord Braybrooke adds that it had previously belonged to Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, the father of Mrs. Berkeley's husband.†

The first of the preceding list, that at Dromana, is described as "a remarkable head—an *ενδωλοποιία* of the Roman matron Metella, with the silver grey on her long tresses."‡ So far as we understand, this must be regarded as an imaginary portrait: though Sir Bernard Burke, who describes it as "a small picture, painted on oak," remarks§ that it is "probably genuine."

That at Knole is equally "questionable; devoid of tiring, and bristling with elf-locks, it is rather the effigy of a Dutch witch than the similitude of a lady of rank."¶

The painting at Windsor Castle is believed to be by Rembrandt (who was not born till 1606) and more properly designated as the painter's mother. It was called the Countess of Desmond in 1749 (as appears by Pote's *History of Windsor*, 4to. p. 418) and Granger had seen it so called in a catalogue of the pictures there in the handwriting of Dr. William Derham the elder (who died in 1735). But Horace Walpole, as he himself relates,

* Notes and Queries, I. iii. 426. Also mentioned in his letter to Pennant, June 30, 1776. The Rev. Edward Dicey, Rector of St. Bartholomew the Less, London, and of Walton, Bucks, and a Prebendary of Bristol, died at Chelsea, March 31, 1790.

† Notes and Queries, I. v. 381.

‡ Quarterly Review.

§ Vicissitudes of Families. Second Series. 1860. P. 417.

¶ Quarterly Review.

"Having, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windsor Castle called the Countess of Desmond, discovered that it is not her portrait. On the back is written, in an old hand, *the Mother of Rembrandt.*"

Walpole proceeds to trace this picture as a gift from Sir Robert Car, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, to Charles the First. In Vanderdoort's Catalogue of the Royal Collection it occurs as

"An Old Woman, by Rembrandt, with a white veil on her head and ribbon hanging down. 2 ft. high, 1 ft. 6 in. wide. A present from Lord Ancrum."

And in another catalogue of the same collection (as communicated by Mr. B. B. Woodward, the present librarian at Windsor Castle, to Mr. Sainthill), it is thus mentioned :

"Done by Rembrandt. An old woman, with a great scarf on her head, with a peaked falling band. (2 ft. x 1 ft. 6 in.)"

Mr. Woodward describes the costume more minutely. "There is lace on the head-dress, and a fur tippet, a collar round the neck, and coming down in front, and *no lacing.*"

We have entered thus fully into the particulars of this long reputed but imaginary portrait of the Countess of Desmond,* because it is necessary to distinguish it as completely as possible from the picture at Dupplin Castle ; Walpole having unreasonably condemned the latter after discovering that the Windsor picture had been misnamed.

The picture belonging to the Knight of Kerry is a painting by Gerard Douw, whose name appears on the panel.† As that painter was born in 1613, he could not have drawn the Countess of Desmond from the life. It is "a painting of merit, representing extreme old age, with an extraordinary degree of still remaining vigour, but the features are dissimilar to those of the veritable portraiture."‡

* Long since Walpole's time, it has continued to be called the Countess of Desmond in repeated editions of the Visitant's Guide to Windsor Castle. In Jesse's Handbook this is amended.

† Like others "it was a long time thought a work of Rembrandt."

‡ Quarterly Review, quoting the description given by the present Knight of Kerry, in Notes and Queries, I. v. 323.

In 1806, Mr. Henry Pelham, who projected a History of the County of Kerry,* not doubting the authenticity of this portrait, had an engraving made of it, which was well executed in mezzotinto by Nathaniel Grogan of Cork, in the size of the original, ten and a half inches by eight inches. It bears a long inscription, in which the Countess's age is extended to 162 years, as already noticed. A small etching by Samuel Skillin, which is inserted in the first volume of Mr. Sainthill's *Olla Podrida*, 1844, is a reversed copy of that engraving.

Of the picture at Bedgebury we have received no description.

There remain the pictures at Muckross, at Dupplin Castle, and at Chatsworth: and these, if we are rightly informed, correspond in their features and in costume. The Quarterly Reviewer declares that "the *vraisemblance* is at Muckross. She carries the historic 'prowde countenance of the Geraldines' of her day. Aristocratic, patrician, and placid, though deeply traced with sorrow; eyes hazel, features regular and handsome, a complexion yet fresh and healthy." A photographic print of this remarkable picture is prefixed to Archdeacon Rowan's dissertation. The dress of the venerable lady is peculiar. The whole of her chest is protected by a garment like a man's waistcoat, but laced in front instead of being buttoned, and from the upper part of the lacing depends a small jewel of a lozenge shape. The material of this waistcoat, observes Dr. Rowan, "is plainly seen to be a rich fur, such as became her old age and dignity." A large black hood or scarf covers the head, showing no hair whatever, and falls low upon the shoulders, so that no other article of her dress is visible but the waistcoat, and a plain falling collar opening in front.

Archdeacon Rowan remarks that "there is almost complete identity between the portraits at Muckross and

* Mr. Pelham was agent to the Marquess of Lansdowne, and was accidentally drowned in the river Keumare, whilst superintending the erection of a Martello tower on Bear Island, in the very year he published this print. He is said to have been an uncle, by half-blood, to the present Lord Lyndhurst. See the fuller notice of him, by Archdeacon Rowan, in *Notes and Queries*, I. iv. 306.

Dupplin Castle, and yet with sufficient of minute differences, only perceivable on accurate examination, to prove that neither is a copy of the other." This last clause of his account is rather inconsistent with what precedes. If the pictures are almost completely identical, one must either have been copied from the other, or both from a common original. The minute differences noticed by Dr. Rowan in the Earl of Kinnoul's picture are that there is no jewel at the breast, and that in lieu of the "rich fur" of the waistcoat its material cannot be distinguished. But, as Dr. Rowan speaks of "the Dupplin print," and not the picture, we may presume that he did not see the original but only Pennant's engraving, and possibly a bad and repaired impression of the latter, which in the last edition of the *Tour in Scotland* is a very different thing to its appearance when originally published in the third edition of 1774. It is there a very good line engraving by an artist named Aliamet: and the inner side of the old lady's hood is decorated with a figured pattern of flowers, which is more than appears in the picture at Muckcross. Therefore, though Mr. Archdeacon Rowan was pleased to call the portrait at Muckcross the "veritable portraiture," there is reason to suppose that the portrait at Dupplin Castle is at least as carefully finished and has equal claims to consideration. In one respect indeed (so far as we can judge from the prints) we are inclined to give it the preference, the linen about the old lady's neck being more like the upper-part of her under-garment, and differing from the falling collar at Muckcross, which seems to belong to half a century later. If the Muckcross picture be a copy, of that period, this discrepancy of that collar, as well as the ambiguities of the inscription, may be explained.

Of the picture at Chatsworth we only know at present that Pennant, when he examined it, found it to be "exactly corresponding to his engraved print," which confirmed him in his attribution of the Dupplin picture to the Old Countess of Desmond, in spite of Walpole's persistent declaration to the contrary.

And this leads us to give the true history of this dispute between Pennant and Walpole, the merits of which have never hitherto been rightly understood. When Pennant made his first tour in Scotland, in the year 1769, he found among the pictures at Dupplin Castle, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, one that was described as a head "of the old

Countess of Desmond, by Rembrandt.”* In his third edition of that *Tour* (and the first in quarto) dated in its title-page “Warrington 1774,” he introduced an engraving from this picture,† and a biographical notice of the Countess, thus prefaced:—

“But the most remarkable is a head of the celebrated Countess of Desmond, whom the apologists for the usurper Richard III. bring in as an evidence against the received opinion of his deformity.”

This passage, it seems, was not very pleasing to the principal “apologist for Richard III.” His resentment appears in a letter which, immediately after, (on the 28th May, 1774,) he addressed to the Rev. William Cole:—

“Mr. Pennant has given a new edition of his former *Tour*, with more cuts. Among others is the vulgar head called the Countess of Desmond. I told him I had discovered, and proved past contradiction, that it is Rembrandt’s mother. He owned it, and said he would correct it by a note—but he has not. This is a brave way of being an antiquary! as if there could be any merit in giving for genuine what one knows to be spurious. He is, indeed, a superficial man, and knows little of history or antiquity; but he has a violent rage for being an author.”—*The Letters of Horace Walpole*, Earl of Orford, edit. Cunningham, 1857, vi. 86.

It is impossible to let this little malicious effusion pass without giving expression to two commonplace reflections: the one, how imperfectly do people know themselves; and the other, how frequently, in blaming others, do they draw their own character! The lord of Strawberry Hill has here photographed a little miniature of himself and his collections—so many of which were “spurious,” if to be misnamed and misinterpreted was to be spurious.

In the question at issue Walpole himself was wrong, from having taken for granted that the picture at Windsor and the picture at Dupplin were alike—and his error in this respect has hitherto escaped remark, and helped to

* Pennant’s *Tour in Scotland*, first edit. Chester 1771, 8vo.

† We may note that thousands of a small woodcut copied from this plate have been recently circulated in handbills advertising Parr’s Life Pills; but, so much does error creep in everywhere, it is said to be “engraved from a picture at Windsor Castle,” instead of Dupplin.

embarrass subsequent discussion. He had procured a copy of the Windsor picture, and condemned it from that copy.* On Pennant's coming to Strawberry Hill, he communicated to him his "discovery" that it was Rembrandt's mother; and the picture at Dupplin Castle having also been attributed to Rembrandt, in his hasty conclusions that likewise became "Rembrandt's mother." Pennant, when Walpole's visitor, listened with due courtesy and deference, and probably was inclined to acquiesce in the judgment of the self-sufficient virtuoso of Strawberry Hill; but, having been at the expense of engraving the Dupplin portrait, he naturally sought for further satisfaction, and this he fairly obtained, according to Cole's reply to Mr. Walpole, which was in the following words (June 2, 1774):

"Mr. Lort, some two months ago, wrote to me that Mr. Pennant was come to town to print his new Tour: he informed me of your doubts relating to the Countess of Desmond, and of your dissertation in the *Fugitive Pieces* concerning her, on which account he got an introduction to you and came back very blank, as Mr. Lort expressed it, on his being convinced that your information destroyed the originality and authenticity of his print taken from a picture he met with in Scotland. But this damp lasted but a short time; for Mr. Lort, who is keeper of the Duke of Devonshire's medals, carried him in a day or two after to Devonshire House, where in a garret he showed him an old picture, exactly resembling his print and on it the Countess's name. This I suppose determined him to publish it in his book, which I have not yet seen; but I rather wonder that, after the civilities received from you, on the

* "Being at Strawberry Hill in April, 1773, I saw there a copy of the picture commonly attributed to the old Countess of Desmond; but Mr. Walpole told me that there is sufficient proof that it is a painter's mother, I think Rembrandt's." Memorandum by Cole in Mr. Markland's copy of the *Fugitive Pieces* (the Strawberry Hill edition presented by Walpole to Cole), and communicated by Mr. Markland to *Notes and Queries*, I. iv. 426. In the Catalogue of Strawberry Hill will be found this "Drawing of Rembrandt's mother, from the picture at Windsor, called the Countess of Desmond: by Muntz." It hung in Mr. Walpole's own bed-chamber.—The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, 4to. 1798, vol. ii. p. 453.

† On the 15th April, 1774, as appears by the continuation of Cole's Memorandum quoted in the preceding note.

occasion, he did not acquaint you with the motives that induced him to alter his plan."

On the 21st October following Mr. Pennant writes to Granger:*

"I have examined the Countess of Desmond's picture at Windsor. Not a word is there on the back of its being Rembrandt's mother, whose print I have now seen, and am convinced that you and I are right, *malgré* Mr. Walpole."

And two years later (June 30, 1776.) we find Cole thus writing to Pennant, in answer to a letter apparently not preserved:—

"From the proofs you bring of its authenticity, I make no doubt but the inscription on the back of that at Windsor is a mistake."

All parties continued to be wrong, in treating the question of the two pictures as inseparable, as Walpole heedlessly, if not wilfully, had led the way. It is now clear that the picture at Windsor Castle is by Rembrandt—whether of his mother or another old woman—but it is a different head to that at Dupplin Castle.† On the other hand, Cole's letter of the 2nd June, 1774, appears to afford satisfactory evidence of the similarity of the Chatsworth picture to those at Dupplin Castle and Muckcross. It is desirable, however, that the picture at Chatsworth should be examined, and its age, if possible, ascertained; if it has descended with the Burlington estates, we may suppose that it was painted for one of the Earls of Cork, as a memorial of their memorable predecessor at the castle of Inchiquin.

According to Mr. Sainthill a portrait was a thing almost unknown in Ireland in the time of the Countess of Desmond.

"Judging from what I have seen, and from my inquiries, addressed to the present representatives of old and estated families, I am strongly impressed with the conviction that Family Portraiture in Ireland was diffused by the Cromwellians. Settling down

* Letters between the Rev. James Granger and eminent Literary Men: edited by J. P. Malcolm, 1805, 8vo. p. 157.

† The latest writers will not make this distinction. Sir Bernard Burke, in his book of last year, even states that Pennant engraved from the Windsor picture.

upon the lands which their swords had transferred to them, they seem to have placed a picture of their chief in their castles and mansions as the penates, or protecting power, of their acquired possessions. At the mansion of a Cromwellian family in the county of Tipperary I saw the great Lord Protector, the only portrait in the house. Another came under my ken, from a county of Cork family; and I have a third, a very fine painting, the features much softened down, but the characteristic likeness preserved. It descended to the gentleman who sold it to me from Colonel Barachia Wallis, who wrested the castle and lands of Carrigrohane, county of Cork, from the Philistine Barrett.

... ..
 "At the expulsion of James II. the victors set up their idol, King William, in rivalry of the Protector, and family portraits seem from this period, though very slowly, to make their appearance. In private families I have seen few authenticated before the close of George the Second's reign, nor did the taste seem to have had much existence among the nobility. At Portumna Castle there was a portrait of the great Marquess of Clanricarde of the time of Charles I. and the only other was that of the late Earl. Both must have perished when the castle was burned. At Rostellan Castle the oldest portrait, and in my estimation the only family painting of merit, was that of the celebrated Morrough O'Bryen, sixth Baron of Inchiquin, created Earl by Charles II. So, at length, I come to the conclusion that at the period of our Old Countess, portrait painting was an art not practised in Ireland."

These observations of Mr. Sainthill are remarkable and worthy of attention. He has, however, omitted the further reflection that if there were no portrait-painters in Ireland in the reign of James the First, and it is improbable (as he argues) that any foreign artist should have travelled to the county of Cork in order to paint the aged Countess, then such circumstances are actually confirmatory of the statement of the inscription—that the Countess came to England, and that opportunity was taken to preserve her "veritable portraiture" whilst she was within a painter's reach.

In that case, Dr. Rowan's question, Is there a portrait of her? is answered in the affirmative. Her real portraiture is at Muckcross, at Dupplin Castle, and, if we are not misinformed, also at Chatsworth. The second of these, which was published by Pennant, is, "malgré Mr. Walpole," no "vulgar head;" whilst the photograph given by Archdeacon Rowan presents the same features, "regular and handsome, the historic proud countenance of the Geraldines."

ART. IV.—*The Holy Communion, its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice.* By John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Dublin and London: James Duffy, 1861.

IT is almost impossible to take up this work, to glance, however hurriedly, over its pages, or to read attentively any portion of it, however small, without thinking of the wondrous and blessed contrast, which has ever existed, and must always continue to be developed in everything between our holy faith and the "legal" Protestantism by which we are surrounded. How different is this book from another literary production that has brought so much scandal, and schism, and shame, to the Establishment! Different in the spirit which suggested its conception and presided over its execution, in the end proposed to be obtained, in the principles out of which its conclusions were developed. Different, above all, how very different! in the standard by which its orthodoxy will be tested, in the feelings with which it will be received by the public to which it is addressed, in the manner in which the author would seek to defend its positions or explain its ambiguities, in the authority and legislation by which it will be judged. Can the same name of "religion" be applied to designate systems which lead to such opposite results?

In the one case we have a work, consisting of a series of essays on themes selected, one might believe, for the points which they present favourable for an attack on the whole economy of revelation, under cover of the modern discoveries of science. It is the production of men holding high preferment in the Church "as by law established," or charged with grave educational duties embracing within their sphere even the special training for their future vocation of candidates for a professedly Christian ministry. Its authors disown, indeed, any solidarity of intention, or common responsibility, but they acknowledge a "co-operation" in execution and design, like that of several *corps d'armée* which move forward independently, yet simultaneously, to secure the one grand object of the campaign. In its publication every circumstance which could increase its notoriety, or enlarge its circulation, was eagerly pressed into service; impediments to its favour-

able reception were softened down, even obstacles were dexterously converted into means of success. When it appeared, it was at once recognized as an attack, sometimes open and undisguised, sometimes covert and insidious, not on Christianity alone, but on the whole system of revelation, and on the very notion of a supernatural Providence. This attack is conducted with all the ingenuity and ability of great and varied talents, long and successfully trained, and laboriously cultivated; it is supported by an erudition which every one must admire, were it not for the shameless uses to which it is prostituted; it is sustained by a logic which has been styled "remorseless," but is only reckless; it is carried on in a spirit of hostility, occasionally active, but sometimes simply contemptuous, calmly ignoring the existence of the Christian Faith, and laying down propositions irreconcilable with revealed truth, with a coolness which almost amounts to audacity. The inspired volume which chronicles the fortunes of the chosen people, preserves the teachings by which Providence sought to rescue them from the universal moral shipwreck of their fellow-men, and records that marvellous series of prophecies which, becoming clearer and fuller as the tide of time rolled on, like the wakening brightness of the dawn expanding into day, were designed to arouse and fortify fallen humanity in the belief that its redemption was nigh—this sacred treasure, kept of old, by God's command in the very Ark of the Covenant itself, and received from the Fathers of the Old Testament as the most precious gift which they could hand over to their successors of the New; this most venerable book of God's Written Word, guarded by the Church in her days of persecution with the most jealous care from even the bodily touch of the heathen, shielded by her most dread decrees and terrible anathemas from the vain glosses and false interpretations of the unfaithful or the presumptuous, and borne aloft in her councils, and assemblies, and solemn rites, surrounded by lights and swinging censers, and venerating ministers—this most ancient and hallowed monument of God's ineffable communications to man is compared by those writers, styling themselves *christian*, with the epic of the pagan and the discourse of the renegade, nay, is not considered by them to come victorious out of the comparison. The great miraculous facts of the Old Testament are altogether denied, or explained away,

or attributed to purely natural sources. The rites and ceremonies, enjoined by divine command, are placed in the same category with pagan superstition. The precepts and counsels of the Law are taxed with an accommodating morality of which even a heathen legislator would be ashamed. The historical narrative itself is treated on the same footing as the chronicles of pagan writers, its statements are frankly confronted with theirs and passed over as inaccurate, or rejected as untrustworthy, accordingly. In one instance, indeed, renewing a calumny, which was refuted so long ago as the days of the first Christian apologists, one of the sacred books has been pronounced an impudent forgery, concocted for a mere temporal purpose, long after the events had occurred which it pretended to predict! And so likewise, passing from the shadows of the Old Covenant to the substance of the New, these writers have distorted its meaning and denied its reality. The very mystery of the Incarnation, on which is reared the whole fabric of Christian faith, the truth of the all-sufficing Atonement which gives colour to the Christian's hope, bidding it be a vision and not a dream, are not so much combated as quietly assumed to be impossible. The whole economy of Christianity appears stripped of its divine character, and reduced to the level of a mere human institution. The apostolic writings are shown, to the satisfaction of those men, to be thoroughly impregnated with the individual leanings of their authors, and to contain, not so much a system of doctrine, as disconnected fragments of Hellenic mysticism and Rabbinical theories. The whole aggregate of the teaching which makes up our belief, and of the practice which constitutes our worship, is equally reasoned or laughed away. Our most venerable traditions and sacred institutions are pronounced to be either relics of paganism or encroachments of astute men. The very sacraments are stigmatized as magical rites perpetuating and symbolizing the weakness of the human heart or its superstitious follies.

Such is the portrait of Christianity, held up to a Christian public by men who were, at least professionally, Christian, nay, who called themselves Ministers of Religion, and had assumed the immense responsibility of bringing up the youth of the country in Christian principles. Even the great Apostle himself might have felt at a loss as to how he could fitly characterise such a phenome-

non ; for to them, indeed, the Gospel has proved a greater stumbling-block than to the Hebrew, a greater folly than to the Greek. And yet the book itself, and the circumstances of its composition and publication do not present such a contrast to the spirit of Catholicism, as its reception and subsequent treatment. It is not merely that such a work should have been eagerly sought after, and read by thousands, that eight editions should have been successively exhausted in a few months, that its positions should have been discussed, its tendency examined, its doctrinal soundness debated. Such things could not have happened about a similar production among Catholics ; but they are of small moment compared with other events connected with the work which we are considering. The clergy of the Establishment were, from the first, at fault about what course they should adopt towards it. When at length the Anglican Bishops reluctantly approached the subject, it was but to demonstrate, not merely their feebleness, but their simple inability to deal with such a case. They might pass resolutions at a meeting of their body. But such resolutions could be of no further avail, than to indicate, at the utmost, the *opinions* of the individuals ; they were not words of authority. They were of the same value (if even of so much), as the expressed opinion of a number of lawyers on a disputed point of law. They could not pretend to be a decision. They did not appear clothed with the mysterious power of Synodal Decrees, whose *anathema sit* did not merely appeal to the understandings, but bound the consciences of men. And even as opinions, to what influence could they pretend ? Some of the Bishops were charged with having formerly held similar views, with even still retaining a leaning towards them ; several protested that, while they disapproved, they did not condemn the questionable doctrine. What a humiliating spectacle for a community styling itself Christian, that views, which confessedly struck at the root of the Christian Dispensation, could not be authoritatively condemned, and that persons might maintain and propagate such views without ceasing to be numbered among its members. The matter was at last brought before a lay tribunal, only to render the humiliation deeper and more shameful still. A lay judge sate, in virtue of an Act of Parliament, to decide on the orthodoxy of certain doctrines. Lay advocates argued the case in lay

fashion ; not proving the truth or heterodoxy of the opinions alleged, but quibbling about statutes and the amount of heresy and infidelity which was legally compatible with holding a rich living. The standard by which the question is to be decided is the law of the land, as settled by Parliament and previous decisions under Parliamentary authority. Yet, surely, no Protestant will for a moment doubt, much less deny, that the Religion founded by Christ and established by His Apostles is independent of Acts of Parliament ; that its essence was settled by Him, fifteen centuries before either the "Prayer Book," or the "Homilies," or the "Articles of Religion," had existence ; that it would still continue an irrefragable fact, were the statutes of Parliament and the decisions of courts to crumble into dust along with their authors ; that it cannot depend on any human power to alter it, or to decide the belief and practice which are the condition of being included in the Divine Shepherd's fold. It is difficult to conceive how, then, any one can logically and consistently regard, as identical with the religion of Christ, a system that looks up to Parliament as its author, that bows down before Parliament as its judge, that comes to Parliament for authority and jurisdiction, that humbly receives an Act of Parliament as its rule of faith and code of morals. And if it be this mere human creature of human ingenuity, skill, and compromise ; if its existence be a mere legal fiction, which, as the legislature gave, so it might by a breath take away ; if its origin soar not beyond the limits of this world, nor consequently, its destiny reach beyond the tomb ; what matters it to decide the greater or less degree of grotesqueness, incongruity, or absurdity, which it may contain, or to inquire the quantity of licence which may be permitted, either in doctrine or practice, where all is equally meaningless, aimless, and gratuitous ? Between those writers and the professors of parliamentary Protestantism, whatever that really is, we can see no greater difference than between the man whose neglect of certain statutory precautions imperils the civil efficacy of his act, and his neighbour whose watchfulness of his own interests insures his compliance with every Parliamentary proviso. The equity of each is the same.

What a contrast when we turn to consider the work of Father Dalgairns ! It seems like a passage from one world to another totally different. The feelings of the

candidate for initiation could not have experienced a greater or more agreeable transformation, when he suddenly found himself admitted from the probationary stage of terrors to that of calm enjoyment, than must happen to any unprejudiced examiner of the two systems which have produced these two books. Here, too, we have a treatise on some of the gravest and most intricate subjects which are included within the range of Christian Faith. It is composed by one who, in fact, as well as by profession, is a true Minister of the Gospel. It is written with the utmost frankness and freedom, discussing all philosophical questions with openness and sincerity, inquiring without prejudice after truth, and accepting it wherever it is to be found, whether in the teachings of God's Revealed Word, in the lessons of history, or in the investigations of human reason, not running after novelty, nor, on the other hand, rejecting an ancient truth because it comes dressed up in a modern garb. But, at the same time, every page is conceived in the fullest reverence and adoring faith; humbly recognizing the depth of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God, and the unsearchableness of those mysteries which surpass all understanding; and breathing throughout that filial spirit of confidence, arising out of mingled faith and love, which is one of the characteristic qualities by which the children of the inheritance are distinguished from strangers to the household. And so this good priest, rich in faith and divine knowledge and adorned with an unusual share of human lore, comes forward exhibiting his old and new treasures; speaking ardently, and yet familiarly, of that living mystery, the bare idea of which places an unfathomable gulf between us and any pretended system of worship, and which, in its reality, is at the same time the wondrous evidence of God's love for His Church, and her dower of infinite riches. He speaks, not halting and guessing like those poor men abandoned to their own conceits, and groping and floundering in the dark, but with authority, and the calm conviction of him who knows he is in possession of the truth. He speaks with earnestness and unction and zeal, as one who feels that he is doing his Father's work, and is keenly alive to the ineffable stake which is bound up with his ministry. He speaks with freedom and with confidence, but with most perfect submission; certain that, should anything he has said not approve itself to those whom the Holy Ghost has placed

to rule the Church of God, he must have been led astray by the feebleness of his mind, which, dazzled by the greatness of the mystery, mistook error for knowledge.

Is it possible to conceive a greater contrast than is expressed by these two books and their attendant circumstances? The usual formula, that would characterize it as "a difference not merely of degree but of kind" is inadequate here. It is something more. It is a difference of order, or one greater still. The one book is addressed to a multitude, which its scope and plan necessarily assume to be without any religious bond or common dogma, and whose knowledge, as well as errors, cannot rise above the level of mere natural things. The other belongs to a society that lives in the daily appreciation and continuous handling of supernatural truth as a domestic possession, in which each one has a personal and familiar interest. Its very title—*the Holy Communion*—is an awful witness of this dread contrast, attesting, as it does, the ineffable treasure of which we have the exclusive possession and enjoyment, and the infinite loss which, even here on earth, they are doomed to experience, who wander outside the Church's pale. It tells more eloquently and convincingly than any argument, that our faith owns no human authorship, depends on no Acts of Parliament, is exclusively contained in no written symbols or monuments, but is a living active principle, the same now as on the day of Pentecost, the same in origin, the same in intensity, the same in power.

So much we could not forbear from saying on a subject that must have occupied the attention of most of our readers, leading them to reflect with gratitude on their own favoured lot, while marvelling at the inconsequence of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. We shall now proceed to give an account of the work which has suggested these remarks, expressing as it does so forcibly itself, and evidencing so vividly in all its circumstances our side of this tremendous contrast. It is one of a class of works of which the Fathers of the London Oratory have given us so many valuable specimens, and which has rendered much solid service, and supplied some gaps in our religious literature. These books treat of different subjects, according to the vocation of the writer, or the particular line in which his mission

moved ; but they all, whether by accident or design, tend to group all our religious knowledge and practice around our Blessed Lord. This is done in a variety of ways ; sometimes directly and *ex proposito*, as in *All for Jesus*, sometimes less prominently as in the *Foot of the Cross*. But they all regard our Lord under some one aspect or another, with reference to some Divine attribute or human function ; all lead up to Him as the centre of our religious system, the author of our salvation and our faith, the perfecter of our hope and happiness. In this way they possess the great merit of supplying a void in our English Catholic literature, the seriousness of which was not so much previously felt, as it has since been made apparent by the extent to which it has been filled up. How admirably the void has been supplied, the wonderful popularity and immense circulation of these publications and the unanimous approval by which they have been greeted by both clergy and laity, are, at the same time, the best and the most honourable testimony. Their aim has been to instruct without being either formal or discursive, to inspire devotion without assuming the character of a preacher, to direct without being dogmatical or engendering a spirit of presumption.

Father Dalgairns has conformed exactly to this type, if indeed we are justified in looking upon it as such. His work is a philosophical essay, but its philosophy is not disputatious or argumentative, but explanatory. It is a theological treatise ; but its theology is not polemical, but deductive and practical, not occupying itself so much in proving certain positions, as in leading our reflections to infer them for ourselves. It is a historical summary ; but its history is no dull chronicle of events, told in language equally truthful and uninteresting, but a living breathing narrative, depicting the men and the scenes in which they moved with all that vivid faithfulness, all that enchantment of reality which other historical writings of the Oratorians and their companions would lead us to expect. It is addressed to Catholics who believe in the Blessed Sacrament. There are consequently no arguments to prove the Real Presence, or the fact of transubstantiation, no liturgical disquisitions, nor ritual inquiries as to the mode of celebrating the communion. All these things he takes as facts from the teaching of the Church. He sets himself to explain how reason, not only advances no theo-

ries contradictory of the august mystery, but leans to views which are most singularly conformable to what the Church teaches concerning it. He proposes to bring home to our appreciation the life of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and to explain the nature of the visit which He makes to us under the sacramental forms, and of the special graces which it "operates" in our souls. He tells us the history and vicissitudes of Holy Communion, as a practical fact and exercise of devotion; and in doing this, he sets before us a series of pictures of the inner life of Christians in the early and in the later days of the Church, which help us to realise more accurately than a volume of description the true character of the times and circumstances which he paints. He investigates at considerable length and with the greatest candour and a total absence of bias, the question of the frequency of communion; borrowing his doctrine from the most approved theologians and experienced ascetical writers, and laying down, in conformity with their teaching, various rules on the subject, according to the different condition of penitents, with a zeal, wisdom, and discrimination which every one will admire, and which directors will find most practical and useful. To say that he has well acquitted himself of his task, that he has produced a volume which the devout will read with profit, and over whose perusal even the mere theoretical student—if any such there be where the Blessed Sacrament is concerned—will linger with deepening pleasure, and from which he must ever rise with heightened satisfaction and increased knowledge, is to express but little of the large praise which he deserves.

It would be impossible within our limits to give a full account of a work which is so varied, and which travels over so much ground. It presents itself, indeed, to us in the garb of a very unpretending volume, bringing itself within the easy reach of all, both by its size and price, and descending in the clearness and simplicity of its language to the level of the dullest comprehension and most untutored intellect. But this is not the first instance of weighty matter being enclosed in a parcel, whose dimensions and appearance bear but small proportion to the value of what they conceal. We shall be satisfied with placing before our readers an analysis of its contents, making such extracts as will illustrate the author's treatment of his subject. If we can thus succeed in conveying such a notion

of the plan of the book and of the way in which this plan has been carried out, as will arouse the piety and quicken the curiosity of those among them who have not yet had the good fortune of being acquainted with it, our object will have been attained. The judicial functions of the critic we have already discharged; or rather, there is here no place for them. We shall be amply content to be allowed in the present instance to fill the more humble position of guide.

The object of the book is twofold: first, to set out all that can be explained concerning the great miracle of the Real Presence, considered both in its physical entity, so to speak, and in its relation to us; secondly, to deduce from these explanations, and from the teaching and practice of the Church our duties in regard to compliance with the desire which induced our Divine Lord to institute this Blessed Sacrament. In this way the work may be said to divide itself into four parts. The first two chapters discuss the miracle of transubstantiation in what we may call its physical and material aspect. The next three treat of the nature of the Presence and the life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and of the union which is thus established between Him and us, and of the effects produced by the Holy Communion. Two chapters relate the history of the practice of the Church with regard to the frequency or infrequency of Communion; placing before us most faithfully and graphically, as well the views which have in every age obtained on the subject, modified according to the circumstances of the time, as the practice which has prevailed in each period of the life of Christendom. The remaining five chapters are devoted to an exposition of the considerations which should regulate the more or less frequent admission to the Holy Communion, according to the spiritual condition of the soul, its gifts, its needs, its dispositions. The work opens with a simple and touching narrative of the circumstances which led to its composition.

"I was sitting in an old castle on the banks of the Frith of Clyde, on a beautiful morning of September. It was the eve of our Lady's Nativity, and all nature seemed to have put on its best to prepare to celebrate Mary's birthday. The castle was built on a high terrace, separated only by a green meadow from the waters of the noble estuary. The wind was swaying to and fro the boughs of the still leafy trees in the noble woods of beech and oak around

the house ; its sound was inexpressibly soothing to ears accustomed to the roar of London, and to nerves still painfully twittering with the irritating roll of cabs and omnibuses. The breeze could just break the surface of the water without lashing it into waves, and convert the burnished mirror into a glittering and sparkling sheet of fretted silver. The little wavelets seemed to leap with joy under the bright shining sun. The sky was by no means spotless; heavy, white clouds hung on the horizon, but islands of blue sky were left here and there, and high overhead the sun lorded it in a clear heaven, and beautifully lit up the fleecy masses till they were absolutely dazzling, and saturated with light. Guarding the entrance to the Gareloch from the waters of the Frith, lies the wooded promontory of Roseneath. It is said that there had been of old a nunnery there, and a fitter spot could not have been chosen. Even the restless waters lay still, deep, and black along its winding shores. The massive trees which, robed in every tint of green, grew down to the water's edge, threw motionless shadows over the mossy turf which appeared at intervals between their huge trunks. A more peaceful scene could not be conceived : even the humming of the bees around the pale flowers of the jessamine, which, mingled with myrtle, tapestried the walls of the castle with its matted shoots, and embowered my window, only contributed to make the stillness more soothing.

"Amidst all this tranquil beauty, there was one object alone which pained and excited me. On the opposite side of the Frith, in a strange proximity to rock, wood, and mountain, at the foot of a long range of highlands, purpled here and there with heather, green with pastures, and yellow with corn-fields, lay the busy, populous town of Greenock. It looked peaceful enough ; the huge line-of-battle ship, with its little fleet of gunboats, lay perfectly still on the bosom of the deep estuary. The innumerable masts of the merchant ships in the harbour were too far off to be distinctly seen, especially as the smoke issuing from several tall chimnies hung like a pall over the town : and the hum of its busy streets was perfectly inaudible. Still it was impossible to look at it without thinking of what marred the peacefulness of the scene. It probably was not worse than other seaports, yet some thousands of human beings could not be collected together without bringing with them sorrow, passion, and sin in their train. There were thousands of passionate human hearts, in all their varieties—loving, hating, fiery, and icy-cold, happy and miserable, restless and weary hearts. Nor was it possible to forget one dear inmate there, one inhabitant of Greenock. In a little back street, under a most lowly roof, tended only by a few faithful ones, lay Jesus in the tabernacle, with His little lamp burning before Him. There was consolation enough to heal the most broken hearted, peace to still the wildest tempest of the soul, love, more than enough, to fill

the most craving void of the weariest heart. Yet all these treasures are unknown, unsuspected, or derided.

... ..

"I was then far away from the Blessed Sacrament; for, though the Adorable Sacrifice could be offered up there, our Lord could not be reserved. But there on my table lay an old book, my constant companion, the Summa of St. Thomas. It was the part which related to the Blessed Sacrament. I remembered the legend which tells how our Lord appeared to him, and said, 'Well hast thou written of Me, Thomas: what reward shall I give thee?' And the saint answered, 'No reward do I want, Lord, but Thyself alone.' It struck me that there were many things in that old book which, if translated into modern language, would throw light on the adorable mystery, and I resolved to try to express in the language of modern thought the simple and beautiful explanations of the loving old saint."—pp. 1-3.

Our author then proceeds to enumerate the conditions, compliance with which was requisite, in order that our Lord should achieve His purpose of giving Himself to us for our food in the Blessed Sacrament, and the difficulties which oppose themselves to his design. We have already said that the work is not an argumentative or polemical treatise. The doctrine of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation is assumed as a certain fact, about which there can be no room for controversy. But this does not controvert another fact, namely, that there are certain things connected with the material world which are urged as objections to the great miracle, and which must always be looked upon as difficulties suggested by our experience. Indeed, were it not for this other fact, there would be no room for the miracle at all. It is a real difficulty, before which even the omnipotence of God seems to break down. Our author states it most fully and pursues it to the utmost. In his explanations he places before us, with equal clearness and conciseness, the views which have obtained on the nature of matter, both among the mediæval scholastics, and in the modern schools of philosophy. He developes at considerable length the hypothesis which regards matter as a congeries of simple forces, tracing this opinion from its scholastic germ, through the Leibnizian monads and the atoms of Boscovich, down to our own days, when it has been propounded and explained by Ampère, Cauchy, and Faraday. It would be impossible for us to give even a sketch of the able way in which these

theories are made to serve for the complete demolition of those material difficulties against the Real Presence ; nor could we give any idea of the noble and eloquent language in which, what would otherwise be dry physical hypotheses and philosophical abstractions, are brought home to the reader, and made to interest him, so as to captivate his imagination, as well as to convince his understanding. We may, however, remark that, so far as we know, this is the first occasion on which the theory of the "simple elements," as it is called, has been made use of in a work belonging to religious literature, for the purpose of explaining those difficulties. The very diversity of views which have been and are still maintained concerning the nature of matter is pressed into service with irresistible logic and made to furnish a triumphant answer to all objections drawn from that source.

"What can be more solid than the outer world, says the common sense of mankind. I can taste, and touch, and feel it. Here, at least, is something positive, something which is not theory or idea. Yet the very instant we begin to exercise our minds on this mass, which seems so solid, it appears to melt in our grasp. What do we know of the inner constitution of that strange, restless, phantasmagoria, which we call nature, world, material universe?.....The empire which we have gained over matter is marvellous and fearful; our knowledge of its phenomena, and of the laws which guide them, is a glorious conquest, achieved by human intellect and human labour; but what do we know of matter itself? What are the things of which we know so well the laws and the appearances? So little can the senses tell us of them, that the knowledge that there is any substance at all, is not owing to touch or sight, or any of the five inlets by which the outward world forces itself in upon our soul, but to the mind alone.

... ..

"There was a time, though we cannot remember it, when the world, with all its numberless moving figures, appeared to us nothing more than a great flat surface, on which were thrown those varied hues shifting like the colours caused on a wall by the magic lantern. The child, as it lies speechless on its mother's lap, and restlessly moves its little arms in the air, is beginning its education, and is learning that there is depth and distance in the picture before it. Its mind gives a unity to each object before it, and separates off into various substances that which appeared at first one confused whole; and no less than the infant is the chemist, after all the glorious conquests of his science, indebted to his mind for the idea of substance, without which his whole theories fall to the ground.

How else does he know that, beneath the veil of these evanescent phenomena, which he manages so cleverly, after he has changed over and over again, colour, form, and every property, one after another, there is still an indestructible thing, which he calls substance or matter? What is this same mysterious thing, so real, yet so fleeting, so inert and yet so active, so dead and yet so quick? Strange, plastic element, how obediently it lends itself to every force which God has created! how it thrills to the touch of light, electricity, and heat! how readily the brute, dead elements, once imprisoned in primeval granite, obey the action of the vital force and turn themselves into leaf and flower in the living organism of the plant! How wonderfully the self-same thing becomes blood or bone, or muscle, when it enters into the composition of the human body! Yet though we may watch its changes, the Proteus itself eludes all our efforts, and slips away just when we expect to force it to disclose its secret. It is with a sort of awe-struck reverence that we learn that in all this vast world—emeralds and rubies and all resplendent gems—the dark earth beneath our feet and the glittering gold, all shapes wild, monstrous and beautiful, the living plants and human flesh, all are made out of some fifty elements; yet, if we were to reduce them still further, we should not get nearer to the mystery of the ultimate analysis of matter. No atomic theory has yet approached it. Chemistry can only declare that, as far as it can see, atoms are undivided; whether they are absolutely indivisible or not, it cannot tell. That belongs to the science of mind, and mental science is at fault. It sees that infinite divisibility is a paradox; yet if matter is essentially extended, there can be no term to its division, since, however minute its particles, they must be still extended, and therefore divisible.”—pp. 13-15.

The idea of space and the views which have, from time to time, been advanced in its explanation are subjected to a similar masterly treatment, with a similar result. It is not unusual to find our theological writers proving themselves to be also able metaphysicians. Not so frequently, however, do we find high attainments in physical science united with extensive theological and metaphysical learning. Yet rarer, still, is the gift, which has fallen to our author, of combining and adorning this double intellectual possession, these twin inheritances of truth, by the aid of most able reasoning and most eloquent exposition.

Having thus shown that reason, not negatively, only, but positively also, helps us to look upon the Blessed Sacrament as possible, we proceed “a step further and say what is comparatively easy: if it be possible, it is.” Again, we have no demonstration of great supernatural facts that are assumed to be well known by those to whom the book is

addressed. But, as, in the previous part, the author aimed at convincing us, that there was nothing in the nature of the material world, nor in the laws which regulate its phenomena, that could be regarded as contradictory to, or even as offering a difficulty to the miracle of the Real Presence, so, in the three chapters which follow, he is intent on bringing home to us the wonderful adaptation of the Blessed Sacrament to the wants of man, its harmony with the relations which unite us to God, both in its own entity, and in the effects which it operates in the communicant. In each case, he is not so solicitous about the fact itself, as about investigating and establishing its place in the scheme of Divine Providence, with reference to the many considerations which it involves, the many provinces of thought which it enters. Then it was its position as regards the vast world of matter and its co-ordination with the physical laws of the universe; now it is its connection with our psychological needs, the full and complete satisfaction which it brings, as well to those yearnings that spring from natural impulses, and are like gropings in the dark, as to those more burning longings and deeper desires which arise out of that revealed knowledge that religion brings. He traces out this yearning after God, this desire for reconciliation and longing for union with him, from its deep source in our natural constitution, across the fables of old mythology, the rites of heathenism, and the vagaries of mysticism and fanaticism. He explains how God meets this desire in the Sacrament of Penance, forgiving the sinner, investing him with sanctifying grace, and establishing his own in-dwelling in his soul. But this would not be sufficient; we have not yet reached the consummation. A greater inter-communion between us and the Divinity was established by the fact of the Incarnation, giving rise only to still more earnest desires of closer personal and individual union. These desires find their full satisfaction in the union which Jesus celebrates with us in the Holy Communion. In order to explain, as far as may be, the nature of this union, Father Dalgairns inquires into the condition of our Lord's life in the Blessed Sacrament, and, consequently, of the relations which subsist between us and His Human Nature across those sacramental veils; and then investigates the effects, which the Holy Communion works in our souls. Many questions, of what would be called a scholastic character, present themselves in this inquiry;

but their examination is conducted as briefly and simply as possible, and without any demonstration or argumentative discussion. In all, he aims at clearness and instruction, following no mere speculation, but developing every view which may increase our reverence and love for this august mystery, and our gratitude for the miraculous union which thus identifies us with God. Thus two stages, as he says, are completed of his work. He has shown that the Blessed Sacrament is possible; he has demonstrated that it is the vehicle most fitted for uniting man with God, and explained both how the union is effected, and the results which it accomplishes in the soul. We have yet to see the use which man ought to make, and which he has made of the treasure thus provided for him.

These earlier chapters, then, constitute the theoretical part of his work, as our author observes; and the remainder is practical, having in view the rules which should be observed in the administration or reception of the Holy Communion. The History of the Holy Communion must be the groundwork of any prescription in this matter. In the practice of the Church, varying according to the wants and circumstances of each age, we shall find the only reliable standard, the only principles on which we can safely depend for guidance. Here again, as before, the author is eminently practical. He does not pursue any disquisitions on the various rites which have obtained, either as to the mode of administration, or the species under which the sacrament is administered. He does not so much as allude to a subject which cannot concern Western Christians in the nineteenth century. All about it has been long ago settled. It is the greater or less frequency of Communion—a matter which from the nature of the case must always be liable to fluctuation—which can alone have any practical interest for us now; and to this accordingly he addresses himself. Nor does he delay to show us the value of interrogating the discipline of the Church, in order to discover an infallible standard by which we may shape our practice without fear of error. All this he takes for granted himself, and supposes that his readers, too, will take for granted; and he proceeds, at once, to explore the historical records of the Church, from the first century downward, satisfied that he will there meet with the golden thread running through and connecting with one uniform standard all the vicissitudes of practice. The result he thus sums up:

"I believe, after a careful consideration of the facts of the case, we shall come to the conclusion that in measuring the rate of frequency of Communion, spiritual directors in practice have not considered exclusively the amount of sanctity in the faithful, but also the amount of the dangers and temptations in which, from the circumstances of the time, they were placed."— p. 143.

How very valuable would be notices of the intimate life of the primitive Church, did we possess them in any quantity. How much would our curiosity be edified, our sympathy gratified, our lukewarmness and indifference rebuked. Father Dalgairns pictures the return of some martyr from his long sleep of faith telling us of how his companions lived and died, what were their devotions, their method of prayer, if any, their usages about Confession. Who would not, if he could, reproduce the stately Eusebius, and interrogate him concerning the actors in the great Council of Nice, their thoughts, their feelings, their culture, how they governed their dioceses, their habits and daily routine, those thousand things that gave body, and colour, and life to the great drama, of which the written history is but the cartoon? Who would not evoke Cecilia from her sarcophagus by the Tiber, to tell us how high-born Christian maidens passed their days, what were their employments and their relaxations, to make us realize their trials, their difficulties, the deep and prolonged suspense in which the crisis of their fate so often hung? Who would not win back the gentle Agnes, if but for an hour, from her crypt by the Nomentan road, to recount to us the every-day work, the tasks and the pleasures of a Christian household; to explain what unrelaxing care must have watched over, what grave diligence must have cherished, what strong faith and holy joy must have fortified that early Christian girlhood, taking complete possession of their hearts, and penetrating and transforming their whole being, so as to render them indifferent to life even before the first tints of its dawn had deepened into blushes, and make them emulously press forward to grasp the martyr's crown before their time? Who would not long to question the Nazianzene Gregory concerning the secrets of the student-life of young Christians at Athens? to hear from the fearless Leo the story of his interview with Attila? to listen to the accomplished Cyril unravelling the intrigues of his uncle Theophilus and the heresiarchs of Constan-

tinople? Who would not hang on the accents of Athanasius, as he told the marvellous tale of the life led by Antony and the Desert Solitaries? Whose heart would not thrill and blood tingle, could he but hear Cyprian's fervid eloquence, painting the consternation of the Church when the persecution of Decius burst like a lava torrent on her quiet of half a century; placing before us, as in a mirror, the confusion and the fright, the great havoc and the greater fear which almost overpowered every one in that terrible emergency; and grouping together, with the effective simplicity of nature, the wild flight, the secret hiding, the denunciation of the informer, the betrayal, the mock trial, and the martyrdom, the supernatural heroism of some, the recreant cowardice of a few, the trembling anxiety of all, the open confession, the half-measures, the skulking apostasy, the mingled shame and glory of that dread time, the most terrible ordeal through which the Church has yet passed? Even he, for whom the Christian life of the early children of the Gospel possesses no charms, who would covet rather a reproduction of the worldly life, which in common with their Pagan fellow-countrymen and relations they too often led, and who would desire a memoir rather in the style of the Duke de Saint Simon than in that of Marin,—even such a man would gladly accept an hour's converse with the old Abbot Arsenius, once a great luminary of the desert, but, years before, a great courtier of Theodosius, and governor of his sons Arcadius and Honorius. How well he could describe to us all about Thessalonica, and St. Ambrose, about Antioch and St. Flavian. Nay, he had been a leader of fashion and a great lord. What vivid pictures he could paint of the luxurious Byzantine court, what life-like sketches of the scenes which he witnessed, as he moved among the fathers and mothers of those flaunting maids of honour of Eudoxia, against whom Flavian's deacon, Chrysostom, never tired of pouring forth his indignant denunciations.

We can, indeed, descend into those wondrous catacombs, where primitive fervour sheltered and tended the lamp of the sanctuary, when its brightness was forbidden to shine upon upper earth. We may thread their mazes for miles, meeting at every step with memorials of the proscribed Church, that grew and expanded, like the mustard seed, in the isolation of its sepulchral dwelling, while men flattered themselves that they had succeeded in thrusting it

out from among them for ever. There are yet visible, sculptured on the rude walls, painted on the roofs and panels, and embodied in monuments of every kind, the speaking emblems of the faith and hope that cheered those hours of despondency and lit up that funereal gloom. We can yet touch the blood-dyed phials taken from the crypts wherein repose the martyrs' bones. We can yet handle the antique vessels which were used in those subterranean temples for the celebration of the sacred rites. Wherever we turn, we come upon more hallowed spots, nooks and recesses dedicated to the ministrations of the Bishop and his Clergy, where the blood of the worshipper, as he knelt before the altar, was often mingled with the sacrifice. The abiding stain is still there, and will attest for ever the decisive character of the struggle, the ruthless violence and un pitying determination on the one side, the invincible heroism and unflinching resolution on the other. We cannot forget that they were our brothers who there died and triumphed. Who, as he gazes with kindling eye on the place where they fell victors, will not feel his heart glow with pride and thankfulness?—pride, that they bore so well their part in our common cause—thankfulness, that, at so large a cost, they preserved the faith for us their younger brethren, that we, too, in our turn might also transmit it untainted and unimpaired. As we stand in those asylums, which sheltered so many successive generations of Christians, until they had grown in grace and strength, and then sent them out victors to the combat, we might fancy we again saw the hazy lights and the incense-cloud, again saw the anxious crowd ever on the watch for the summons of the foe, again beheld Clement, or Fabius, or Xystus, standing before the altar, holding in his hand the Lamb which was slain, and presenting it—fit type of the hourly experience in which their lives passed away—for the adoration of the multitude bowed down around him. We could easily persuade ourselves that we caught the echoes of some distant hymn, winding through those endless galleries, and swelling up from those dim ages, from which we are parted by the vicissitudes of fifteen centuries.

But we cannot do more. We may bridge over, but we cannot quite cover in this wide gulf. We cannot reproduce that early Christian Church in the details of its minute life, although the outline of its form has been preserved with all the accuracy of a photograph. Great

discoveries have, no doubt, been made, and will continue to be made, through the investigations of antiquarians. In our own day an immense light has been poured upon the subject. But the fact, that these discoveries, however numerous and extensive, have hitherto been all of the same kind, is conclusive against the hope that they will ever be different. They reveal other and more varied evidences of things with which we were already well acquainted, the faith of the first pupils of the Apostles and the character of their practice. But they tell us nought of those thousand nameless incidents, that make up all the speciality and significance of daily life, disclosing its motives, circumstances, and hidden springs, and the description of which transforms a narrative into a painting from a cartoon. We know, indeed, what those early Christians believed, and knowing this belief, we may argue from it to their practice. For they were men like ourselves; and, together with the same weaknesses and temptations, they had the same faith and hope, the same sacrifice and sacraments. We may, too, fairly presume that their fervour far outstripped our tepidity; for not only they lived while the Apostolic preaching was yet resounding in their ears, but they also lived in the midst of incessant and tremendous peril. The sword hung literally over every man's head, and the thread by which it was suspended was often quite hidden from sight. The life of every one had need be in his hands; for the morrow never rose, when one dared promise himself that before night he should not be a child of death. Doubtless, there were among the vast crowd many unworthy of the sacred name they bore; but there was a far larger number, who, mindful of the advice of St. Paul, and using the world as if they used it not, laboured incessantly to make their election sure, glorying in the humiliation of the Cross, rich in all manner of good works, and laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come. But, if we pursue the matter further, we adventure ourselves on mere conjecture. It is simply impossible to create anew that primitive Church where all the elements of thought, aim, and action, which alone make life personal and individual, are wanting to us. We can summon up before our mind the great Orator in the Agora, swaying that multitude so fickle, so positive, so headstrong, so acute in understanding the differences of things, so reckless of consequences. Or, again, we can

picture to ourselves his famous rival on a similar stage, but addressing so very different an auditory, one so haughty, so determined, so ambitious. We can imagine every man out of the crowd standing before us, as if we saw his image in a mirror, his dress, his manner, his avocations and mode of life, his feelings, the motives of his decision. But the early Christian can never be present to us with the same elaboration of circumstance and distinctness of detail. We cannot set before us, with the same singleness of appreciation, the multitude gathered round Pope Leo's pulpit at the midnight mass of the Nativity. We cannot group with the same vividness, nor, which is much more material, with the same consciousness of fidelity, those to whom Clement communicated the last injunctions of Peter, or those, into whose hearts the burning words of Ignatius were transfusing a portion of that divine fire, which he had himself caught from the Apostle of Love. Such a revival, if attempted, would be more or less verisimilar according to the larger and deeper erudition of the writer, and his greater and more imitative power of imagination. But it could never be history, or a copy of history; it would always be an invention.

Is this most remarkable condition of facts suggestive of any moral? and can the Christian publicist and philosopher draw from it any lesson of consolation? any counsel as to his conduct? We shall let our author answer such an inquiry.

"There seems to be a providential reason for this destruction of ancient records. Our Lord would seem to wish to avert the eyes of Christians from dead tradition to living authority. While enough is left to show that the early Christians were Catholics, not enough remains to base our faith solely on the history of the past. More than sufficient remains to prove the identity of the ancient and modern church; yet the attempt to make the Church of the Fathers the only standard of Christian truth, becomes simply absurd, when there are too few Fathers to enable us to construct out of them a complete account of the faith and practice of the first centuries." p. 145.

There is one cardinal doctrine, however, if nothing else, one great fact, which shines forth equally in the pages of the Apologists and across the veil of the *Arcanum*, in the prescriptions of the canons and the unremitting practice of the faithful: and this is the Blessed Eucharist. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, it appears at

the same time the visible centre and object of all worship, the symbol of hope, and the pledge of protection in the fearful perils with which the faithful were encompassed on every side. "Many a long year passed over before the touching description of the early church, in the Acts of the Apostles, ceased to apply to Christians, that their chief characteristics were their perseverance in prayer and their breaking the Eucharistic bread." When the change did come at last to be accomplished, it brought no diminution of affection and devotion for the Holy Sacrament: the Catacombs are a monument, enduring as the pyramids of Egypt, and constituting an irrefragable proof of the estimation in which it was regarded. The Mass, banished from the upper world, took refuge under ground. Those endless galleries were hewn, with immense labour, out of the volcanic tufa, by men who were resolved to have, at any cost, the privilege of daily assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice: and in those days, the daily communion of the congregation was the universal accompaniment of the daily mass. A still stronger evidence of the frequency of communion among the early Christians is the facility with which laymen, and even women, were entrusted with the custody of the Blessed Sacrament, in order that they might communicate themselves at home, when they could not, for prudential reasons, assemble in the oratory. This was invariably done on the breaking out of a persecution. As soon as the edicts were published, or their projected publication suspected, the Bishop at once distributed the Eucharistic bread to his flock, to take to their homes, and communicate themselves as they pleased. Nothing is better attested than this custom in the *Acta Martyrum* and other monuments of those times. Nay a certain rite seems to have grown up, or been prescribed, for this lay administration of the Holy Communion; it being the practice that women should communicate themselves holding the species in a linen cloth, while men were permitted to do so with their bare hands.

Now, our author argues, doubtless the lives of those primitive Christians, in general were such as would put us to the blush now. But this superior sanctity was not the only reason of their frequent communions; for the danger to which they were exposed, living in the midst of a heathen world, had much to do with it. A close study

of their condition previously to the fourth century will explain this.

"It would be a mistake to imagine that all Christians in those primitive times were saints. We must remember that in the long intervals, when there was no persecution, thousands had flocked into the Church who had never calculated on the honours of martyrdom. Officers in the guards and fine ladies, eunuchs, chamberlains in the imperial palace had been received into the Church..... When the Decian persecution fell like a thunderbolt on the rich Christian gentlemen and ladies of vast, luxurious Alexandria, many Christians of high rank came forward and sacrificed at once to the heathen gods. Previously to that fearful period there was many a breathing time for the Church. There were often trembling hopes of victory for the faith, as various reports came out of the depths of the palace, as to the dispositions of its imperial inmate and his court. Marcia, the mistress of Commodus, was a Christian, and had the greatest influence over him. The Emperor Alexander Severus had an image of Christ in his private chapel. Philip the Arab was said to be a Christian. Many a man and woman must have joined the Christian Church, as converts come to us, expecting to lead an easy life, to enjoy the sacraments, and to go to heaven with tranquillity and honour.

"It could not be otherwise: the net of the Church gathered together fish of every sort. From dissolute Corinth and the learned schools of Athens and Marseilles, they flocked into the Church. Christianity had penetrated into the waggon of the wandering Tartar and the hut of the wild Numidian. The obstinacy of the Buddhist, the fanaticism of the Persian fire-worshipper, the superstition engrained in the hot blood of the proverbially-passionate African, and the subtlety of the Alexandrian, were all to be subdued under the yoke of Christ. We should expect that amongst all these, many would, during a time of long peace, be exposed to fearful temptations. We must remember that they were living in the world, and that a world of heathenism. Christian and pagan were thrown together in the utmost confusion. Christian matrons had heathen husbands; Christian maidens had pagan fathers and brothers. The same complicated questions which trouble Catholics, and especially converts, now, might perplex Christians in the world then. Questions would arise respecting mixed marriages, and the ordinary intercourse of social life would be fertile in cases of conscience, when a Christian at a dinner party might be offered meats sacrificed to idols, or be present at libations to heathen gods, or be called upon to wear crowns of flowers in honour of Bacchus or Venus. They might be driven into unbelieving society, they might go to the theatres and to heathen places of amusements, of the horrors of which not the worst opera in Europe can give the slightest idea. Nay we know they did so. What is more, we also

know that some Christians who frequented the Sacraments were allured into the pagan theatres."—pp. 149-151.

From all this the author concludes that the frequency of communion in the early Church was not entirely because all Christians were saints. It is important to remember that the practice of permitting the faithful to retain the Blessed Sacrament in their houses, and privately communicate themselves, long outlived the times of persecution. The daily communion, however, was becoming rare, although we find that the faithful in such large cities as Alexandria and Cæsarea, communicated three or four times a week. Meanwhile, within the Church arose most faithful exponents of her deepest feelings and highest aspirations. While separated by their manner of life and avocations from the great mass of her children, there was silently growing up a class of men, so numerous and so peculiar, that they might be called another world; and they have exercised a more enduring influence on the fortunes of our race, than any similar body. We refer to "that multitudinous host which is known under the very vague name of the Fathers of the Desert." Much exaggeration and misconception have prevailed about their mode of life, and especially on the subject of their communions. Our author gives a brief but most graphic sketch of the early commencements and subsequent developments and varieties of this monastic institute under its successive forms of anchorets, cœnobites, and hermits, having mainly in view the scope of this work. He shows that, even when living scattered over the face of the wilderness, the solitaries took care to have a Church whither all could repair to visit at the Divine Sacrifice, and that they used to assemble invariably in this Church, on the Saturdays and Sundays, to be present at Mass and receive the Holy Communion. He incidentally deals with those circumstances on which stress has been laid by those who have persuaded themselves that the ancient solitaries seldom approached the holy altar; and he shows, that either they have been subjected to extreme misrepresentation, or that they do not sustain any such hypothesis. The only instances of solitary life, in which we might really be led to infer a difficulty about the reception of the Holy Eucharist, are those of the "pillar-saints." Yet we have not, in the case of any monks, clearer evidence of their receiving

the Holy Communion. The conclusion at which our author arrives after this review of ancient monasticism is, that no fact in history is better proved than that the Fathers of the Desert did communicate, and also that they communicated in general once or at most twice a week, at a time when the faithful in the world received the Holy Communion three or four times a week, or even every day. And this conclusion notably helps out the thesis laid down at the commencement of this investigation, namely that the practice of the Church has been to regulate "the frequency of communion not exclusively by the amount of sanctity in the faithful, but also by the amount of the dangers and temptations in which, from the circumstances of the time, they are placed." Were we to give a specimen of our author's narrative, we should quote it all. It is, indeed, difficult to select where all is equally beautiful, interesting, and vivid. We cannot, however, resist the temptation to cite the following sketch of the famous "pillar-saint," St. Simeon; the subject is one, with which most of our readers are less likely to be acquainted.

"One would have expected to find marks of fanaticism about St. Simeon Stylites. Yet no one has less about him of the arrogance and obstinacy of delusion. He comes down from his pillar at a word of advice from the neighbouring monks. He casts away the chain that bound him at the suggestion of a visitor. Above all, the good which he effected marks him out as an apostle. There is something wonderful in the apparition of this man with beautiful face and bright hair raised up on high, night and day adoring God. He stands in the same relation to the saints of the solitary desert, that the Dominicans do to the cloistered Benedictines or Camaldolese. Not in the desert, but in the vicinity of vast, wicked Antioch,* he stands on his pillar and he preaches. Once he grew weary of the streams of people who were continually flocking from all parts of the world, even from distant Britain, to hear him; he bade the monks shut up the enclosure round his column, because he wished to be alone with God. At night a troop of angels came and threatened him for quitting the post assigned to him by God. He began again at once his weary work. For thirty-seven years his sleepless eyes looked down with pity and compassion on the crowds who came to consult him. Cheerfully, and with temper unruffled by the burning heat, or the pitiless pelting of the moun-

* His mountain was forty-five miles from Antioch, but easily accessible.

tain storms, he listened to all and consoled them. From three o'clock in the afternoon till set of sun he preached from that strange pulpit to the most motley congregation ever assembled to hear the word of God. Wild Bedouin Arabs, mountaineers from the highlands of Armenia, and from the cedars of Lebanon, banditti from the Isaurian hills, blacks from Ethiopia, were mingled there with perfumed counts of the East, and prefects of Antioch, with Romanised Gauls and Spaniards. The Emperor Marcian was among his audience. Even the objects of St. Chrysostom's indignant eloquence, the ladies of Antioch, who never deigned to set their embroidered slippers on the pavement of the city, quitted the bazaar and their gilded palanquins to toil up the mountain, to catch a glimpse of the saint outside the enclosure, within which no woman entered. Wicked women looked from a distance on that strange figure, high in air, with hands lifted up to heaven and body bowing down with fear of God; and they burst into an agony of tears, and then and there renounced their sins for ever. Thousands of heathens were converted by his preaching; and an Arab chief, himself a pagan, ascribed it to him that under their tents there were Christian bishops and priests. The savage persecution of the Christians in Persia was stopped by respect for his name. Many a wrong did he redress, for tyrants trembled at his threats; many a sorrow did he soothe. A wonderful sight was that long painful life of suffering and supernatural prayer, in the midst of that vast, corrupt, and effeminate East. The last hour of the old world had struck. Rome was twice sacked in his day. The old saints of the Eastern Church were passing away; St. Gregory Nazianzen died the year after he was born, St. John Chrysostom fifteen years before he mounted his place of penance. He had seen Nestorius filling the chair of Constantinople, and though he witnessed the victories of the faith at Ephesus and Chalcedon, and assisted its triumph by his influence with successive Emperors, yet the violence of the Latrocinium was a prelude of the coming time when the great patriarchal throne was soon to be stained with murder and usurpation. Heresy was eating like a canker into the noble churches of Asia, and turning the monks into what they soon became, ignorant fanatics. From the height of his column St. Simeon could see the glory fading from the degenerate east, and God set him up on high in that strange guise to be its last chance of repentance."—pp. 163-4.

Having established that, so far as can be made out from the monuments and notices which remain to us, in the fourth century, and the beginning of the fifth, "good Christians in the world, who were most exposed to danger and temptation, communicated oftener than those who were more holy than they," or at least lived in a holier

state, and were far less exposed to contamination; our author proceeds to relate the further history of communion. We cannot follow the brief but graphic narrative in which the decline in the frequency of communion is described. It reached its minimum in the thirteenth century; and after a struggle between fervour and coldness that was protracted with various fortune across two stormy centuries, frequent communion again resumed the ascendant, which, with more or less fluctuation, chiefly local, it has since retained. The reasons which are sufficient to account for these vicissitudes are very clearly explained. They are shown to correspond so exactly with certain variations in the condition, the appreciation, or other circumstances of the faithful in each age, as to justify us in concluding that the ebb and flow of devotional practice in this particular were no whimsical and chance occurrences, but were in obedience to a principle. Doubtless it is not every practice of Christians which is to be regarded as stamped with the approbation of the Church, because either unwillingly tolerated, or compounded for in her inability to control the stubbornness of a period. But in this case, the weight of actual and direct authority was, in the middle age, for less frequent communion, just as clearly as in the first centuries, and in later times, it was all the other way. The motives of this variety our author finds in the varied conditions of the different periods. "They had," he says, speaking of the crusaders, "fewer impediments on the way to heaven; even the world was less poisonous and sins less malicious. There was less danger and fewer sacraments." This view is remarkably confirmed by the fact of the wonderful prosperity of the Church in all other particulars. It was the time of the institution of the mendicant orders and of several great reforms among the monastic congregations. It was the period of cathedrals, and monasteries, and colleges, and universities. They were the days when the authority of the Church was universally obeyed, the days of deep devotion and strong faith, the era of the Crusades. When then we find infrequent communion side by side with all this active display of sincere religion, it is hard to resist the conclusion that this is to be attributed—not to any decay of religious feeling, nor to an absence of practical appreciation of the Blessed Sacrament, neither of which certainly existed in the days of SS. Bernard, Thomas,

and Bonaventure, in the age which instituted the solemnity of Corpus Christi—but to a very different reason which did actually exist, and was in full vigour during all that period, and which at once reduces the infrequency of communion in the middle age into harmony with the frequency which obtained both in earlier and later times. At all events “whether this theory is right or not, such is the fact.” If the coincidence be not that of cause and effect, it is at any rate most remarkable. We shall quote our author’s summing up, for its practical aim.

“I think it has been proved that the frequency of communion is regulated, partly at least, by the class of dangers to which the faithful are exposed. If this is the case then, let us avoid, in this matter at least, imitating the middle ages. I say nothing about medieval art, which I entirely put out of the question, for I am not writing a treatise on æsthetics. But if there be one age of the Church more than another, the virtues and the vices, the wants and dangers of which are utterly unlike our own, it is the medieval time. For some time past a notion has got abroad that the middle ages are the model period of the Church of Christ. I do not think this true, and if untrue it is mischievous and unreal. The times in which we live are so utterly unlike the age of St. Bernard and St. Thomas that we can only imitate its externals: and the result can only be a sham. Our work is to deal with children of the nineteenth century; they are flocking into the Church every day, and we have got to make good Catholics of them, to mould good children of the Church out of the cool, contemptuous Englishman, with habits of rampant, independent judgment, and universal criticism. It is in vain to educate them, unless you make them devout. The problem is, how to make them good, humble Christians. Our restless intellects, however, and habits of subtle introspection, our turbid, agitated hearts and undisciplined feelings, can only be quieted by stronger spells than were sufficient for our ancestors. A revival is now taking place, full of consolation, yet full of anxiety. To guide it, I believe the method of the primitive Church more effectual than that of the middle ages. It may seem a paradox to say so, but the age in which we live is far more like the first ages of Christianity than like the Church of St. Gregory VII. Surely the tone of society in which we are resembles that of the Romans of the time of Commodus rather than that of the Crusaders. True, there is no persecution. I am far from forgetting that; but for that very reason the world is a hundredfold more dangerous. What will save us from it? Nothing but love, and where shall we find love except in frequent communion?”—pp. 184-85.

But the Church is a very mixed community. Within

her fold are many, who, unfortunately are not always conspicuous for holiness of life. Have they, can they have, anything to say to the Blessed Sacrament? Unquestionably. For the sanctification of the sinner, for the destruction of sin, was it also instituted, and "the most delicate and difficult part of its administration has to do with its application as a remedy for the many disorders of our fallen nature." There is danger of being too rigorous, and danger of being too lax; and the chief "difficulty lies in the fact that the right conduct is not an accurate mean between two extremes." The same priest has to be severe and tender with the same penitents, sometimes even, in almost the same circumstances. This relation of the Holy Eucharist to sinners gives occasion to an excellent chapter on severity and rigorism, in which the differences between the two are illustrated by a series of examples that must make them far more real and intelligible, especially to the non-professional reader, than the fullest technical description could possibly do. Moreover, the additional advantage is thus obtained of guiding present practice by the light of past experience, and of laying down precepts for immediate and daily application while apparently engaged only in describing the errors of an age long gone by. It may however appear to our non-professional readers, that the whole of this discussion is out of place. Severity or rigorism, they may argue, has to do with sinners, but sinners cannot approach the Holy Table. "Let a man prove himself; and so let him eat of that bread." The sacrament of penance intervenes between the sinner and the Eucharist. There, upon that judgment-seat, severity or rigorism may have place: but with the administration of the Bread of Life neither can have anything to say. To such reasoning we can only reply by commending the perusal of this chapter. Thence it will be plain that the administration of the Blessed Eucharist does not depend solely on the rules which determine the administration of Penance, that it must be often denied where the latter will be conceded, that it too has rules and a severity all its own.

Our author's first reflections are on the difficult position of the early Church arising out of this very fact, that men who may be sufficiently prepared to be admitted to a sacrament of forgiveness, may not, however, possess all the

dispositions that must be present before they can be admitted to the familiar reception of the Holy of Holies.

“It is a wonderful sight to see the Church struggling with the old heathen world. Christians are bad enough, but eighteen hundred years of Christianity have at least fixed firmly in the public conscience certain principles which not even sin can wash out. There is one God; there are eternal principles of right and wrong; every man has a soul to be saved or lost. You know how to deal with men who have a conscience. But when that very conscience has got to be resuscitated, is it not like creating a soul under the ribs of death? It is a spectacle worth seeing, the sacraments at work upon such materials as that, the crucifix making its way into that great heathen Rome, where Nero was Emperor, with Poppea by his side. Humanly speaking, it was not easy to make nominal Christians of them, but it was hard indeed really to Christianize the lazy loungers who daily occupied the marble seats in the baths of Diocletian or of Caracalla, who frequented the theatres where obscenity had ceased to be infamous, and haunted the Suburra, or revelled in the blood of the dying gladiator. While the little flock met in the hired house of St. Paul, there was little need of casuistry, but when long afterwards the majority of twelve hundred thousand souls crowded into the twelve miles of wall which surrounded Rome had become Christians, then, indeed the Church had need of all her wisdom in the administration of the sacraments. Was she to be as prodigal of the holy Communion to the relapsed sinner as to him who had kept his baptismal robe? Everything proves to us that tares soon began to grow among the wheat. The presence of heresy is a clear proof of this; if no miraculous interposition of Providence preserved the Church from the presence of heresy, if the rampant intellect of man was allowed to exercise itself on the dogma of Christianity, it is not likely that Christianity should have vanquished without struggle the moral part of man. Besides, of the heresies which, by the time of St. Irenæus and of Hippolytus, had sprung up in the Church, many were accompanied by foul and dreadful sins. The wild Cainites, who worshipped the principle of evil, were baptized Christians; among the fifty sects of Gnostics many disgraced the Christian name by their vices; and while on the distant shores of the Black Sea Marcion was infamous at once by his dissoluteness and his error, the civilization of France did not preserve the Gallic Church from such dealers in the black art as the licentious Mark, at once a wizard and a heretic. With all this wickedness around her, it is not wonderful that the Church was severe. All that I maintain is that even when most severe, she was never rigid.”—pp. 190-91.

Now, how did the Church bear herself in presence of those difficulties? Did she endeavour to win sinners over

to perseverance in holiness by unwavering gentleness? or did she determine to coerce them into obedience by uniform severity? Here, again, we are almost as much at a loss to account for the established discipline and settled practice, as we found ourselves a little while ago. There is, as our author observes, an immense amount of vague and erroneous impression afloat, even among historical students, about the early Church, and especially about her penal discipline. The times nearest to the apostolic age are assumed to have been the purest, and therefore the most severe. Canons of local councils, phrases of Fathers, some temporary provisions enacted to meet a passing emergency, are all shaken together into a kaleidoscopic group, which we have worked ourselves into the habit of regarding as a picture of the primitive Church, the representative equally of any time or of any place. Hence we have imbibed the prejudice, which extensive reading and careful observation only can counteract, that one uniform severity characterized all relations towards sinners, deepening in intensity as the Church expanded, collapsing rather than relaxing in the final catastrophe of Imperial power. According to this popular view, if we may so term it, of the ancient penitential legislation, whole classes of men were perpetually excluded from the participation of the holy table. A still greater multitude were only admitted to it after a long and rigorous trial and most painful expiation. Frequent communion was a privilege reserved only for a chosen few, eminent for stainless sanctity and austerity. Such a theory is what generally secures the adhesion of the young student of Christian antiquity. But it is irreconcilable with the principles and circumstances which, as we have already seen, guided the Church, in those primitive times, in the distribution of the Body of the Lord. Our author shows, moreover, that it is not founded on authenticated facts, but, on the contrary, is at variance with them. The Church began with lenity; two centuries elapsed before she essayed severity as a means of reclaiming her strayed children. A better instance of the spirit which at first governed her in her punishments cannot be found than that which is furnished by the case of the incestuous Corinthian. "In the spring of A.D. 57 the excommunication was pronounced; before the autumn leaves had fallen at Corinth, the sinner was absolved." It was not till multi-

tudes had come into her pale, and the long peace of half a century, between Severus and Decius, had brought its inevitable taint, that the Church, as though astonished at the growing corruption, aroused herself to strangle sin by severity. "Then first the holy Communion began to be deferred till long after absolution, while in earlier times the absolved penitent went straight to the altar to receive the Blessed Sacrament." The author pursues the subject at some length, putting it most clearly before the reader, and always assisting his appreciation by apposite example or quotation. He shows that severe discipline was, in the first place, local, at least in so far that it varied amazingly according to the region; and, in the next place, that it fluctuated with the progress of years and vicissitudes of circumstances. Much of our error on the subject arises from our overlooking these differences of times and places. Again, all through those difficult centuries, in the calm of peace and amidst the crash and excitement of persecution, the Roman Church never wavered in its consistent advocacy of gentleness towards sinners.

"But little is known about those 'silent Popes of the early Church. They make no speeches; they write no books; some say they did not even preach; but they knew how to make decrees, to govern Christendom, and to die. While others argued, they saw; while an eloquent Cyprian holds wooden views about the sacraments, an obscure Pope Stephen knows better the mind of Christ; he condemns his great antagonist, then goes down into the catacombs, and is tracked there by the soldiers as he is going to say Mass, and is martyred. They were kings of men, those early Popes, over the dates and the very names of whom critics fight. All honour be to them as they lie in some unknown corner of those under-ground galleries, because they not only fought the Cæsars, but fearlessly governed Christendom, and, above all, exorcised from Christianity the spirit of rigorism."—p. 197.

They held their own, those fine old Popes, despite the sneers and calumnies of Tertullian in Africa, and the contemptuous arrogance of the presbyter Hippolytus within their own Church. The persecutions which constantly prevailed during the latter part of the third century, and the general confusion arising out of Arianism in the fourth, impeded their efforts to moderate the growing tendency to severity. But from the accession of Innocent I. A.D. 401, they resumed their authoritative interference to mitigate the prevailing discipline. Leo the Great virtually abro-

gated the ancient legislation when he declared that secret confession to a priest was all that was necessary for absolution, and that the penitential canons were matters not of precept but only of counsel. The wisdom of this course was apparent, when it was found impossible any longer to maintain the severe system in the East, and when the breaking up of the Empire rendered it equally impossible to insist upon its maintenance in the West. It began about the middle of the third century, and lasted in Africa and the East to the beginning of the fifth. In Spain and Southern Gaul, where, however, it had never been so rigid, its existence was prolonged, perhaps partly owing to the fact that the Visigoth rule was not the overthrow of the previous system so much as its continuance in a modified form. Its break-up in the East is thus graphically described by our author.

“By St. Basil’s times (A.D. 360) the Church attained the maximum of severity. But it was a forlorn and desperate experiment, which did not last long. Sin only increased under the pressure of the canons. The overwhelming tide of wickedness still rolled on, and rose higher and higher till it became a very deluge. By the time that half the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Antioch were Christians, the public penances were few and far between. The tone of St. Chrysostom’s homilies is utterly inconsistent with the view which imagination has conjured up of the multitude of penitents beating their breasts at the door of the Church. There is little said of public penance to those numerous Christians whom his indignant eloquence pictures as feasting their prurient curiosity on the foul spectacles of the theatre. They are even exhorted to receive the Holy Communion in sermons which might be preached in a Lent retreat at Notre Dame or St. Roch to the fine ladies of modern Paris. By the time that he arrived at his patriarchal throne (A.D. 398), the ancient discipline had disappeared. It could only have been enforced on a willing people, and the lords of the Hippodrome at Constantinople, or the maids of honour of Eudoxia, could not, with any probability of success, have been exhorted to public penance. The saint’s own character was utterly averse to rigour. He was firm as a rock against an impious court, but his kind heart could not stand a sinner’s tears. The very office of public penitentiary had been abolished, as we know, under Neotarius, St. Chrysostom’s predecessor. From that time the discipline had completely changed. Public penance for secret sins no longer existed. As for the African Church, the other rigid church of antiquity, it perished with St. Augustine. The barbarian trumpets were sounding around the walls when the old saint was dying, and

Genseric and his Vandals put an end to its discipline and almost to its existence.”—pp.193 4.

“We can tell what would be the reception which a young man who had committed great sins would meet with from his confessor in the fourth and fifth centuries. He would not be forced to do public penance. The length of his private penance would depend a great deal on the character of the priest to whom he applied. If he made his confession to St. Basil, a considerable time would probably elapse before he received the Holy Communion. If a young Milanese threw himself at the feet of St. Ambrose, the saint would have shed floods of tears, as though he himself were the sinner, and would have so moved him to compunction, that he would soon have been fit to be absolved. If he had gone to St. Chrysostom, he would have said, ‘My child, do penance for your sins; come to me in a few days and you shall be absolved, and receive your Lord.’ But whether he was in Cæsarea, or Constantinople, his confessor would not judge him by rigid rules, but would absolve him sooner or later, according to the measure of his contrition.”—p. 215.

Once again the experiment was tried; but it was under very different auspices. What the church had given up as impracticable when she had to deal with the courtiers of Eudoxia, the Jansenists affected to enforce on those of Louis XIV. How hollow this sham was, and at the same time how illogical and inconsistent in its practice our readers will learn from Father Dalgairns. We cannot attempt to epitomize what is itself almost too brief, and we should quote several pages if we sought to do justice to the forcible contrast which he portrays between the hypocritical rigorism of the Jansenists and their laxity, on the one hand—admitting to the Holy Table persons whom the gentle St. Alphonsus would have sent from his confessional unabsolved—and the merciful theology of the Church, on the other.

We have now done with both theory and history; what remains is to gather the fruit of previous research by applying practically the principles which have been gained. This our author does in the remaining portion of his work, “not solicitous about order or method, and only treating in an unscientific way a few prominent questions with respect to Holy Communion.” Withal he so acquits himself of his task, that directors will find herein a most lucid arrangement of all that bears on their duties and difficulties in this matter, and a fund of fertile counsels and maxims which will prove of continuous application;

while the general faithful will meet with a hand-book of useful advice, of most practical and individual tendency, and at the same time presented in a most attractive garb. We have lingered so long over the historical portion of the work, seduced by its novelty and rare union of fidelity and beauty, that we have exceeded our allotted space. We must accordingly content ourselves with a brief outline of the character of these five chapters.

He begins by observing that "Frequent Communion is a relative term, the meaning of which depends upon the custom of the age. In the middle ages once a month, in the time of St. Francis of Sales once a week would be considered frequent. In our time, according to the general estimation, a Christian who communicated once a week would not be considered a frequent communicant." Thence he passes to inquire whether habitual imperfections are an obstacle to frequent Communion? or, in other words, is a person who is really imperfect to be prevented from communicating more than once a week? To make matters clearer, he supposes the case of "one of a class often considered to be ordinarily incapable of frequent communion, a married lady, a wife, a mother:" and he certainly does put the circumstances of such a person with an individual distinctness which many a director will feel to be almost a portrait. He disposes of this case most satisfactorily, giving abundant principles and reasons for an affirmative reply, and showing that this solution is the doctrine of the best authorities. Incidentally he criticizes the English tendency to gloominess and severity in religion, which renders it much safer to preach unmitigated confidence among us, and to act up to this preaching, than elsewhere, because religious presumption is not an English fault. Not to insist on frequent Communion, weekly Communion might be far more general than it is among the professional and industrial classes. "Are then, it will be said, in this working-day world of England, merchants, lawyers, tradesmen, labourers, to communicate once a week? I answer, why not, if they choose to prepare for it? There are exceedingly few who could not prepare, if they chose. Many a poor girl in London, whether dress-maker in Regent-street, or costermonger in Covent-garden, has been kept from ruin by weekly Communion." It is no light conjecture which will attribute the maintenance of the stainless purity that forms the brightest ornament of the female

population in Ireland, to a similar source. These principles are further developed in the two following chapters, one of which investigates the limit to be prescribed to Communion, and the other examines the treatment of sinners in this respect. With reference to the former point, it is clearly shown that the bare preserving one's self in the state of grace cannot be regarded as constituting a sufficient disposition, much less as establishing a right to be admitted to frequent Communion. On the other hand, the opinion which would require simple perfection or the absence of all venial sin as an indispensable condition preliminary to more frequent Communion than once a week is equally untenable. The simple rule which is a safe guide in all cases, even with regard to habitual sinners just converted, or to those whom proneness to sin drags down by perpetual relapses, is the good of the penitent. Many a soul is forwarded notably on its narrow path, many a sinner preserved from plunging deep down into unfathomable abysses of guilt by the unutterable power of one Communion. Who shall be parsimonious of so rare a specific? of so efficacious a means of grace? No one will read these chapters and the last one in which the life of the frequent Communicant is described, without feeling a divided admiration for the wide range of reading, the large heart, the accurate and minute experience, and the deep knowledge of human nature which are all equally conspicuous.

But of these practical chapters the one which, to our mind, is most deserving of attention, and will be most likely to receive it, is that on the Communion of the worldly. It is not that it contains anything new. Its doctrine is as old as Christianity at least. It is coeval with that Apostle of charity, who has bequeathed to us, as an ever-enduring principle, that "*all* that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is *not* of the Father."* And with that other apostle, who tells us so emphatically that "the friendship of this world is the enemy of God: whosoever therefore will be a friend of this world, becometh an enemy of God."† But the application of this gospel and apostolic teaching to the circumstances and inci-

* I. John ii. 16.

† St. James iv. 3.

dents of our modern social life is novel, at least in its manner, and eminently so in its direct practical bearing, and in the way in which it comes home to our experience and our feeling. Even an unwilling reader must do homage to the deep insight into the human heart testified by every page, to the graphic description of the main features of a worldly life, the unflinching determination with which our author lays bare the genuine sinfulness of this vice of worldliness and the decided tone in which he expresses himself about the way of dealing with it. He puts the questions at issue in the plainest and most unequivocal form.

“Can we exempt Parisian society from being ‘the world?’ I think not; and if not, on what principle can those who are of it be frequent communicants? Is a course of balls, operas, and all that is involved in a life in the world, compatible with communicating twice or three times a week? Is such frequent Communion to be allowed to a lady who lives in such a round of gaiety? Is the nocturnal ball a fit preparation for the morning’s Communion? Let us plainly ask whether the gaieties of a London season are compatible with frequent Communion.”

The subject is so well illustrated, with such varied and minute detail, and involving so many phases of daily domestic life, that almost every conceivable case will be found to be embraced within the application of its principles. In many instances, unfortunately, the descriptions will come upon us with the startling fidelity of individual portraits, wakening up the same anxious solicitude, and suggesting the same grave and irksome questions, that it has been our lot to experience with regard to the personal cases of which they seem to be but the reflections. Take, for example, the following passage: ↓

“The world affects liberality. A worldly man suffers his wife and daughters to think what they please about Transubstantiation, to bow in prayer before a crucifix, and to crown our Lady’s image with flowers. But what he will not tolerate is the assumption of jurisdiction by the Church. While, therefore, he can bear the doctrines of the Church, he is frantic at her censures. The world is up in arms when a bishop carries out the laws of the Church with respect to marriage, or refuses to sing a *Te Deum* over its sacrilege. It insists on the dominions of the Holy See being looked upon as a mere temporal kingdom, and sneers at the notion that any part of the earth can be holy ground. It is maddened out of its scornful propriety at what it calls the interference of priests with families.

It acknowledges no ecclesiastical legislation on the subject of matrimony, and is positively enraged at a vocation."—pp. 297 98.

There are few of us who do not reckon among our acquaintance some men of this stamp, and fewer still, alas! who cannot recognize more than one original of the following sketch.

"Supposing a creature appreciates the world more than God, according to the doctrine of St. Thomas, he has already lost the grace of God, though no other act of sin has occurred, and though he may perhaps be culpably unaware of his state.

"Alas! is such a supposition so very wild? How many a virgin soul has Paris corrupted down to the very heart's core? In that Monad world there are beings who but lately were school-girls in convents, and who are Eufants de Marie still. What has come to them that they look like daughters of Circe rather than children of the pure and holy Virgin? They have done nothing which could dishonour them: but here again let us not deceive ourselves. It is a part of the illusions of the present day to feel secure as long as there has been no great evil of the kind of which the soul feels most horror even in thought. But there are other commandments beside the sixth. There are six other deadly sins, each a source of sin which may be mortal. What is worse in the eyes of God than pride? When the love of admiration and of worship rises to such a point as to make the soul reckless of giving scandal, careless of inflicting pain; when a little absurd being uses her powers of body and mind in order to be set up on high as an idol, to be worshipped and adored as a goddess, who will deny that here is vanity to a degree which is monstrous! Add to this a portentous love of ease, cruelty to inferiors, envy, jealousy, and a love of dress, rising to the dignity of a passion; here are sources of sin enough, each sufficing to shut out God. Alas! for poor human nature, that such follies should stand in the place of God; yet such is the experience of every day. When once the soul is entangled in the giddy vortex of the world, it clings with a tenacity to it which is perfectly marvellous, and the result is a character utterly spoiled, and a heart thoroughly corrupt."—p. 296.

This is very strong writing; but it is also very practical and very true. It is as faithful an instance of the general character of the book as any which could be found within its pages; marking it out as a work that even a St. Francis of Sales might take to his confessional with profit, while neither the fine lady nor the man of the world, could lay it aside because it was either dull or uninteresting.

But we must now pause; we have altogether outrun the limits prescribed to us. We cannot add anything to

what we have already said of the merits of the work. Any one who has perused it will know that our estimate falls far short of the reality. Those who have the privilege of being acquainted with the gifted author, or who have watched his career, alike generous and useful, and followed the steps by which he has gradually arrived at his present eminence, will feel no surprise at his successful accomplishment of his difficult task. It will be to them only the legitimate although gratifying complement of their fair anticipations. But there are many, probably, among our readers who have none of these advantages; and who only know Father Dalgairns as a preacher and director of great repute, and occupying the first rank in our religious literature. They may desire to know something more about him than this, something of the means which have led to this end, of the early toil and training which were, at the same time, the groundwork and the promise of such results. We do not think we can close this article more suitably than by corresponding to this desire with a brief notice of the earlier portions of our author's distinguished career.

John Dobree Dalgairns* is a native of the island of Guernsey, the son of a Scottish gentleman, an old Peninsular officer, long settled there; his mother belonged to one of the old Norman families of that island. He received his early education at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, from whence he proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship, and took his degree, with high classical honours, at Michaelmas, 1839. He may be said to have been a prominent person in the party styled Puseyite, while yet an undergraduate, being even then remarkable for the asceticism of his life, and having become intimate with Mr. Newman and many others, of the same school, much older than himself. A year or two after taking his degree, he attracted much attention by a letter in the *Univers* on the position of Anglicans and their hopes of a re-union with the Catholic world. This letter was anonymous, but the authorship was almost immediately guessed at. This early identification with the advanced party, "Anglo-Catholic" at first, but from

* At his conversion Father Dalgairns took the Christian names of John Bernard.

about 1841, (the date of *Tract No. 90*), fast approximating Rome-wards, naturally hindered his establishment as fellow of any College, of which otherwise his attainments would have rendered him pretty sure. He was one of the earliest of the society which surrounded Mr. Newman at Littlemore, a sort of monastic retreat with the name of which the public was very familiar in those years. Littlemore is a village near Oxford, a dependency on the parish of St. Mary's, of which Mr. Newman was then vicar. Here the future Father-Superior established himself with about half-a-dozen companions, and led a life, the austerities of which were remarkable. The house was a long, low building, the greater part of it divided into cells opening on a cloister, with brick floors and the scantiest furniture. They daily attended the Anglican service in the little Gothic Church hard by, designed by Mr. Newman himself, where the prayers were chaunted in the severest Gregorian tones. But besides this they daily recited the divine office in the little chapel of the monastery. The rigour of their fasting has caused permanent injury to the health of many of these excellent men, who, however, by their simplicity and zeal were preparing themselves to receive, most of them, the grace of conversion and perseverance in the Catholic Church. It is needless to say that their studies lay chiefly in the writings of the Holy Fathers and in the study of ascetical and dogmatic theology. An institution, in some measure resembling this at Littlemore, had been attempted two centuries before, by Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding; but Ferrar seems to have had no leanings to Catholicism. During this part of his life Mr. Dalgairns wrote some remarkable articles in the *British Critic*, a Review of Rio's *La Petite Chouannerie*, one on the history of La Mère Angélique (the Jansenist) and a third on the poetry of Dante. He also translated a volume of the *Aurea Catena* of St. Thomas (that on St. Mark). But he became much more conspicuous by some biographies in the series of *Lives of the British Saints*, edited by Mr. Newman. Of these Mr. Dalgairns wrote a very considerable portion, including St. Stephen Harding, St. Aelred, St. Helier, St. Bartholomew, St. Gilbert, St. Richard of Chichester, St. Walthoof, and St. Robert of Newminster, with some parts in the life of St. Bettelin. Probably a more vivid and interesting account of mediæval monastic life has seldom been presented than is to be

found in the first-named biography, which, in that point of view, even Milman has quoted with praise.

On Michaelmas day 1845, Mr. Dalgairns was received into the Church, by Father Dominic, at the Passionist Convent, Aston Hall. This was shortly before the conversion of Dr. Newman, which took place on October 9, the same year. Not very long afterwards, Mr. Dalgairns proceeded to France where he resided during 1846, and was ordained priest. The following year, 1847, he spent in Rome, whither Dr. Newman and others of his former companions had already proceeded; and they there studied the Oratorian Institute. Towards the close of the year they were canonically erected into a Congregation, with Father Newman as its Superior; and next year the English Oratorians were settled at Birmingham, and in 1849 in London. From this period Father Dalgairns' career is well known. He was for some time one of the principal members of the Birmingham Oratory, but afterwards passed from that house to the one in London, first in King William-street and afterwards at Brompton, where he has long been known as a distinguished preacher and director. The only works that he has published, as a Catholic, are a valuable treatise on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," a very interesting and elaborate essay on "German Mysticism," which first appeared in these pages, and has since been published separately, and the work which we have placed at the head of this article. We may observe, that his familiarity with French has given him great command of French theology in particular. Many years ago he studied profoundly St. Thomas, and the other principal Scholastics, and is an excellent metaphysician. At that time he was, perhaps, most at home in medieval Church history; but, latterly, as our readers may have inferred even from our meagre quotations, he has gone deeply into the characteristics of modern schools, devoting much attention to the light thrown on these subjects by physical researches. One fault only can be justly imputed to him, viz: that he allows his humility to interfere too much between him and his needy fellow-men, and that he is not as liberal, as we could desire, in sharing with others the large gifts of Wisdom and Knowledge, with which the Holy Spirit has so plenteously enriched him. Let us hope, that, as years advance, this fault will diminish, and that what is now almost a hidden light will grow stronger and

shine more brilliantly for the edification of his fellow-men, and the satisfaction of those claims which the Church has, not on the labour only or the zeal, but on every talent which Providence has entrusted to the guardianship of so distinguished a son.

ABT. V.—1. *Catalogue Raisonné de MSS. Ethiopiens appartenant à Antoine d'Abbadie*. 4to. Paris, à l'imprimerie Imperiale. 1859.

2. *Hermas Pastor*. *Æthiopice primum edidit, et Æthiopica Latine vertit Antonius d'Abbadie*. (In the "Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes, herausgegeben von der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft.") Leipsig. Brockhaus, 1860.

3. *Dr. J. A. Möhler's Patrologie; oder Christliche Literatur-geschichte*, Herausgegeben von Dr. F. X. Reithmayr. Regensburg, 1840.

4. *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen unter den Aussicht der Königl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften*. Nos. 190-191, 192, Dec. 13. 1859.

5. *Patrum Apostolicorum Opera*. Edidit Carolus J. Hefele. Tübingæ. 1852.

6. *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* Nos. 141-2, Sept. 3-6. 1860.

INDEPENDENTLY of its great literary eminence, the name of M. Antoine d'Abbadie has many claims upon the notice of a journal such as ours. It is not merely that, in common with his distinguished brother Arnauld, he was for years the representative of the interests of religion and indeed of civilization itself, in a long neglected region where the traditions of the ancient faith still struggle against the barbarism and corruption by which they are obliterated or repressed—the champion of the oppressed missionary, and the defender of the Church in her hour of danger. It is not merely that in his many contributions to science and to letters and in all his intercourse with the highest celebrities of both, M. d'Abbadie has uniformly appeared as a sincere though tolerant Catholic, in whose enlightened views religion and science go hand in hand,

and for whom the true interests of the Church are ever identified with the diffusion and progress of sound knowledge. We are drawn towards M. d'Abbadie by other and even closer ties. It may not be generally known that these distinguished brothers, although French by paternal descent, and also by education and fortune, are nevertheless maternally descended from an ancient Irish family, and that they were born, and spent the first years of childhood in this city. It was not till he had attained his ninth year, that Antoine d'Abbadie quitted Ireland;* and amid all the distractions of the many wanderings of his eventful life, he has ever gladly seized the few intervals of leisure to revisit his native country, and to keep alive the hereditary associations by which he is bound to her people.† M. d'Abbadie is thoroughly Irish in all his views and in all his feelings.

The publications from his pen and under his directions which are enumerated at the head of these pages, exhibit, as we shall see, in no obscure way, the characteristics to which we have alluded. They are the fruit, or rather one of the fruits, of that long residence in north-eastern Africa, which, while it has been the occasion of more than one work of permanent philological and geographical value, has enriched the periodical journals of France and England with many most important and interesting contributions.

During his six years sojourn in Upper Ethiopia, M. d'Abbadie availed himself of every opportunity to collect all the native works, whether ancient or modern, that came within his reach. When it proved impossible to obtain a work by purchase, he generally succeeded in getting permission to have it transcribed; and by extraordinary diligence, not only in selecting the best caligraphers, but also in rigorously superintending in person the work of transcription, and finally by subjecting the copy

* See Russell's *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*, p. 381.

† Did we not fear to offend the delicacy which has always distinguished her unostentatious character, we should think it a duty to allude to the ready munificence with which M. d'Abbadie's venerable mother, who still survives in an honoured old age, has ever contributed, in every necessity that has arisen, to the relief of the necessities, whether spiritual or temporal, of her native country.

when completed, to a scrupulous comparison with the original, in which he took care to cause every minute particularity of character, of notation, and of punctuation to be preserved,* he has secured even in the case of these transcripts, a degree of accuracy scarcely inferior for practical use to that of the originals themselves.

The collection of Ethiopic literature thus formed is the most extensive which exists in Europe. M. d'Abbadie's catalogue contains two hundred and thirty-four MSS. a number which no other of the great oriental libraries of Europe approaches. The Ethiopic MSS. of the Vatican do not number a hundred. The British Museum catalogue of 1847 contains but eighty-two; the Bodleian catalogue, drawn up by the great Ethiopic scholar, Dillmann, only thirty-five. The largest collection of all is that of the Imperial Library at Paris, and even this falls short of M. d'Abbadie's by nearly a hundred. It amounts only to one hundred and forty.

The great majority of these MSS. were collected by M. Antoine d'Abbadie in person. Some of them he owes to the exertions of his brother and fellow labourer Arnauld; and for a small collection of twenty-four (numbered in the catalogue 194-217) he is indebted to one of the missionaries of Abyssinia, the Franciscan Father Juste d'Urbain, who has died since M. d'Abbadie's return to Europe. By far the larger proportion of them are in the Gheez, (in M. d'Abbadie's orthography *Gi-iz*,) or ancient Ethiopic language; some of them are in the Amharic, (written *Amarinna* by M. d'Abbadie) or modern language of Abyssinia; others are interpretations in Amharic of the

* His plan was to offer a reward for the discovery of errors in the transcript; and as the revision was always entrusted to a fresh hand, this precaution proved eminently successful.

In many cases the copies were not obtained without great difficulty. M. d'Abbadie commonly brought with him on his journeys one or two skilled copyists; but he mentions a case (that of MS. No. 118) in which he was two years before he could succeed in obtaining the required permission; and two years more elapsed before his copy was completed. One of the copyists employed on this MS. was disabled in the course of his work by an attack of leprosy, and M. d'Abbadie had to employ a new hand. In the end he was not permitted to compare this copy with the original. *Catalogue* p. 133.

ancient language; and others, in fine, are in that mixture of the ancient and modern languages, which is commonly found in the later Abyssinian chronicles, and which from that circumstance is known by the name of the *Tarika*, or historical language.* Two of the number are in Arabic; and there are a few which contain pictorial illustrations, while one (No. 191) is a palimpsest, although seemingly not of much value.

With that liberal and enterprising literary munificence which has long characterized it, the French Government† was not slow to appreciate the importance of such a collection; and soon after M. d'Abbadie's return to France, the Directors of the Imprimerie Imperiale not only acceded to his proposal to print at the public cost a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his collection, but even to prepare an entirely new set of Ethiopic type for the purpose, executed under the direction of M. d'Abbadie himself. Upon the beauty and correctness of this new character the verdict of the learned orientalists throughout Europe is unanimous. Prior to its introduction, five different forms of Ethiopic type had been known, beginning with that of the Roman Propaganda, cast for the purpose of printing the Coptic Psalter in 1513, and ending with that of the imperial press of Vienna, which, although very beautiful, is regarded as defective in form. M. d'Abbadie's type is modelled after the best forms of the most approved period of Ethiopic caligraphy; and its excellence and extreme accuracy are highly extolled by Professor Dillmann in the notice already referred to.

The first practical result of the impulse given to these studies by the appearance of this important catalogue,

* Catalogue, p. 134. See also Prof. Dillmann's critique in the *Gött. Gelehrte Anzeigen*, p. 1890.

† It is impossible to speak too highly in this respect of the liberality of the Imperial Government. Not only are the publications which it undertakes in themselves most valuable and on the grandest scale, but they are distributed to public institutions, at home and abroad, with a judicious and enlightened liberality which deserves the most unreserved admiration. We have lately seen a set of the magnificent series *Memoires inedits sur l'Histoire de France*, which has been presented to the library of our national college of St. Patrick, by the *Ministère de l'Instruction Publique*, at the same time with a like collection from the *Ministère de l'Etat*.

is the publication of the Ethiopic version of the celebrated "Shepherd" of Hermas, hitherto only known from the Latin translation, and some fragments of the Greek original.* We shall give an account of this very important publication hereafter; but we propose first to review briefly the contents of M. d'Abbadie's catalogue, and to examine the general character of the literature which it represents, especially in its bearing on the religion and the history of this interesting race. We shall follow in this summary, partly M. d'Abbadie's own descriptions, partly the learned notice of Professor Dillmann named at the head of these pages.

It need hardly be said that a considerable proportion of M. d'Abbadie's MSS. are already known by other and in some instances, according to Professor Dillmann, better copies. But, on the other hand, many of these MSS. are unique, at least in Europe; and, as a whole, the collection is freely admitted to be without a rival.

The biblical MSS. are by no means numerous. M. d'Abbadie mentions that he heard during his stay in Abyssinia of only two complete copies of the entire bible; and the several MSS. enumerated in his catalogue contain the sacred books arranged variously, and in all cases in an order different from ours. By the ordinary numeration of Abyssinia the sacred books are forty-one in number; but in this list are included eight books of *Qualemintos*, or decrees of synods and canons.

There is but one peculiarity of the Abyssinian biblical books, upon which, as it has been made the subject of animadversion in a polemical point of view, we consider it necessary to dwell. They reckon among their sacred books the history of the Machabees: but it is curious that the Abyssinian History of the Machabees has nothing in common with the biblical book received by us under that title. M. d'Abbadie quotes the first sentence of the Ethiopic Machabees, as it exists in his copy; it is also known from a MS. of Curzon, and also from one which exists at Francfort: and from the comparison of the former with that of M. d'Abbadie, Dr. Dillmann describes the

* The genuineness of the Greek edition from the MS. of M. Simonides is still under discussion. We shall see hereafter what are its claims to be considered authentic.

Ethiopic Machabees as an apocryphal and modern compilation of the mediæval period, in which the history of the Machabees is made a sort of framework upon which to connect together, in the form of the narrative of a Jewish martyrdom, a variety of monotheistic doctrines, and especially that of the resurrection.

A faint effort has been made to use this circumstance as an evidence that the Machabees never can have been held as canonical Scripture in the Abyssinian church; else we should not find in its stead this strange and incongruous travesty. But it can hardly be necessary for us to offer a formal refutation of this silly inference. It is plain that the same argument would prove that none of the Gospels could ever have been received as Canonical Scripture, as there is not one of them which has not been similarly travestied in apocryphal imitations. On the contrary, far from being an argument against the canonicity of Machabees, this attempt to parody it ought rather, if it prove anything at all, to be an argument in its favour. The very fact of the forger's thinking it worthy of being imitated, and of being made the vehicle of the opinions which he sought to disseminate, is in itself an evidence that the book must have had authority in the Abyssinian church. Nor, we should add, does it follow that because the genuine Machabees has not yet been discovered, it may not still exist in some of the libraries of the Abyssinian monasteries, the treasures of which, according to M. d'Abbadie, are, almost in every instance, most jealously guarded from the criticism of strangers.

On the patristic portion of M. D'Abbadie's Catalogue, we shall not dwell at present. By far the most valuable of its treasures, "The Shepherd," will be considered separately. We are more concerned with the liturgical, and in so far as they illustrate the national belief, the devotional, books which it comprises. The question as to the opinions held by the various sects of oriental christians upon the many doctrines controverted between Catholics and Protestants, is almost as old as the Reformation itself. The learned works of Leo Allatius for the Greeks; of Assemauni for the Syrian christians; of the Mechitarist fathers for the Armenians; and of Renaudot for every oriental communion which possesses an authentic liturgy, might well be supposed to have placed the subject beyond dispute; and the authors of the *Perpetuité de la Foi* have

employed with admirable effect this marvellous unanimity of all the ancient communions, whether of the West or of the East, as an evidence of the divine origin of the faith in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, in the Transubstantiation of the elements, and in the Sacrifice of the Mass. But nevertheless, we find, year after year, the old assertions renewed by each succession of Protestant travellers in these distant churches. As regards the christians of Abyssinia, several recent attempts have been made to claim them as protestant representatives of 'primitive christianity;' and, as we consider the publication of M. d'Abbadie's Catalogue as a very reasonable opportunity of exposing the groundlessness of such a claim, we shall say a few words upon such of the contents of the Catalogue as bear upon this interesting question. It will be enough, indeed, to call attention to the titles of a few of the works which are enumerated, and to the brief summary of contents which M. d'Abbadie has inserted for the most important among them.

There are some of the controverted doctrines regarding which we are relieved from all trouble, not only by the confession of Protestants themselves, but by the very chain of witnesses which M. d'Abbadie's list presents. In all that concerns the honour and invocation of our Blessed Lady the Abyssinian christians are confessedly "more catholic than the Catholics themselves." Bishop Gobat confesses that they have no fewer than thirty-three festivals in her honour during the course of their ecclesiastical year.* A large number of the MSS. enumerated in the Catalogue are "Praises of Mary." Her name, whenever it occurs, is always written in red letters, (p. 73.) One MS. (No. 158) contains no fewer than fourteen treatises in her honour. Another (No. 101,) has a form of prayer to Mary for each of the days of the week, and also for the Sunday. Very many of the MSS. contain invocations of her; others (as for example 207) contain salutations similar to our own; in fine, the very name by which the Abyssinians love to call her, and under which, especially, churches are dedicated to her in Ethiopia,—'Kidana Mihrat'—"Compact of Mercy," (p. 87.) in itself alone contains the solution of the entire doctrine in dispute between Catholics and Protestants.

* "Three Years in Abyssinia."—p. 287.

On the kindred doctrine of the honour and invocation of saints and angels, these MSS. are equally explicit. To enumerate the particular MSS. in which such invocations are found, would be to transcribe a large portion of the titles which M. d'Abbadie has inserted in his catalogue. One MS. (No. 172.) contains prayers to no fewer than thirty different saints. Indeed, it is the established usage of the Abyssinian scribes, always to begin their copy of any work which they undertake to transcribe, with an invocation of some saint, and a request for his prayers on behalf of the possessor of the MS., his wife and children; and, should the MS. change hands subsequently, *the new owner is careful to insert his own name* in the prayer to the Saint, in the place of that of the original possessor. We shall see a very curious example of this practice hereafter.

The faith of the Abyssinians upon the doctrine of Prayer for the Dead, is equally clear from the catalogue. One MS. described by M. d'Abbadie (No. 8.) is entirely devoted to services for the dead, the variety of which far exceeds that in use even among ourselves. Not content with our *Missa de Requiem* which is *common to all the dead*, without distinction of class or denomination, this most important volume contains *a special service for every order and for every class*; for priests, for deacons, for monks, for nuns, for ladies of rank, for women who die in child-birth, for young men, for young girls, and for children. It contains besides, as does our own service, special offices for the periodical repetitions of public prayers at stated intervals after the death; but they are far more numerous than ours. There is a service, not alone, as with us, for the third, for the seventh, and for the thirtieth, but also for the twelfth, the fortieth, the sixtieth, and the eightieth day! And as if for the express purpose of registering the faith of the Abyssinian Church in the very title of its public service-books, the volume in question is commonly known by the name of "*the Book of Absolution*."* The same offices are contained in another MS. (No. 50.) with the addition of several other variations of the service, and of a remarkable treatise which is called by the significant title "*History of the Effect of Prayers for the Dead*;"†

* Catalogue p. 6.

† Ibid p. 178.—Ibid p. 59.

and the offices are again repeated in the MS. numbered 219.*

We shall not delay upon the questions connected with the number of the sacraments. The several MSS. of a ritual character (as No. 62, No. 199, No. 213, &c.) contain the form for their administration. What the precise language of each of these forms may be M. d'Abbadie does not enable us to say; but if one may judge of them all from what we learn in the meagre description which his space permits, of the MSS. which refer to one of the Sacraments,—the Blessed Eucharist—even the most prejudiced must confess that the Abyssinians are in perfect accord with their western brethren on them all.

For, as regards the Blessed Eucharist, we do not hesitate to say, judging by the titles and contents of the Abyssinian MSS. here catalogued, that no similar collection prepared in Rome itself under the authority of the Vicegerent, and with the *imprimatur* of the Master of the Sacred Palace, could possibly exhibit clearer and more explicit evidence of the belief, of every single detail of what are popularly regarded by Protestants as the peculiarly distinctive doctrines of the Roman church upon this sacrament.

Bishop Gobat, as might be expected, looks with a very jaundiced eye, even where he admits it, upon any evidence of Catholic doctrine that the Abyssinian usages present. The paragraphs which he devotes to the Eucharist are so full of this reluctant and half incredulous recognition of what he was unable to ignore altogether, that we are tempted to place it side by side with the plain and unalterable testimony of the authorized service books as it is recorded by M. d'Abbadie.

“The priests,” says Bishop Gobat, “receive the Lord’s Supper every day; and others, either every Sunday or when they please. During the time appointed for fasting they celebrate the communion at three o’clock in the afternoon, and at other times at day-break. Even when not attending Communion, those who observe fasting do not eat anything till it is over. For the administration of this sacrament there must be at least five priests or deacons present. Besides priests and monks, scarcely any but aged persons and children attend communion, whence it may be easily concluded

* p. 214.

that there is no kind of order. The communion service consists in reading some chapters from the Gospels and chaunting some prayers; the whole being performed in an unknown tongue. They call the consecration of the bread and wine *Melawat*, 'a change'; but at Gondar I found no person who believed in Transubstantiation. In Tigre there are some who believe in it; and when they are asked how the ungodly and unbelievers can receive Jesus Christ, they reply that an angel comes to take Him away from their mouths, and they merely eat the bread and drink the wine.**

Such is Bishop Gobat's reading of the evidences of popular belief with regard to the Eucharist, which came under his own observation. It was by no means unnatural, considering the capacity in which he was known to visit the country, that he should receive from the crafty and pliant acquaintances which a visitor upon such an errand, with a well-stocked purse, is sure to form, those representations which were known to be palatable. But no one can even casually glance into M. d'Abbadie's catalogue without being satisfied that the doubts which Gobat would cast on the faith of the Abyssinian Church in the doctrine of Transubstantiation are utterly destitute even of the appearance of plausibility. Not to go beyond the meagre titles or summaries of titles which M. d'Abbadie gives, even these are full to overflowing of testimonies to the ancient faith.

It is not merely that we find the Blessed Eucharist commonly and familiarly described as the "Body and Blood of Christ;" that the prayer of the communicant (p. 200) is that he "may receive the Body and Blood of our Lord," that the communion itself is called "the sweet Body of Christ" (p. 201.) One of the MSS. actually enters into a formal explanation (p. 214) of what is meant by "the communion of the Son." It declares this communion to consist in "eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood." Another provides against any wavering of belief, by an explicit Act of Faith in the Real Presence, (p. 108.)

Nor can it be said of the faith of the Abyssinians in the Real Presence, (as is represented of the ancient Church generally by Dr. Pusey and others, who, while they hold the reality of the Presence of the Body and Blood, are yet opposed to the explicit faith of the Transubstantiation of

* Gobat's *Three Years in Abyssinia*, pp. 291-2.

the elements.)—that faith in the Presence regards only the *substance* of the Presence and not its *mode*; and that on the latter head the faith of the Abyssinians is but vague and confused, if indeed, it does not even abstract from it altogether. The MSS. remove all shadow of doubt as to this head. Not alone do we find the question as to the mode formally discussed (p. 140,) where, among the questions (some of which regard the Unity, the Trinity, the Incarnation, &c.) one is "*How the bread and wine become the Body and Blood of our Lord*;" but one of the MSS. actually enumerates among twenty-nine heresies, to each of which a separate refutation is addressed, "the heresy of those who call in question whether the bread and wine *really become the Body and Blood of Christ*," (p. 57.)

Lastly, as to the eucharistic sacrifice, the MSS. are equally clear. One MS. (p. 61) contains instructions as to the manner "in which the priest shall celebrate the sacrifice." Another discusses, probably with provisions analogous to those of the Roman rubric, "the accidents which may occur in the celebration of the sacrifice;" (p. 168) and, in one word, the eucharistic rite is never contemplated by any of these writers in any other relation than that of a sacrifice.

There is a very curious MS. (No. 21) on the condition of the just and of the wicked after death, which contains a most extraordinary description of hell, and of the various forms of punishment which there prevail. These punishments are adjusted by the vengeance of God, so as to bear some analogy to the crime of the unhappy sinner. This curious tract is in the form of a vision seen by a monk named Gregory. M. d'Abbadie's description of the contents of this MS. is more detailed than in many other cases; but we should greatly desire to see the treatise translated entire, for the purpose of comparison with the similar descriptions which are in circulation among the ascetic writers of the Western Church.

It would be tedious to pursue farther this controversial examination of the Ethiopic books of a ritual or liturgical character. A few of those to which we have been referring may be considered as dogmatic, and we must be content to submit them as a specimen of the entire. There are two books, however, in the collection of a very different tendency. One (No. 215) is the autobiography of an

Abyssinian professor, which M. d'Abbadie describes as full of interest, both for the naiveté which it exhibits, and for the curious details of life and manners which it contains. Unhappily the author makes no secret of his unbelief. In stating his doubts as to all existing religions, he reduces his own personal belief to open deism. Another work (No. 234) by the same author, and perhaps another transcript, with some modifications, of No. 215, goes even farther, being, in the opinion of Père Juste d'Urbain, a profession of downright atheism.

Instead, however, of pursuing farther these detailed notices of the catalogue, it will be more interesting to pass on to M. d'Abbadie's first published specimen of his collection—the Ethiopic version of the well known *Pastor* of Hermas. The MS. from which this treatise is printed is numbered 174 in the catalogue, and M. d'Abbadie, in the short notice of it there given, expresses the opinion that “so far as he had been able to examine it, it exhibits traces of being retranslated from an Arabic version.”* This opinion, however, after a fuller examination, he saw reason to doubt; and in the preface of the work as printed at Leipsig, he expressly recalls it, and declares himself satisfied that it is a direct version from the original into Ethiopic.†

It will be necessary, in order to make the value of this Ethiopic version of the Shepherd fully understood, to enter at some length into the critical history of the work, prior to the discovery of this MS.

The name of Hermas occurs among those to whom salutations are addressed by St. Paul, in the 16th chapter of his epistle to the Romans. The same name is again mentioned, as that of the author of a very ancient work which was known under the fanciful title of *Pastor*, and widely circulated in the Church before the time of St. Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria. Whether the Hermas of St. Paul be the writer of the *Pastor*, or whether that work is to be ascribed to a later Hermas, the brother of Pope Pius I. about A. D. 150, has been a subject of controversy both in ancient and modern times. We shall return, before we close, to the consideration of this point, as it will be more convenient to continue the critical history of

* P. 180.

† *Hermæ Pastor*, Pref. p. vii.

the work without interruption. Although undoubtedly of Greek original, it had only been known in the modern Church by a Latin translation, with the exception of some fragments of the Greek, which had been collected from the various authors by whom it had been quoted. Very recently, however, the curiosity of the learned was excited by the news that, among the Greek MSS. brought from Mount Athos by the (since that time) too notorious M. Simonides, was the long lost original of the Pastor of Hermas; and in the year 1856 the supposed original was printed at Leipzig. Very soon after its appearance, the cloud of doubt which has since darkened into distrust, began to gather around the sole voucher for the genuineness of the MS., and the edition of Leipzig met but little favour. In the following year, however, Dr. Dressel, in his edition of the *Patres Apostolici*, published for the first time, from an ancient Vatican MS. a new revision of the Latin version, which corresponded so closely with the reputed Greek original of Simonides, that Dressel thought himself warranted in printing that Greek text, in his edition, as the genuine original. On the other hand Dr. Tischendorf contended in an essay published soon afterwards, that the Greek of Simonides was not, and could not be, the original, but only a comparatively modern retranslation into Greek of one of the mediæval Latin versions. Between these two conflicting views opinion had remained divided.

The controversy upon this question naturally lent a special interest to M. d'Abbadie's discovery of another version of the "Shepherd," written in a different language, and most probably from an entirely independent source. During the early years of his residence in Abyssinia, he had employed several copyists to transcribe for him every work of value which he found himself unable otherwise to procure; and in the month of September 1847, during the course of a visit to Mgr. Massayar, a zealous and learned missionary, then recently appointed bishop of the Gallan tribe, who had invited M. d'Abbadie, with the view of obtaining from him information and advice as to the habits and opinions of his new flock, he learned that a MS. with the name of Hermas was preserved in the library of the Monastery of Guindaguinde, a celebrated convent of the province of Agame near the Red Sea. In one of the memoranda contained in the collection of church-music which M. d'Abbadie describes in his catalogue (No. 87),

Hermas is mentioned by name; and the age of the author of these memoranda, St. Yared, an Ethiopic saint of the seventh century, gave to the work of Hermas great value in M. d'Abbadie's eyes. In ordinary circumstances there might have been difficulty in obtaining, from the monks of Guindaguinde, permission to examine or transcribe the MS.; but several of the then members of the community having been recently converted from their schism through the zeal and learning of M. d'Abbadie's friend, the excellent missionary, De Jacobis, were but too happy to give every facility for the purpose. The transcript was afterwards carefully compared with the original by a professor named Assagahan.

It was not until after his return to Europe that M. d'Abbadie learned from Dr. Dillmann the value of the MS. and the special interest which it had even recently acquired in consequence of the controversy regarding the original to which we have been alluding. A few specimens of the Ethiopic version were made public in 1858 by Professor Anger, in the fourth volume of Gersdorf's *Journal*; and it was finally determined that the German Oriental Society should undertake the publication of the entire MS., M. d'Abbadie himself consenting not only to superintend the publication, but also to edit the volume. A fresh set of Ethiopic types has been cast expressly for the purpose, under his direction and after the model of the new types of the Imperial Printing Establishment; and the editor has added a careful Latin version, which he submitted before publication to the revision of Professor Dillmann.

Such is the history of this publication. In order to explain its bearing on the controversy regarding the Greek original of the "Shepherd," we must briefly revert to a point before alluded to, namely the doubt which exists as to the age and authorship of the work itself. The most common opinion, and that which advances the greatest show, to say the least, of ancient authority, ascribes it to the Hermas of St. Paul; but more recent authorities have made a strong case in favour of the authorship of Hermas, the brother of Pope Pius I., who lived about the middle of the second century.

In favour of the former opinion it is argued, that several very early authorities;—as Origen, in his explanation of the passage in St. Paul to the Romans, which conveys his

greeting to Hermas; Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History; and St. Jerome in his Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers;—all speak of this Hermas as the reputed author of “the Shepherd.” And it is further added that St. Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria, although they do not name the author, yet speak in such terms of reverence of the book—regarding it in truth as little short of canonical authority—as can only be explained by the supposition that they held it to be of quasi-apostolic origin. The author himself, moreover, speaks of Clement (evidently of Rome) as a contemporary.*

It must be confessed, however, that not one of these authorities, although naming Hermas, can be said positively and absolutely to attribute the book to him as author. Origen† merely says that he “thinks” him to be the author: Eusebius‡ only refers to him as the person “whom they say to be” the author; St. Jerome, || in naming him as such, adds the qualifying words, “as they assert.”

On the other hand, several arguments both from extrinsic authority and from the tenor and contents of the work itself, are alleged in favour of the authorship of the later Hermas, the brother of Pius I. A fragment of a very early treatise discovered and published by Muratori, and by him ascribed with every appearance of probability to the Roman presbyter Caius, (about A. D. 200) expressly and circumstantially describes the book as (*nuperrimè*) “quite recently written by Hermas, while his brother Pius sat as bishop in the See of the Roman city.” The poem against Marcion, too, which is attributed to Tertullian, and which, though it certainly is not Tertullian’s, is nevertheless of that age, is equally explicit and positive.

Post hunc deinde Pius, Hermas cui germine frater,
Angelicus Pastor cui tradita verba locutus.

The *Liber Pontificalis* also contains a similar statement: and it would even appear that Hermas, St. Pius’s brother, was himself called, from the reputed authorship of this book, by the name of Pastor, as synonymous with his own.

But the arguments from the scope and tenor of the

* Visio. ii. c. iv.

† Explan. in Ep. ad Rom. c. xvi. v. 14.

‡ Histor. Eccles. Lib. iii. c. 3. || Catal. Script. Eccles. c. 10.

"Shepherd" appear to us to tell even more forcibly. No one can read it without feeling that the writer has in his mind the Montanist heresy, and that his book, in very many of its parts, is formally addressed to the refutation of this heresy. It is impossible to understand in any other sense the strong assertion of the remissibility of all sins (Vis. ii. c. 2); of the lawfulness of second marriages (Mandat. iv. c. 1;) and we cannot help fancying that in this very circumstance is to be found the explanation of the virulence with which Tertullian, in one of his Montanistic tracts,* assails the "Shepherd" for its patronage of adultery—that is to say, according to the exaggerated Montanistic view on which Tertullian insists, of second marriage.

Nor is much weight to be attached to the argument founded upon the writer's allusion (Vis. ii. c. 4) to Clement of Rome, as living and governing the Roman church at the time when the Shepherd is supposed to address Hermas. This would, in any case, have been a necessary ingredient in the design which we must in this hypothesis ascribe to him, of publishing his book as the production, and under the name, of his namesake of the apostolic time. Möhler† ingeniously endeavours to reconcile both opinions by supposing that the book was really written by the Pauline Hermas in Greek, and that it came to be attributed in Rome to the later Hermas, from the fact that he translated it into Latin. Unfortunately, however, this hypothesis, besides that, like most middle opinions, it involves most of the difficulties of both the opinions which it seeks to reconcile, has no ancient authority whatever. It is a purely arbitrary supposition, unsupported either by evidence or by historical testimony.

But, reverting to the bearing which this Ethiopic version has on the question as to the genuineness of the Greek text of Simonides, we cannot venture to speak authoritatively, as our judgment must rest on an examination, not of the original Ethiopic, but of M. d'Abbadie's Latin rendering of that version. But the learned Ethiopic scholar to whom we owe the able notice in the Göttingen Journal, unhesitatingly declares that the Ethiopic version bears all the appearance of being translated from a Greek text closely

* De Pudicitia, c. 10.

† Patrologie, p. 99.

resembling, if not identical with, that of Simonides. M. d'Abbadie, too, as we saw, although he does not enter into this discussion, nevertheless retracts the opinion which he had expressed in his Catalogue, as to the work's being a translation from a previous Arabic version; while Professor Dillmann explicitly declares* that the Ethiopic version, both in its idiom and its general tenor, bears all the marks of being a direct translation from the Greek.

There are one or two specialities of this version of the Shepherd, on which we may say a few words before we close.

In general it will strike the reader as considerably more condensed from the received Latin version. Clauses are frequently omitted or run together. But, on the whole, the substance of the original seems faithfully preserved. We have only thought it necessary to compare it with the old version, in those few passages which have been appealed to as bearing upon the modern controversies. In some of these the two versions are substantially and almost verbally identical.

For example, in the well-known passage, (in Simil. v. c. 3) on works of supererogation, the Ethiopic Hermas is as explicit as the most sanguine Catholic could desire. "Observe," says the Shepherd, "the commandments of God, and if thou *shalt do anything more*, it shall be to thee a *source of greater glory*." Whereupon Hermas promises that he will fulfil his orders; and the Shepherd proceeds to instruct him how to fast, and directs him, when he shall fast, to compute how much of his expenditure may be spared in consequence, and to give that amount to the poor.†

It is in the same Similitude that the famous passage which has been used as an argument against the Trinity occurs. This passage is much abridged in the Ethiopic version: but its substantial character is maintained, and the orthodox construction which is put upon it as it stands in the old Latin version, is even more natural, and more completely solves the Arian difficulty, in the Ethiopic rendering of it, as given by M. d'Abbadie than in the old Latin translation.

It is not so, however, in the equally well known passage at the close of the second Vision, which has been often used

* *Hermæ Pastor* p. 183.

† p. 147-8.

by Catholic controversialists as an evidence of the early exercise by the bishop of Rome of at least one of the powers of the Primacy—that of acting as the organ of communication with the churches throughout the world.

The angel of *Hermas's Vision* says to him: “Scribes ergo duos libellos, et mittes unum Clementi et unum Graptæ. Mittet autem Clemens in exterar civitates; illi enim permissum est. Grapte autem commonebit viduas et orphanos. Tu autem leges in hac civitate, cum senioribus qui præsunt ecclesiæ.”*

The twofold commission here given, the one to Clement the bishop to send the vision to the foreign churches, the other to Grapte the deaconess, to communicate it to the widows and orphans, is entirely omitted in the Ethiopic ‘Shepherd,’ to the manifest mutilation indeed of the consistency of the passage.

It stands, in M. d’Abbadie’s edition, in the following bald form: “Et scribe duos libros, et mitte, Clementi et iis qui in civitatibus externis; et docebunt viduas et orphanos a libro. Tu autem legas in hac civitate cum senioribus qui præpositi sunt ecclesiæ.”† Now, although neither Professor Dillmann in his annotations, nor the author of the criticism of M. d’Abbadie’s book in the Göttingen journal, has observed this remarkable divergency of the Ethiopic from the old Latin version, we are quite sure that it will be fixed upon by Protestant critics; and that it will be insisted that the Ethiopic represents the old and genuine form of the original, and that the clause which is read in the Latin version, is a later Roman forgery, intended, like the Isidorian Decretals and other pious forgeries, to give currency and to lend plausibility to the ambitious claims of modern Rome. It will be time enough, of course, to meet this charge, when it shall have been made. For the present it will be sufficient to say, that, while the Latin hangs perfectly together, the very form of the passage as it now stands in the Ethiopic version, betrays its incompleteness, and at once points to something omitted or suppressed. By a fortunate chance, too, this important passage happens to be one of the very few the Greek original of which is preserved;—and preserved moreover, in a quarter entirely beyond suspicion of Latin influence,

*Hefele’s *Patres Apostolici*, p. 249. † *Hermæ Pastor*, p. 117.

and especially beyond the danger of being tampered with for the purpose of lending colour to the claims of Roman supremacy. It occurs in the *Philocalia* of Origen; and, as it is there read, the charge to Clement to send the book to foreign cities is found in its full integrity. There can be no reasonable doubt, indeed, that in this respect the Latin, and not the Ethiopic, version is the genuine representative of the text.

But the most notable divergency of the Ethiopic version, as well from the Latin as from the Greek, is in its close. It contains a very curious epilogue, the purport of which is to insinuate the identity of Hermas, the author of the book, not with the brother of Pius, nor even with the disciple of Paul, but with the apostle Paul himself! The writer repeatedly declares that Hermas is Paul; and he charges with gross ignorance any one who shall deny it. His main argument is founded on a singular perversion of the Acts of the Apostles. He admits that one who is unacquainted with the Acts of the Apostles might suppose that Hermas was not the same person with Paul. But, by a strange perversion of a plain passage of the fourteenth chapter of the Acts, he contends that the identity of Paul with Hermas is clearly asserted by the sacred writer. "Take, O litigious man," says he, "the Acts of the Apostles, where it is read: And they called Silas Διά (Jupiter) and Paul Ερμῆν (Mercury) which signifies 'master of doctrine.' From this, therefore, know and understand, O litigious man, and believe

Vere ergo Herma Paulus, vir ait,
Qui virginum spiritum induit,
Leonem et serpentem proterit."

We need hardly say that this strange appendix, is in all its parts a comparatively modern addition.

In its opening, the Ethiopic version substantially agrees, (except in some names of persons and places) with the ancient Latin version. And, indeed it would seem to be an argument of the antiquity of the Ethiopic version that it adheres thus closely to the form of its original, and wants the usual form of invocation with which, as we saw, all the Ethiopic MSS. of later times invariably commence.

There is another class, although a small one, of the books in M. d'Abbadie's Catalogue, to which we should gladly devote a few pages—we mean what we may describe

(however unlike they are to what European art has so denominated) as the illustrated MSS., which contain portraits and other pictorial representations. Several of these M. d'Abbadie describes in detail, especially in so far as they bear upon the history or the social usages of Abyssinia.

Abyssinian Fiction too would have furnished an interesting topic. One specimen of religious Romance, the only one of the kind particularized by the author, is exceedingly curious. It is described under No. 67 in the catalogue, and is entitled *Zēna Iskindir*, 'Novels of Alexander.' The hero of this strange composition is Alexander the Great; who, by some such singular metamorphosis as we sometimes find in the European medieval fiction, is transformed into a saint, and invested with all the privileges of sanctity. The book begins with the ordinary prologue of every Ethiopic MS.

"In the name of the Triune Lord, first without beginning and last without end, we commence to write this book, which was written upon the acts and the reign of Alexander, a King beloved of the Lord. May his prayer and his gifts be with his well beloved Barl (the transcriber of the volume) and with our King David through all ages! Amen."

The work opens, (apropos of the supposed eminent chastity of the hero Alexander,) with a tirade against the female sex, extending through three pages. The reader is then informed that Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon, was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and that he married Knistebare, who was the mother of Alexander. Astaloba, that is the Balance of the Sun, was Philip's astrologer. After a variety of adventures he conceives a desire to be baptized, overcomes all sorts of evil spirits, is borne away successfully by his steed out of the desert, and conveyed to a spiritual tabernacle, where he meets Enoch and Elias. There he prostrates himself before them in adoration. He is afterwards carried off, through dark and tempestuous seas, in a bark drawn by hideous vultures, and after a succession of marvels and perils, is at length confirmed in sanctity.

Abyssinian Poetry, also, would afford abundant material, both in itself, and in comparison with the poetry of other oriental literatures. But we have already more than overstepped our prescribed limits.

We trust, however, that another and more favourable opportunity of returning to the subject, may, in good time, be afforded us by the publication of M. d'Abbadie's long-expected record of his personal impressions of the country and the people for whose ancient literature he has rendered so signal a service in these most interesting volumes.

ART. VI.—1. *The Life of Richard Porson, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, from 1792 to 1808.* By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A. London, Longman and Co. 1861.

2. *Cambridge Essays.* 1857.

IT is strange that Porson should have been left for half a century after his death without any regular biography. The usual obituary notices which, on occasion of any more than ordinarily notable death, are almost a part of the undertaker's business programme, were not of course wanting. More than one summary account too of his literary career, many isolated anecdotes of his life and conversation, and several elaborate criticisms of his opinions, and discussions upon the new theories to which his name had given currency, have from time to time appeared. But the first approach to a complete memoir was that published in the "*Cambridge Essays*" for 1857, by the Rev. H. Luard, Fellow of Trinity College, of which college Porson was a scholar, and of which he was elected a fellow, although he was afterwards compelled to resign, in consequence of his declining to take orders. Mr. Luard's memoir was of course restricted within very narrow limits; and thus, even after its publication, a place was still open for a complete and suitable biography of so eminent a scholar, if the materials for such a biography be really available.

Mr. Watson's volume is an attempt to supply this place; but we regret to say, that, either the materials for a characteristic biography of Porson are no longer to be found, (if indeed such materials ever existed,) or Mr.

Watson, after a most painstaking search, has failed to recover them. His work is clearly an honest and industrious performance. He has chronicled with great fidelity all the facts and dates which he has been able to ascertain. He has interwoven with his narrative every fragment of the remains of Porson that came within his reach, and has eked out the scanty store by contributions from kindred and collateral sources. But no one who has read Mr. Watson's book can feel that it is a genuine memoir of such a man as Porson. It leaves behind it on the mind no living ideal which the reader can realize to himself as the Porson of his imagination. It does not even unfold to him the intellectual character of the scholar whose actual performances it relates. It is a cold sequence of events:—a meagre record of literary and critical labours, in which it is true we see the work that has been done, but hardly catch a glimpse of the great worker himself, or of the fashion in which he executes his allotted task.

The truth seems to be that, for a really characteristic memoir of Porson, the materials are too scanty to be spread over a lengthened biography. His history, and the popular memories which that history has left behind, stand towards his biography much in the same relation in which the life of Johnson would have stood, if we suppose that no Boswell had ever existed, or that all the materials which Boswell had put together had perished with his "illustrious friend" himself. The broad and striking characteristics are there: quite enough to furnish materials for a bold and strongly marked portrait. But beyond those outlines there is nothing or almost nothing; and the attempt to go beyond these outlines must necessarily not only prove a failure in itself, but it is almost equally certain to mar, if not altogether to destroy, the effect of the otherwise successful and striking resemblance in the outline. It is like an attempt to fill up the rough dashes and grand though sketchy strokes of Rembrandt's larger pictures, with the velvet finish of Mieris or Van Breughel. A single chapter from such a pen as Lord Macaulay's—seizing upon the striking points, grouping together the characteristic incidents, selecting a few illustrations of the most salient points of intellectual character and literary habits, would have placed before us a more vivid picture of Porson, than all the anecdotes, all the personal recollections, and all the

records of impressions of the great scholar, which Mr. Watson has laboriously collected.

But we must not at the same time undervalue Mr. Watson's services. If he has failed to make an interesting book, it is mainly because his subject or rather the materials for the satisfactory treatment of it, were insufficient for the purpose. And although, considered as a whole, his memoirs of Porson have not all the characteristics of a catching popular biography, yet many particular passages of the life are treated with great judgment and success; it contains several episodes which are in themselves full of interest, and it is, at all events, by far the most valuable extant repertory, whether of the scattered remains of Porson's own unpublished letters and minor compositions, or of the various materials which had been contributed by his friends and contemporaries for the illustration of the history of this eminent, but unamiable and erratic genius.

The main facts of the life of Richard Porson might be very briefly detailed. We shall endeavour to interweave with them the most interesting of Mr. Watson's new materials.

Porson was born at East Ruston in Norfolk, of which place his father was parish clerk, on Christmas day, 1759. To his father he was indebted for his first instructions in reading and writing; but like most of the distinguished men of ancient and modern times, he is said to have inherited through the mother's side the wonderful abilities which he exhibited from his earliest years, and the vigour and versatility of which, in the opinion of his biographers, would have enabled him to attain to the first place in any department whatever, to which he might have applied himself. As a curious evidence of this capacity, it is related that his mother, having trained all the children to spin, and required of each to contribute a share to the household resources by this industry, Richard not only surpassed all the rest in the superior excellence and beauty of his work and in the quantity of yarn which he was able to produce from a given weight of wool, but also turned to account the time assigned for this labour by keeping a book constantly open before him; and used his opportunities so assiduously that he taught himself, in this manner, from an old book which came in his way, all the rules of arithmetic as far as the extraction of the cul

root! He learned to write from the instructions of his father, "at the same time that he taught him to read. He traced the form of a letter with chalk on a board, or with a stick in sand, and the child was made at once to remember the figure, and to imitate it. Thus he was enabled to form letters almost as soon as he could speak, and grew so fond of the occupation, that he was ready to cover every surface within his reach with characters, which he delineated with great neatness and accuracy."

His first instructions outside of his father's house were received at the village school of Bacton, under a master named Woodrow, who always spoke with high admiration of the talents which he then displayed. "In his ninth year he was put to another school, in the adjoining parish of Happisburgh, of a rather better character, the master of which, Mr. Summers, was able to ground him in Latin. When Porson first went to this place of instruction he wrote with a pen, but imperfectly; but in three months he became the best writer in the school, and in six months is said to have known as much of arithmetic as his master. He very early fixed his thoughts on the structure of language, and when he had once learned the English grammar he was never known to make a grammatical error; nor did he ever seem to forget what he had once read. His love of algebra he caught from a book on the science at his father's; and he was greatly attracted by logarithms. In studying Euclid with Mr. Summers, he did not proceed with the same deliberation as his schoolfellows, but everything seemed to come into his mind by intuition. 'On his daily return to school,' said Mr. Summers, 'it was evident that he had been thinking, when he was not asleep, of his studies; for he generally came armed with some algebraic or mathematical problem solved in his own way;' a process which he adopted, to Mr. Summers's admiration, with the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's first book. 'His temper,' Mr. Summers used to say, 'was quiet and sedate; he was reckoned unsocial among his school-fellows, because out of school hours he preferred his book to joining with them in their play;' though he is reported to have excelled at marbles and trap-ball. His father still contributed to his improvement as much as he could; he obliged him to repeat at home every evening all the English lessons that he had learned at school during the day, requiring him to say them, not

in a lax and desultory manner, but with the same exactness and in the same order as they had been learned."

At a very early age young Porson gave some indications of a capacity for poetical composition, one specimen of which, written in Porson's twelfth year, Mr. Watson has printed. It is a short piece in the epic measure "On a moonlight night." It exhibits some power of versification and what Mr. Watson calls "ear for the Popian couplet"; but we must confess we see in it but little evidence of poetical genius.

These, however, and similar marvels in one who was favoured with so few of the ordinary opportunities, enlisted in his behalf the sympathies of more than one kind friend. The most active of these was the Rev. Charles Hewitt, the curate of Porson's native parish; who, being engaged in educating his own boys, kindly "offered, on finding that the father had made no exaggerated representation of the boy's capacity, to take him under his care, and to give him instruction gratuitously with his own sons. This offer the clerk was but too happy to accept, and accordingly, after young Porson had been with Mr. Summers three years, he came under the tuition of Mr. Hewitt, by whom he was instructed, to some considerable extent, in Latin, and with whom he continued also about three years. As Mr. Hewitt's residence was four miles from East Ruston, the boy used to trudge thither every Monday morning, with a stock of some kind of humble provision for the week, which he spent at the vicarage, and returned to his father's on Saturday afternoon."

With a view of benefiting the boy's future prospects, Mr. Hewitt endeavoured to interest in his favour a benevolent gentleman of the neighbouring parish, Mr. Norris of Wilton Park; and, in order to satisfy him of the lad's capacity arranged that he should be examined by Mr. Lambert, at that time Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Hewitt's letter to this gentleman is an interesting record of Porson's progress up to this period.

"As I have had the orderly and good boy under my care for almost two years, I think it proper to tell you how he has been employed during that time. He had read some of Corderius' 'Colloquies' when he first came, and having two little boys of my own who were reading Erasmus, I put him to them, the greatest part of whose 'Colloquies' they read together, and translated into English, which last task the boy performed in about half the time they

could. I ordered him to lay by his Erasmus, and endeavour to turn his English into Latin, which he did so accurately that he varied but little from his author either in order or words. He is now doing the same by Cæsar's 'Commentaries.' When he first began Ovid, I expected some little trouble in teaching him to scan, but, to my great surprise, found none, and I do not remember that he ever read six lines false as to quantity through his whole 'Metamorphoses.' He has read all Terence, the 'Eclogues,' and 'Georgics' of Virgil, and is got into the 'Æneid.'

"Perhaps you may wonder that I have said nothing of Greek hitherto, but my method (perhaps a wrong one) is to have lads pretty well versed in Latin first, and, as my own boys are by no means equal to him, I was obliged to defer it the longer. I have not time to attend to the boy by himself, otherwise I doubt not but he might have made a considerable progress in that language. *What I do for him is gratis*, otherwise I should think myself guilty of injustice. They are now getting the Greek verbs, and will begin the Greek Testament shortly. This boy and one of my own generally employ an hour or two every day in mathematics, in which science Porson had made such proficiency before he came to me as to be able to solve questions out of the 'Ladies' Diary,' to the great astonishment of a very able mathematician in these parts. To say anything more about the lad is needless, as you will try him yourself, and I heartily wish you may find him worthy of your recommendation, and your success herein will be a great pleasure and satisfaction to,

"Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"T. HEWITT

"Of Bacton, near North Walsham, Norfolk."—p. 12-13.

Mr. Lambert who, along with two of his friends, examined the boy, reported so favourably that an effort was at once made to secure for him a nomination to Charterhouse School; but, this being found impracticable, Mr. Norris used his influence with his friends to raise a fund, by the help of which the boy was sent, in his fifteenth year, to Eton, where he obtained a place on the foundation in 1774. It would appear from the evidence given by Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that Porson's actual attainments on entering the school were by no means so marvellous as the popular tradition would suppose. In prosody, in Greek, even in composition, in which he afterwards excelled, he was by no means faultless. His application, too, to school tasks, and especially to the school exercises, was far from regular or assiduous; but his memory then, as in after life, was most remarkable. One in-

stance of its power is recorded. "He was going up one day with the rest of his form, to say a lesson in Horace, but, not being able to find his book at the time, took one which was thrust into his hand by another boy. He was called upon to construe, and went on with great accuracy, but the master observed that he did not seem to be looking on that part of the page in which the lesson was. He therefore took the book from his hand to examine it, and found it to be an English translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Porson was good-humouredly desired to continue his construing, and finished the lesson without erring in a single word."

One of his school performances especially lived in the memory of his contemporaries; and, being but vaguely recollected, most probably borrowed excellence from the imagination of his schoolfellows, whose report of it in later years may easily be supposed to have been tinged by the colouring which the recollections of boyhood seldom fail to receive in the report of that time of life whose truest characteristic is that it becomes

laudator temporis acti

Se juvene

We allude to his drama written for one of the school exhibitions, and entitled "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire." Mr. Watson's account of this is one of the most interesting passages among his notices of the early life of Porson.

"The drama which he wrote at Eton, entitled, 'Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire,' is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, to which it was presented in 1850 by Bishop Maltby, into whose hands it had passed. We have perused it, and found it, as might be expected, but a schoolboy performance; but, as the youthful production of one afterwards so famous, the reader may not be displeased if we give a short notice of it. It is in three acts, and may be called an opera, for it consists chiefly of songs. The subject is the old story of Friar Bacon's attempt to build a wall of brass round Britain to defend it from its enemies. But, in Porson's play, the business is taken, we know not why, out of the hands of Friar Bacon, and put into those of Doctor Faustus. Lucifer and Satan, also, two of the characters, are made distinct personages. The *dramatis personæ*, and the names of the boys who acted them, are these:

Dr. FAUSTUS	Mr. Stephenson.
SATAN,	} two devils, familiars {		Mr. Chaffie.
LUCIFER,		of Dr. Faustus	Mr. Goodall.
VULCAN, a god turned smith	...		Mr. Moore.
PUNCH, servant to Dr. Faustus...			The Author.
JOAN his wife	Mrs. Smith, the real wife of Hob Smith.

The piece opens thus :

“ SCENE,—*A garden. Dr. FAUSTUS discovered.*

“ INCANTATION.

“ Now pale Cynthia’s borrowed light
Faintly gilds the glimpse of night,
And the hour-announcing clock
Twelve times sounds with iron stroke.
Now the ghosts with sullen stalk
Round the dreary churchyard walk,
Till the harbinger of day
Chases them from earth away.
I alone, while others sleep,
Watchful to this garden creep,
And, to conjure up my slave,
Thus in air my rod I wave.
Twice I turn to th’ eastern sky ;
Twice the western world I spy ;
Twice the south whence Auster blows ;
Twice the north which Sol ne’er knows.
Next these flowers of deadly juice,
Which my fertile lands produce,
On the ground, in order meet,
Thus I strew beneath my feet.

“ He then invokes ‘Satan, and Lucifer his partner,’ to assist him in building a brazen wall ‘round Britannia’s chosen land.’ The two immediately appear in thunder and lightning, and ‘dance the hay,’ to the tune of ‘Deil tak’ the wars,’ to which Faustus sings a song. They then ‘dance again,’ while Faustus sings another song, to the air of ‘Fill your glasses, banish grief,’ as follows:

“ Wheresoe’er materials lie,
On the earth or in the sea,
Or i’ th’ middle air or sky,
You must seek them out for me.
To the furthest regions haste
Ere a single hour be past ;
Haste and quickly bring whate’er
Will be necessary here.

"Satan replies,

"Whatever you think, Dr. Faustus, expedient,
To fetch or to carry you'll find me obedient;
Pray tell your intent, and if I do but swerve in't,
As you will you shall punish your most humble servant.

"Lucifer expresses himself to the same effect, Satan then proposes to call in Vulcan, to make 'a head all of brass,' which may give directions how to build the brazen wall; telling Faustus,

"As soon as it speaks, which it will when you roast it,
With questions in plenty at pleasure accost it.

"But he cautions him to be careful of making any mistake. Satan and Lucifer then depart to find Vulcan, who comes in by chance, while Dr. Faustus is waiting for him, singing,

"Whoe'er wants to buy, to my office repair,
And I'll furnish you quickly with all kinds of ware,
Whether hammer, or chisel, or gimlet, or axe,
Or tenpenny nails, or the smallest of tacks.

"The Doctor signifying his wish to have the head, Vulcan promises to make it in an hour and a quarter, and takes his leave, Faustus sends his servant Punch to fetch the head, and as he is not over expeditious in going, threatens to whip him, and sings,

"If a servant you have, he's the plague of your life,
For with him you've nought but contention and strife;
Of the orders you give him he's never observant:
Oh! what a plague is an impudent servant,
Vexing, perplexing,
Staying, delaying,—

Oh! what a plague is an impudent servant!

"This Punch parodies thus:

"If a master you have, he's the plague of your life,
For with him you have nought but contention and strife;
Go as fast as you can, he would have you go faster:
Oh! what a plague is a whimsical master,
Ordering and bothering,
Stripping and whipping,—
Oh! what a plague is a whimsical master!

"Thus ends the first Act.

"In the second Act Joan enters, singing. Vulcan comes to her with the head of brass, and Joan observes,

"I think that it looks rather frightful and horrid:
What hideous eyes, what a terrible forehead!

"Punch joins them, and the whole act is composed of their talk and songs.

"The third Act discovers Punch and Joan sitting half asleep, with bottle and tumblers beside them, and the head in a huge frying-pan on the fire; Dr Faustus having charged them to watch the roasting of it, and to let him know when it should speak. They talk and sing, and the head says, 'Time is,' of which they take no notice; soon after the head says, 'Time was,' and, in a little while, exclaims, 'Time is gone,' and falls into the fire and bursts. In comes Faustus to ask if it has not spoken. Seeing it broken, he laments, and upbraids Punch and his wife for their carelessness, who endeavour to excuse themselves, but are at last driven off by Satan and Lucifer to Tartarus. Faustus mourns, in a parody on Wolsey's speech, that 'his shoot has been nipp'd when he thought his greatness was a ripening,' but adds that, though Britain must still continue open to our foes, yet

—Still beneath our arms the foe shall fall,
And England's valour be its brazen wall."—p. 23-26.

During Porson's stay at Eton, Mr. Norris died; but the interest which that gentleman's efforts in his favour had created, was kept alive by another benefactor, Sir George Baker, who by his active exertions succeeded in enabling the boy to complete his course at Eton, and to enter Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1777. In 1781 he was elected to a university scholarship on Lord Craven's foundation; and in the following year he took his degree with much credit, being third senior optime and senior medallist. One of his exercises in the examination for the scholarship—a translation into Greek iambics of an 'Epitaph on Alexis'—is still preserved, and is printed by Mr. Watson. It is a creditable, but not absolutely faultless performance. When these verses were shown several years afterwards to Parr, Parr asked Porson whether he considered them faultless. Porson's characteristic answer was, that 'for every single fault Parr would point out, he himself would find seven.'

It is to this period of Porson's life that the first beginnings of the habit of intoxication which eventually destroyed his reputation and his life are commonly referred; and although Mr. Watson shows that one discreditable anecdote related by Dr. Maltby is most probably unfounded, yet he himself gives us but too much reason to believe almost all that is reported. As Porson's reputation for scholarship increased, "his company was much sought,

especially by the young men of his college. But he did not conduct himself in such a way, in the convivial hours which he spent among them, as to secure from them much personal deference, however they might admire the powers of his mind. Familiarity seems to have produced its proverbial effect in his case as in others. In his disputes with the young fellows he was fond of threatening to punish their insolence by splitting their heads with the poker. One evening an undergraduate distinguished for pugilism, with whom he had a dispute, seeing Porson catch hold of the poker, seized the tongs, observing that he could play at that game as well as Porson. Porson, looking in his face, said in a sneering tone, 'If I should crack your skull, I believe I should find it empty.' 'And if I should crack yours,' replied the other, 'I believe I should find it full of maggots.' This was a retort such as Porson liked, and he immediately laid down the poker with a smile, and repeated a chapter of 'Roderick Random' suitable to the occasion. The author of the 'Short Account of Porson' says that this cured him of using the poker; but he is mistaken, for we shall find him brandishing it again hereafter. Sir Egerton Brydges, who was at Cambridge at this time, speaks of Porson's roughness, and thought him vain and arrogant; but Sir Egerton admits that he was in his company only once or twice, and he assuredly never penetrated Porson's husk."

It was during these years that Porson first began to prepare for his career as editor and critic. His earliest thoughts seem to have been turned upon *Æschylus*; and in 1783 Maty's Review announced that a scholar of Cambridge, who was preparing a new edition of Stanley's *Æschylus*, with additional notes, would be glad to receive communications on the subject, either from English or foreign scholars. The project however fell to the ground amusingly enough.

"It happened at the same time, too, that the Syndics of the University Press had in contemplation a reprint of Stanley's edition, with additional notes from his manuscripts, of which he had left eight large folio volumes. Porson being consulted about the publication, offered to undertake the editorship of it, if he were allowed to conduct it according to his own notions of an editor's duty. But on being told that he must preserve Stanley's text unaltered, and must admit all Pauw's annotations, however valueless, he declined to execute the work on those conditions. In one of his

conferences with the Syndics, he urged upon them the necessity of obtaining the various readings of the Medicean manuscript at Florence, which Professor Salvini had inspected for Dr. Askew, and offered to undertake a journey thither for the purpose of collating it, at an expense to the University not greater than that for which the task could have been performed by a person on the spot; but the proposal was rejected, and one of the Syndics, speaking strongly against it, asked why Mr. Porson could not *collect* his manuscripts at home? The name of this learned objector has not been recorded, but Kidd seems to have known who he was, for he calls him 'a grave man, and most wonderful scholar, then perching on the pinnacle of power;' and another of the opposers he designates as 'a genuine critic, well known in the *Primrose Path* as well as in the *Fosse* and the *Watling Street*.' Porson afterwards alluded to this display of ignorance in a note to his 'Letters to Travis:' 'I have heard of a learned Doctor in our University who confounded the *collection* with the *collation* of manuscripts.'—p. 38-9.

It was in reference to Porson's contemplated visit to the continent in search of critical assistance for this task, that the well known verses, unfortunately too true in substance, however doubtful as to persons and localities, were written.

"'I went to Strasburg, where I got drunk,
With that most learn'd professor Brunck:
I went to Wortz, where I got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor Ruhnken.'"—p. 40.

He had now become an occasional contributor to 'Maty's Review' and the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' in which latter periodical appeared the well known letters on the text of "The Three Witnesses." Porson's opinions were so far from those of the orthodox churchmen of his day, low as the standard of orthodoxy then was, that he declined to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, and in consequence gave up the intention of receiving orders. As this was a necessary condition for the tenure of the fellowship to which he had been chosen in his college, he was obliged to resign his fellowship in 1792. The circumstances of his forced resignation of the fellowship were peculiarly mortifying. He might have been elected to a lay fellowship, but the master, who is said to have desired to secure the appointment for his nephew, used his influence against Porson. The disappointment preyed keenly upon him. He spent in the company of Beloe the "evening of the day on which his fellowship expired, when he expressed great anguish, even to shedding tears, at the gloom of his prospects, and

the difficulty of deciding how he should shape his course of life. According to Kidd, though the occasion was 'heart-rending,' he observed, with his usual good humour (for nothing could depress him,) that he found himself a gentleman in London with sixpence in his pocket. This, after a while, must have become literally true, for he lived, he said, at this period of his life for six weeks on a guinea, which, at sixpence a day, would leave him with sixpence only on the last day. He used to dine on milk, or on bread and cheese and porter. Other accounts say that he lived only three weeks on the guinea. But he told his nephew, Mr. Hawes, that he lived at least a month on the sum, taking only two extremely frugal meals in the twenty-four hours. During this period of forced economy he would sometimes walk, as he was possessed of great bodily strength, the whole distance between Cambridge and London in a day."

The sympathy which Porson's exclusion created, led to a public subscription for the purpose of providing for him a respectable competency. The particulars of this movement have been very fully ascertained by Mr. Watson. Porson would only consent to accept it on the understanding that the sum should be invested in the name of Trustees, and that upon his death it should revert to the subscribers. The income thus secured for him was about £100 a year. About the same time he was elected Regius Professor of Greek, the salary of which office however was but £40 a year. The office was little more than a sinecure; and though Porson contemplated the holding of regular courses of lectures, he never carried out his intention, whether owing to difficulties thrown in his way by the refusal to assign rooms for the purpose, or to his own natural indolence and procrastinating habits. It was some time previous to his resignation that his memorable visit to Dr. Parr, and his quarrel with the Doctor's better half took place.

"Mr. Richard Porson remained at Hattou in the winter, 1790-1, collecting materials for future works, and enriching his mind with the stores of Parr's library, and of his conversation. He rose late, seldom walked out, and was employed in the library till dinner, reading and taking notes from books, but chiefly the latter. His notes were made in a small distinct text, of the most exquisitely neat writing I have ever beheld. He was very silent, and, except to Parr, whom he often consulted, and to whose opinions he seemed

to defer, he seldom spoke a word. His manners in a morning, indeed, were rather sullen, and his countenance gloomy. After dinner he began to relax, but was always under restraint with Parr and the ladies.

"At night, when he could collect the young men of the family together, and especially if Parr was absent from home, he was in his glory. The charms of his society were then irresistible. Many a midnight hour did I spend with him, listening with delight while he poured out torrents of various literature, the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay; pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Foote; favourite pieces from the periodical press, and, among them, I have heard recited the 'Orgies of Bacchus.'

"His abode in the house became at last so tiresome to Mrs. Parr, that she insulted him in a manner which I shall not record. From this time the visits of Porson were not repeated at Hatton; and though there was no open breach of friendship on his part, there was no continuance of kindness, notwithstanding Dr. Parr's strenuous endeavours to secure his comforts and independence.

"As Dr. Johnstone does not choose to describe Mrs. Parr's insult, we may suppose that it was of a very gross character. She may indeed have fancied that she had reason for offering such an insult. But there are women who imagine that they may say, without censure, the most disagreeable things to any man, however great or good, of whom they conceive a dislike, or wish to be rid. As they are safe from personal chastisement, they venture to utter all the bitterness that may arise in their minds. Nothing is more disgraceful to the female sex than these cowardly attacks on men, often of great ability and merit, whom they know to be restrained by good sense, and gentlemanly forbearance towards the sex, from retaliation. No man can know, who has not experienced, how much mischief may be produced by the impertinent intrusions of a wife between her husband and his friends. Mrs. Parr was a woman of violent and overbearing temper, presumptuous and inconsiderate, and having little respect or kindness for any human being."—p.92-3.

Porson's offence arose out of the coarse and half brutalized habits to which his intemperance had led, and it provoked from the lady an allusion which the angry scholar never forgot or forgave. But his quarrel with the lady did not interrupt his friendly relations with her husband, and the Doctor's celebrated panegyric of Porson, memorable for its grandiloquence even among Parr's grandiose remains, dates but a short time after this violent quarrel.

With most men marriage is one of the great events of life. Porson's marriage is in this respect almost unexampled. Mr. Watson refers to the case of Budæus, who

pursued his studies on his wedding day as uninterruptedly as though nothing unusual had taken place, and of Stothard, the painter, who passed direct from the church to his studio; and he also quotes the anecdote of Kemble who acted as usual on the evening of his marriage, and required to be reminded at the close of the performance to bring his wife home. But all these fade into insignificance before the history of Porson's nuptials.

He had at one time been regarded as the probable suitor of the sister of his friend and fellow student, Dr. Raine; but, in consequence of the opposition of Raine, this idea was abandoned, and Porson seemed to have settled down into the habits of a "confirmed convivial bachelor." It was not to be so, however. He formed, soon after the resignation of his fellowship, an intimacy with Perry, the celebrated editor of the "Morning Chronicle." In Perry's house lived, as her brother's housekeeper, his sister, Mrs. Lunan, the so-called widow of a Scotchman, by profession a bookbinder, with whom Perry had once been a lodger. In consequence of Lunan's gross misconduct, Mrs. Lunan had procured a divorce from him by the Scotch law, and he had married a second time. This lady, unknown and unsuspected by Porson's friends, had captivated that strange and backward wooer. "One night, while he was smoking his pipe with George Gordon at the Cider Cellar, he suddenly said, 'Friend George, do you not think the widow Lunan an agreeable sort of personage as times go?' Gordon said something in the affirmative. 'In that case,' continued Porson, 'you must meet me to-morrow morning at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at eight o'clock;' and without saying more, paid his reckoning and retired. George Gordon was somewhat astonished, but, knowing that Porson was likely to mean what he said, determined to comply with the invitation, and repaired to the church at the hour specified, where he found Porson with Mrs. Lunan and a female friend, and the parson waiting to begin the ceremony. When service was ended, the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and George Gordon by another. Pryse Gordon is however mistaken about the church at which the marriage took place, for the register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields has been searched in vain for a record of it. Gordon, on inquiry, found that it was some time since Porson had proposed, but that Mrs. Lunan, as he wished

the ceremony to be performed without her brother's knowledge, had been unwilling to listen, and that it was only on finding that she must either yield to Porson's obstinacy on the point, or reject him altogether, that she was induced to give her consent. Gordon urged him to declare his marriage to Perry, but he declined, and they parted. He was determined, however, that Perry should not be kept in ignorance of the affair, especially as he himself had taken part in it, and was preparing to go to the 'Morning Chronicle' Office to give intimation of what had happened, when Porson returned, and said, 'Friend George, I shall for once take advice, which, as you know, I seldom do, and hold out the olive-branch, provided you will accompany me to the Court of Lancaster; for you are a good peace-maker.' Lancaster Court, in the Strand, was Perry's place of residence, and hence Porson often called him 'My Lord of Lancaster.' Gordon agreed, and, as they found Perry at home, Porson made him such a speech as inclined him, though he was somewhat hurt at the secrecy, to reconciliation, when a dinner was provided, as Fryse Gordon states, and an apartment selected for the newly-married couple. How long the Professor sat after the dinner, we are not told; but, if Beloe may be believed, he soon sought other company. 'What shall we call it,' says he, 'waywardness, inconsiderateness, or ungraciousness? but it is a well-known fact that he spent the day' [it could only have been the evening of the day] 'of his marriage with a very learned friend, now a judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or attempting to stir till the hour prescribed by the family obliged him to depart.' On leaving this friend's house, he adjourned, as a surgeon named Moore, an acquaintance of Barker's asserted, to the Cider Cellar, where he stayed till eight the next morning. If this be true, it is perhaps greater neglect than was ever before shown to a wife on the day of her marriage."

This strangely begun union was not, all things considered, an unhappy one. Mrs. Porson was amiable and good tempered, and Porson behaved to her "with all the kindness of which he was capable." He became "more attentive to times and seasons," and for a time a chance appeared of his being weaned from his grossly irregular and intemperate habits. But unhappily Mrs. Porson

survived the marriage only a year and a half. Porson's health is said to have become gradually more unsatisfactory from this time forward, and his capacity for study less, as well as more precarious. His personal appearance about this time is thus described.

"Porson's personal appearance, at the time of his marriage, was, when he was well dressed, very commanding. 'His very look,' says Mr. John Symmons, 'impressed me with the idea of his being an extraordinary man; what is called, I believe, by artists, in the *Hercules*, 'the repose of strength,' appeared in his whole figure and face.' 'His head,' says Pryse Gordon, 'was remarkably fine; an expansive forehead, over which was smoothly combed (when in dress) his shining brown hair. His nose was Roman, with a keen and penetrating eye, shaded with long lashes. His mouth was full of expression; and altogether his countenance indicated deep thought; his stature was nearly six feet.' Mr. Maltby, who became acquainted with him when he was under thirty, spoke of him as having been then a handsome man. His ordinary dress, especially when alone, and engaged in study, was careless and slovenly, but, on important occasions, when he put on his blue coat, white waistcoat, black satin breeches, silk stockings, and ruffled shirt, 'he looked,' says Mr. Gordon, 'quite the gentleman.'

"This description of Porson is supported by the portraits of him that are to be seen at Cambridge; one by Kirkby, a painter of some note in his day, in the dining-room of the Master's lodge at Trinity College; and another by Hoppner in the public library." — p. 131-2.

That he was not with all his eccentricities "an ill husband," is inferred by Mr. Watson, from the intimacy which Perry, his wife's brother, maintained with him to the last. In one of his visits to Perry's house an incident occurred, which has often been related, and which reflects infinite credit on his equanimity and perseverance.

"While he was on a visit to Perry at Merton, a fire broke out in the house, which destroyed a performance on which he had bestowed the labour of at least ten months. He had borrowed the manuscript of the Greek Lexicon compiled by Photius, the patriarch of Constantinople, from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, engaging to make a complete copy of it. This manuscript is known as the *Codex Galeanus*, from having being presented to Trinity College by the learned Gale, and, from its evident antiquity, may reasonably be supposed to be a transcript extremely valuable. Porson carried it with him wherever he went. On the morning of the day on which the fire occurred, he set out from Merton on a ride to London, taking with him the manuscript, but leaving the transcript,

which he had just finished, behind him. As he was on the road, he felt, he thought, some apprehensions of approaching evil, and stopped three or four times on the way, deliberating whether he should return for his books and papers. Once he actually turned back his horse's head; but at last, trusting that his fears were idle, he resolved on continuing his journey. The following night, during his absence, the fire broke out, and the copy was destroyed. Dr. Raine was the first to inform him of his loss; and Porson, on hearing the news, inquired if any lives had been lost. Dr. Raine replied in the negative. 'Then,' rejoined Porson, 'I will tell you what I have lost; twenty years of my life;' repeating, at the same time, the stanza of Gray,

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan.
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

How he meant these lines to be applied, we are left to conjecture. Among the effects destroyed at the same time were a copy of Kuster's *Aristophanes*, the margins of which were filled with notes and emendations, the letters of Ruhnken to which we have previously alluded, and many other literary treasures.

"With the resolution of Bishop Cooper, who, when his wife, in a fit of rage, set fire to the manuscript of his *Thesaurus* on which he had spent eight years' labour, sat calmly down to write it over again, Porson devoted himself to make a second transcript of *Photius* equally accurate with the first. How long he took to his task is not related. The manuscript, a handsome quarto volume, he deposited in the library of his College."—p. 129-32.

It is to this period of his life that his most important literary labours belong. We do not mean merely his occasional contributions to the literary and critical journals, but much more the well-known editions of the plays of Euripides which mark an era in classical editorship, and especially in the laws of metrical criticism—the *Hecuba*, the *Orestes*, and the *Medea*. Mr. Watson has well brought out at once the gradual development of Porson's theories which these successive publications exhibit, and the original soundness and consistency of the views on which, though separate from each other in time, they are all uniformly regulated. We cannot of course enter into the details of the various controversies in which these principles were illustrated and defended by their pugnacious author. It will be enough to observe that, although the same law which forms the basis of the admirable emendations of the *Orestes* and the later plays, is equally observed in the very

earliest of his critical editions, that of the *Hecuba*, it was not until it was drawn forth by his contest, we do not say with Wakefield, for in this he never put forth his strength, but with Hermann, that he fully explained and illustrated it, with that lavish outpouring of erudition which took even his friends by surprise. As a purely matter-of-fact account of this phase of Porson's literary life, these chapters of Mr. Watson's memoirs are the fullest and most discriminating that have yet been published, and we can confidently refer to his text the reader who is interested in the details. We may mention that he has printed in fac-simile Porson's own exquisitely beautiful autograph of the celebrated epigram on Hermann and the Germans, imitated from that of Phocylides on the Leriens.

In the midst of these literary successes, it is painful to think that Porson's life presents but a succession of scenes of the lowest and most revolting debauchery. Even his personal appearance which, at an earlier period, we have seen very favourably described, began to bear but too evident marks of his extravagant and habitual excesses. In one of his letters to Surgeon Joy he makes the condition of his nose "whether arising from good living or bad humour" an apology for declining to appear in company; and in another place he tells an anecdote, which but too well illustrates this letter. "He went to call on one of the judges with whom he was intimate, when a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting impatiently for the barber. Porson, who was negligently dressed, and had besides a patch of brown paper soaked in vinegar on his inflamed nose, being shown into the room where the gentleman was sitting, he started up suddenly, and rushing towards Porson, exclaimed, 'Are you the barber?' 'No sir,' replied Porson, 'but I am a cunning shaver, very much at your service.'"

Mr. Maltby's account of his appearance is still more painful. "He was generally," says Mr. Maltby, "ill-dressed and dirty. But I never saw him such a figure as he was one day at Leigh and Sotheby's auction room; he evidently had been rolling in the kennel, and, on enquiry, I found that he was just come from a party (at Robert Heathcote's, I believe) with whom he had been sitting up drinking for two nights." "Banks," says the same authority, "once invited Porson (about a year before his death) to dine with him at an hotel at the west end of London;

but the dinner passed away without the expected guest having made his appearance. Afterwards, on Banks's asking him why he had not kept his engagement, Porson replied (without entering into further particulars) that he '*had* come;' and Banks could only conjecture that the waiters, seeing Porson's shabby dress, and not knowing who he was, had offered him some insult, which had made him indignantly return home."

We can imagine the effect which his appearance would produce in the gay crowd of the then celebrated assembly rooms at Bath.

"He went one evening to a ball at the assembly-rooms at Bath, escorted by Dr. Davis, a physician of the place, who introduced him to the Rev. Richard Warner. When Porson separated from Warner, King, the master of the ceremonies, stepped forward and said, 'Pray, Mr. Warner, who is that man you have been speaking to? I can't say I much like his appearance.' 'To own the truth,' says Warner, 'Porson, with lank uncombed locks, a loose neck-cloth, and wrinkled stockings, exhibited a striking contrast to the gorgeous crowd around. I replied, however,' he continues, 'Who is that gentleman, Mr. King? The greatest man that has visited your rooms since their first erection. It is the celebrated Porson; the most profound scholar in Europe; who has more Greek under that mop of hair than can be found in all the heads in the room, ay, if we even include those of the orchestra.' 'Indeed,' said the dancing-master, and went off to attend to his dancing, having no more conception of what is contained in the head of a scholar than the cat that looks at a king has of the value of the jewels in his crown."—p. 274-5.

Few examples indeed are on record in which the dipsomania was carried to a more extraordinary excess, and involved a more revolting want of discrimination as to the medium of indulgence. "When Porson dined with me," said Rogers, "I used to keep him within bounds; but I frequently met him at various houses where he got completely drunk. He would not scruple to return to the dining room after the company had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine glasses and drink off the *omnium gatherum*.' Maltby, who was present when Rogers said this, added that he had seen Porson do so. He would drink liquids of all kinds. 'Horne Tooke used to say,' as Mr. Maltby tells us, 'that 'Porson would drink ink, rather than not drink at all.' Indeed,' adds Mr. Maltby, 'he would drink anything. He was sitting

with a gentleman after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master, for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. 'I drank it an hour ago,' said Porson.' 'When Hoppner the painter was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hoppner had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be content with a mutton chop, and beer from the next alehouse, and accordingly stayed to dine. During the evening Porson said; 'I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking, in her own bedroom; so, pray, try if you can lay your hands on it.' His host assured him that Mrs. Hoppner had no such secret stores; but Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner, and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. 'Drunk every drop of it!' cried she. 'My God, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!'"

Of his power of physical endurance in the protracted excesses in which he indulged, the received accounts are almost beyond the possibility of belief.

"Of his capacities of drinking, and of sitting up at nights, extraordinary stories are told. He appears to have been, like Dr. Johnson, a bad sleeper, and to have been the readier, on that account, to consort with those who were willing to sit late. He had manifested his love of late hours even in his boyhood, at a visit to Mr. Norris, who, having invited him to spend an afternoon with him, expected him to take his leave in the evening, but finding him, after a hint or two as to the time, unwilling to move, was at last obliged to have him put to bed in the house. 'In the former period of his early residence in the metropolis,' says Beloe, 'the absence of sleep hardly seemed to annoy him. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the harbinger of day gave warning to depart. Horne Tooke, on another occasion, contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company when he knew that he had been sitting up the whole of

the night before. This, however, made no difference; Porson sat up the second night also till the hour of sunrise.

“His computations with Horne Tooke, in the narrative of Mr. Maltby, assume a still more formidable aspect. ‘Horne Tooke told me,’ he states, ‘that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond Buildings; and as he knew that Porson *had not been in bed for the three preceding nights*, he expected to get rid of him at an early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night; and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said, ‘Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester Square.’ ‘Oh,’ replied Porson, ‘I will go with you;’ and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee-house, Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. ‘A man,’ observed Tooke, ‘who could sit up four nights successively, could sit up forty.’”—p. 277-8.

For these gross and beastly habits Mr. Watson ventures to offer a faint apology in the fact that “to drink to excess was one of the vices of the day in which he lived; when a capacity for three bottles was thought a necessary qualification for society; when noblemen and gentlemen fell senseless under the dinner-table, and were carried to bed by their servants: and when Pitt and Dundas, on whom Porson made his epigrams, rose reeling from a carouse to join the senate.”

The “Epigrams on Pitt and Dundas” are explained elsewhere.

“It was in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ that *the hundred and one epigrams* appeared, which Porson is said to have written in one night, about Pitt and Dundas going drunk to the House of Commons, on the evening when a message was to be delivered from his Majesty relative to war with France. The story is to be found in the effusion of frothy narrative called Warner’s ‘Literary Recollections,’ where it is said to have been told by Perry to John Pearson, Esq., afterwards advocate-general of Bengal. When the Minister and his friend appeared before the House, Pitt tried to speak, but, showing himself unable, was kindly pulled down into his seat by those about him; Dundas, who was equally unfitted for eloquence, had sense enough left to sit silent. Perry witnessed the scene, and, on his return from the House, gave a description of it to Porson, who being vastly amused, called for pen and ink, and, musing over his pipe and tankard, produced the one hundred and one pieces of verse before the day dawned. There is, alas! not one that can be called good among them; *sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*. The point of most of them lies in puns, and of course in bad puns,

for who could excoogitate a hundred good puns, supposing that there ever were such things, in one night? The first epigram is,

That *ça Ira* in England will prevail,
All sober men deny with heart and hand ;
To talk of *going's* sure a pretty tale,
When e'en our rulers can't so much as stand.

The following perhaps deserve preference over their fellows :

Your gentle brains with full libations drench :
You've then Pitt's title to the Treasury Bench.

Your foe in war to overrate,
A maxim is of ancient date :
Then sure 'twas right, in time of trouble,
That our good rulers should *see double*.

The mob are beasts, exclaims the *Knight of Daggers* :
What creature's he that's troubled with the *staggers* ?

When Billy found he scarce could stand,
'Help, help!' he cried, and stretched his hand,
To faithful Henry calling :
Quoth Hal, 'My friend, I'm sorry for't ;
'Tis not my practice to support
A minister that falling.'

'Who's up?' inquired Burke of a friend at the door :
'Oh! no one,' says Paddy ; 'though Pitt's *on the floor*.'"—p. 215-7.

It is painful to have to record these disgraceful excesses of men who fill so large a place in history, but unfortunately it would not have been difficult to have found in Porson's own line of life, in the literary and professional ranks, examples more germane to the purpose. Mr. Watson might have referred to the great Lutheran theological professor, Bertholdt, who could not be induced to set about the preparation of his prelections till a supply of beer, *ad libitum*, had been placed by his side ; of Hess, who used to take his can into the pulpit at lecture, and, at every successful hit during the progress of the exercise, drink to his auditory ; or of Frederic Wolf of Berlin, who, as a preliminary of his revels, was accustomed to post on the door of his lecture-hall the notice: "I shall be sick for eight days"; while Pontanus, with equal significance for the initiated, under the disguise of a capital *P*, chalked nine times upon his door, conveyed the intimation: *Petrus Pontanus Professor Publicus Propter Pocula Prohibetur Prælegere!*

Porson's excesses, unlike those of most other intempe-

rate men, had the effect, for a certain time at least, of sharpening his intellect, and of quickening his memory, which was at all times a very extraordinary one. Mr. Watson has put together in an interesting chapter a number of very remarkable examples of the powers of Porson's memory. They fall very far short, however, of the well authenticated anecdotes related of other scholars far less distinguished by general attainments. The most characteristic are the following.

' "‘Nothing,’ says the writer of the ‘Scraps from Porson’s Rich Feast,’ ‘came amiss to his memory; he would set a child right in his twopenny fable-book, repeat the whole of the moral tale of the Dean of Badajos, or a page of Athenæus on cups, or Eustathius on Homer.’

"Dr. Dauneŷ of Aberdeen told Mr. Maltby that, ‘during a visit to London, he *heard Porson declare* that he could repeat Smollett’s ‘Roderick Random’ from beginning to end:’ and Mr. Richard Heber assured Maltby that ‘soon after the appearance of the ‘*Essay on Irish Bulls,*’ Porson used, when somewhat tipsy, to recite *whole pages of it verbatim* with great delight.’ He said that he would undertake to learn by heart a copy of the ‘Morning Chronicle,’ in a week.

"Pryse Lockhart Gordon, in his ‘Personal Memoirs,’ says that Porson, having been invited to dine with him, and having come, by mistake, on Thursday instead of Friday, was kept to dinner on the Thursday, and, testifying no desire to go to bed when his host retired, was left with two bottles of wine before him, and an Italian novel, which he sat up all night reading, and of which, at a dinner party the following day, he gave a translation from memory, and though there were forty names mentioned in the story, he had forgotten only one of them. This slight failure in his recollection, however, annoyed him so much that he started up, and paced round the room for about ten minutes, when, stopping suddenly, he exclaimed: ‘Eureka! The Count’s name is Don Francesco Averani.’ If this account is quite accurate, it shows that Porson was better acquainted with the Italian than was supposed by Mr. Maltby, who thought that he knew little or nothing of the language.

"On one occasion, when Porson, Reed, and some other of the literati, with John Kemble, were assembled at Dr. Burney’s at Hammersmith, and were examining some old newspapers in which the execution of Charles I. was detailed, they observed some particulars stated in them which they doubted whether Hume or Rapin had mentioned. Reed, who, being versed in old literature, was consulted as the oracle on the point, could not recollect; but Porson repeated a long passage from Rapin in which the circumstances were fully noticed. Archdeacon Burney, who favoured me with this

anecdote, told me, at the same time, that he had often, when a boy, taken down Humphry Clinker, or Foote's plays, from his father's shelves, and heard Porson repeat whole pages of them walking about the room.

"Basil Montague related that Porson, in his presence, and that of some other persons, read a page or two of a book, and then repeated what he had read from memory. 'That is very well,' said one of the company, 'but could the Professor repeat it backwards?' Porson immediately began to repeat it backwards, and failed only in two words.

"Priestley, the bookseller, used to relate that Porson was once in his shop, when a gentleman came in, and asked for a particular edition of Demosthenes, of which Priestley was not in possession. The gentleman being somewhat disappointed, Porson, whose attention was directed towards him, asked him whether he wished to consult any passage in Demosthenes. The gentleman replied in the affirmative, and specified the passage. Porson then asked Priestley for a copy of the Aldine edition, and, having received it and turned over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage, 'showing,' said Priestley, 'not only his knowledge of the author, but his familiarity with the passage in that particular edition.'

"A similar anecdote used to be told by Mr. Cogan. One day Porson called on a friend who happened to be reading Thucydides, and who asked leave to consult him on the meaning of a word. Porson, on hearing the word, did not look at the book, but at once repeated the passage. His friend asked how he knew that it was that passage. 'Because,' replied Porson, 'the word occurs only twice in Thucydides, once on the right hand page, in the edition which you are using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly knew to which passage you referred.'

"'I once took him,' relates Rogers, 'to an evening party at William Spencer's, where he was introduced to several women of fashion, Lady Crewe, &c., who were very anxious to see the great Grecian. How do you suppose he entertained them? Chiefly by reciting an immense quantity of old forgotten Vauxhall songs. He was far from sober, and at last talked so oddly that they all retired from him except Lady Crewe, who bodily kept her ground. I recollect her saying to him, 'Mr. Porson, that joke you have borrowed from 'Joe Miller,' and his rather angry reply, 'Madam, it is not in 'Joe Miller;' you will not find it either in the preface or in the body of the work, no, nor in the index.' I brought him home as far as Piccadilly, where, I am sorry to say, I left him sick in the middle of the street.'"—p. 294-7.

It may be presumed that the incident referred to in the last of these anecdotes was by no means solitary. Such exhibitions were unfortunately but too common. "A

writer in the 'Public Ledger' said that he had often seen him standing at night, in the midst of a number of people, pouring forth, with dignified deportment, and sonorous utterance, a number of lines of Homer, apparently for no other purpose than to excite the wonder of his audience at what few or none of them could understand."

Advantage was sometimes taken by unscrupulous literary pilferers of the freedom with which Porson, in these moments of convivial excess, poured out his stores of learning. Some curious anecdotes of Elmsley's cleverness in this respect are related.

"In a critique on Schweighæuser's *Athenæus*, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' Elmsley inserted, as original, some restorations of passages that had defied the sagacity of that editor as well as his predecessors. When Porson saw the corrections, he at once recognised them as his own, but was unable to guess how the reviewer, whoever he was, had got hold of them, till he was reminded that he had some time before met Elmsley at a dinner party, where he had poured forth his emendations of *Athenæus* with great liberality. Another story says that he met Elmsley by chance in an umbrella shop, and, falling into conversation with him about *Athenæus*, told him of some emendations of which Elmsley took advantage. Both accounts may be true. But after the appearance of that review Porson would never open his mouth about Greek to Elmsley.

"Dobree used to call Elmsley ἀρχικλεπτίστῃος, *the most thievish of thieves*; and a story is told in the 'Church of England Quarterly Review', which, if true, amply justifies the application of the epithet. When the authorities of Trinity College, Cambridge, after Porson's death, had selected that portion of his books which they were desirous to purchase, they were placed under the care of Mackinlay the bookseller, with strict injunctions that nobody should have access to them. But Elmsley's uncle had been Mackinlay's partner, and Elmsley, being consequently well known to the servants, found entrance, by their means, to the literary treasures, and employed part of a Saturday, and the whole of a Sunday, during Mackinlay's absence, in transcribing what was likely to be useful to him as the editor of *Aristophanes*. Unhappily for the success of his schemes, however, many of the emendations, which he passed off as his own in his edition of the '*Acharnenses*,' had been communicated by Porson to some of his friends; and such wonderful coincidences led to a questioning of Mackinlay, who, on examining his cook, found that she had admitted Elmsley on the Saturday, and prepared his meals for him on the Sunday. Elmsley, in dread of exposure, attempted to suppress his '*Acharnenses*;' but found, to his dismay, that it had been reprinted at Leipsic. Such is the tale told by the reviewer; *ceterum fides ejus rei penes auctoris erit*.

"The Porson of that day was no longer the Porson of the time when he edited the *Hecuba* and the *Orestes*. His asthma had increased; the paroxysms of it, as early as 1804, had grown so violent that his friends were often afraid he would expire in their presence; his habits had originated other diseases; and he was in a condition rather to rest than to act. He used 'to attend in his place,' however, according to Dr. Thomas Young, 'when the reading-room was open, and to communicate very readily all the literary information that was required by those who consulted him respecting the object of their researches.' Many resorted to his rooms to confer with him on matters of literature, both ancient and modern, and whatever he knew he was ready, when he was in sufficient health, and his faculties were unclouded, to tell. But of his general mode of discharging the duties of his office, Mr. Maltby, who had ample means of knowing, gives a very unfavourable account. His attendance was irregular; he made no efforts, such as had been expected from him, to purchase books to augment the library; and he was often brought home, in a state of helpless insensibility, long after midnight. Had his life been prolonged, it is hardly to be supposed that he would have been suffered to continue in his office. 'I once read a letter,' says Mr. Maltby, 'which he received from the Directors of the Institution, and which contained, among other severe things, this cutting remark, 'We only know you are our librarian by seeing your name attached to the receipts for your salary.' His intimate friend Dr Raine was one of those who signed that letter; and Raine, speaking of it to me, said, 'Porson well deserved it.' He became dissatisfied with the Directors, and used to call them 'mercantile and mean beyond merchandise and meanness.'"—p. 316-17.

He survived this appointment, as might indeed be anticipated from such habits as these, but two years. In the beginning of 1808 his memory began to fail and other menacing symptoms made their appearance. In September he became still more seriously affected, and on the 19th of that month, he was seized, as he was walking in the Strand, with an apoplectic fit, which deprived him of the power of speech and motion. The circumstances which are sufficiently distressing, are detailed in a contemporary account. "As none of those who gathered round Porson, when he fell senseless, knew who he was, and as nothing was found upon him to indicate his residence, he was conveyed to the Workhouse in Castle Street, St. Martin's Lane, where medical assistance was immediately given, and he was partially restored to consciousness. But as he was still unable to speak, and was

attainments. "If," says the "Short Account of Porson," "a man declared himself to be, or insinuated that he was, or thought that he ought to be considered as, a hidalgo in literature, *sese aliquem credens*, he was sure to be attended to by the Professor in his own way; and if he quoted the text of Homer, the Professor would give him the scholiast on that text. Græculus, who had been very free in his publications with professors in general, once observed to Mr. Porson, rather too familiarly, in regard to a vulgar saying, 'It is all the same in Greek, Mr. Professor.' The Professor replied gravely, 'You can't tell that, Sir.' At another time the same person insisted upon it, that the Greek was an easy language. The Professor said, 'Not to *you*, Sir.'"

Even for those whom he really liked, Porson's familiarities were at the least but of very doubtful stability. His relations even with Horne Tooke were very uncertain. Tooke was one "for whose mental powers and acquirements he had a high esteem. He used to observe that he had learned many valuable things from Tooke, but that he would not always take his assertions on trust. Horne Tooke, on the other hand, had a great opinion, and perhaps some dread, of Porson's intellectual force; for when disputes rose high between them over their cups, Porson would sometimes insult Tooke with the utmost violence and rudeness. Tooke is reported to have said that he feared Porson in conversation, because he would often remain silent for a time, and then pounce upon him with his terrible memory."

In the year 1806 Porson received an augmentation of income which might have rendered his declining years sufficiently comfortable and independent. The London Institution in old Jewry was established by a company of shareholders, and Porson was named the principal librarian with a salary of £200 a year and a suite of rooms. The books of the library still retain a few traces of his connexion with the institution, in manuscript notes and corrections; but in this respect they differ widely from the books which had passed through his hands in his earlier days, and the margins which it had been his habit to load with most characteristic remarks in the singularly delicate and beautiful handwriting on which he prided himself. But he was now sadly changed.

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unknown there also, it was thought proper to insert an advertisement, describing his person, in the public papers, that his friends might be apprised of his condition. On the following morning, accordingly, a notice appeared in the 'British Press,' in which he was described as 'a tall man, apparently about forty-five years of age, dressed in a blue coat and black breeches, and having in his pocket a gold watch, a trifling quantity of silver, and a memorandum book, the leaves of which were filled chiefly with Greek lines written in pencil, and partly effaced; two or three lines of Latin, and an algebraical calculation; the Greek extracts being principally from ancient medical works.'"

He was recognized from this advertisement by the sub-librarian of the institution, and conveyed to his own apartments. He recovered so far as to be able to go to the library, where he met the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke, whose account of the interview is exceedingly interesting and characteristic.

"Having that morning occasion to call at the Institution, to consult an edition of a work to which the course of my reading had obliged me to refer, on returning from one of the inner rooms, I found, that, since my entrance, Mr. Porson had walked into that room through which I had just before passed. I went up to him, shook hands, and, seeing him look extremely ill, and not knowing what had happened, I expressed both my surprise and regret. He then drew near to the window, and began in a low, tremulous, interrupted voice, to account for his present appearance; but his speech was so much affected, that I found it difficult to understand what he said. He proceeded however to give me, as well as he could, an account of his late seizure, and two or three times, with particular emphasis, said, 'I have just escaped death.'

"When he had finished his account of the fit into which he had lately fallen, and on which he seemed unwilling to dwell, except merely to satisfy my inquiries, he suddenly turned the conversation by saying, 'Dr. Clarke, you once promised, but probably you have forgotten, to let me see the stone with the Greek inscription, which was brought from Eleusis.' I replied, 'I have not, Sir, forgotten my promise, but I am now getting a *fac simile* of the stone and inscription engraved, and hope soon to have the pleasure of presenting you with an accurate copy.' To which he answered, 'I thank you, but I should rather see the stone itself.' I said 'Then Sir, you shall see it. When will you be most at leisure, and I shall wait upon you at the Institution, and bring the stone with me? Will to-morrow do?' After considering a little, he said, 'On Thursday morning, about eleven o'clock, for at that time of the day I am generally in the

library in my official capacity.' This time was accordingly fixed, though from his present appearance I had small hopes of being gratified with that luminous criticism with which, I well knew, he could illustrate and dignify even this small relic of Grecian antiquity.

"It may be necessary to state here that, *about twelve months ago*, when this stone came into my possession, I took a copy one morning of the inscription to the Institution to show it to the Professor. He was not up, but one of the sub-librarians carried it up to his room. Having examined it, he expressed himself much pleased with it, observing that it afforded a very fair specimen of the Greek character after the time that Greece fell under the power of the Romans; 'for it was evident,' he said, 'that the inscription was not prior to that period.' Some days afterwards, I met him in the library of the Institution, and he surprised me by saying, 'I can show you a printed copy of the inscription on your stone.' He then led me up stairs to his study, and, taking down Meursius's *Theseus*, showed me in the tract *de Pagis Atticis*, at the end, the very inscription, which had been taken down from the stone, then at Eleusis, by Dr. Spon, 1676. From this time he wished particularly to see it, as by it the existence of the village *Besa*, and the proper method of writing it with a single *s*, to distinguish it from a village called *Bissa*, in Locris, was confirmed; and he considered the character to be curious.'"—p. 320-22.

Dr. Clarke, finding the conversation distressing, and wishing to change the subject, made an observation as to the peculiar form of the Omega in the inscription, and asked Porson whether he had ever noticed anything singular.

"He said, 'No, but it may serve to form a system from;' and then began to relate with considerable pleasantry the story of the critic, who, having found some peculiarity in writing one of the tenses of the verb *γράφω*, made an entire *new person* of it. I said I wish the system-makers, especially in literature, would have done, as they are continually perplexing and retarding science, and embarrassing one another. To this he answered 'Your wish is the wish of all, and yet each in his turn will produce his system; but you recollect those lines in the Greek Anthology,

Οὐκ ἔστι γήμας ὅστις οὐ χεϊμάζεται,
Λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

As soon as he had repeated these lines, which he did, considering his circumstances, with a readiness that surprised me, he proceeded, as was his general custom, when he quoted any author in the learned languages, to give a translation of what he had quoted. This was a peculiar delicacy in his character. He could not bear to see a

man confounded, unless he knew him to be a pedant; and therefore, though he might presume that the person to whom he spoke understood the language, yet, because it might possibly be otherwise, and the man feel embarrassed on the occasion, he always paid him the compliment of being acquainted with the subject, and saved him, if ignorant, from confusion, by translating it. This however, in the above case, cost him extreme pain, as he was *some minutes* in expressing its meaning, which astonished me the more, because, notwithstanding his debility, and the paralysis under which the organs of speech laboured, he had so shortly before quoted the original in a *few seconds*, and with comparatively little hesitation. The truth is, so imbued was his mind with Grecian literature, that he *thought*, as well as *spoke*, in that language, and found it much more easy at this time, from the power of habit and association, to pronounce Greek than to pronounce his mother-tongue.

"Seeing him so very ill and weak, I thought it best to withdraw, and having shook hands with him, (which, alas! was the last time that I was to have that satisfaction,) and, with a pained heart, earnestly wished him a speedy restoration to health, I walked out of the room, promising to visit him, if possible, on Thursday morning, with the Greek inscription. He accompanied me to the head of the great staircase, making some remarks on his indisposition, which I did not distinctly hear; and then, leaning over the balustrade, he continued speaking to me till I was more than halfway down stairs. When nearly at the bottom, I looked up, and saw him still leaning over the balustrade; I stopped a moment, as if to take a last view of a man to whose erudition and astonishing critical acumen my mind had ever bowed down with becoming reverence, and then said, 'Sir, I am truly sorry to see you so low.' To which he answered, 'I have had a narrow escape from death.' And then leaving the stair-head, he returned towards the library. This was the *last conversation* he was ever capable of holding on any subject. On matters of *religion*, except in a *critical* way, he was, I believe, never forward to converse. I should have been glad to have known his views at this solemn time; but as there were some gentlemen present when we met in the library, the place and time were improper.'"—p. 323-25.

In this state he continued with some alternations of unconsciousness till the night of Sunday, September the 25th, when he died without any struggle, being then in his forty-ninth year. He was buried with much distinction in the chapel of his own college, Trinity College, Cambridge. His remains repose within the walls which inclose those of Bentley, and at the foot of the statue of Newton. His only epitaph is his name engraved on a plain slab.

Little need be said of the literary character of this ill-

fated and eccentric scholar. Although his actual services to letters are almost entirely confined to a single department, that of classical criticism, yet his attainments had a much more extended range. He was well read in other literatures than those of Greece and Rome. With the best French literature he was early familiar, and few scholars of his time had cultivated more assiduously that of his own language. In science his youthful studies gave promise of high excellence ; but he almost entirely ceased to cultivate the study. His vocation, in truth, was towards that branch in which he rose to such eminence. Few scholars of any age have ever attained to such a thorough mastery of the Greek language. Few have ever so completely imbued their minds and modelled their form of thought upon its best examples, as well of its rich and copious vocabulary as of its irregularly beautiful and significant varieties of idiom and of structure. Not one perhaps in the long catalogue of distinguished Grecians since the revival of letters, has attained to the same profound appreciation of its rhythmical cadences, and the nicer peculiarities of its metrical system. Above all, in the, as it were, inborn power of detecting errors, whether of idiom or of harmony, of divining the source of the error and the channel through which it had been introduced, and of rushing, as if by instinct, to the true form which is hidden under the corrupt growth of ignorance or of time, Porson stands if not first, certainly among the very first, of critics, ancient or modern.

And yet with all his wonderful powers, he himself executed but little. Strange as it may seem, the most useful results of his labours are due to those who have come after him, and who have turned industriously and skilfully to account the principles which his erratic instinct had grasped, and the rules which his mighty powers of systematization had devised. The best part of his life was squandered in desultory efforts, or frittered away in indolence and indecision. Even the iron pressure of poverty could not stimulate him to activity. At a time when he was in absolute want, he was offered by the booksellers a large sum of money for an edition of Aristophanes, which would not have cost him six months of steady industry ; but he could not be induced to begin. His contributions to periodical literature, with a few exceptions, would not in themselves make nowadays even a second-rate reputation. The true

monuments of Porson's genius are the few critical editions which he really elaborated with all the energy of his mighty mind. They are but a small result of such a life; but they may serve as an evidence on which to found any reputation, however exaggerated.—*Ex pede Herculem.*

ART. VII.—1. *Sanctissimi Domini Nostri Pii Divina Providentia Papae IX. Litterae Apostolicae quibus majoris Excommunicationis Poena infligitur invasoribus et usurpatoribus aliquot Provinciarum Pontificiae Ditionis. Romae MDCCCLX.*

2. *Allocution of our Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth, delivered in Secret Consistory, March 18th, 1861.*

3. *Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI. addressed to the Bishops of the whole Christian World, 1832.*

4. *Analecta juris Pontifici. Romae.*

5. *L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution. Par J. Crétineau-Joly, Troisième édition. Paris : Henri Plon. 1861.*

THE Italian Revolution will not have been in vain if it succeed in banding Catholics together in one political brotherhood, and in forcing upon their minds the necessity of not holding principles at variance with the political basis on which the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is founded. This great conflict of ideas will not have been altogether useless if it teach men the criminality of political errors, or even if it only enforce the recognition of the fundamental difference of opinion which separates the political supporter of the temporal power of the Pope from the advocate of the Revolution. The difference is one of principle which goes down to the very bottom of the difficulty, and has its root in the question as to the source of civil power and the rights of man. It is not only unphilosophical, but a vain and impracticable attempt, to conceal under loose terms and by a vague generality of agreement so deep-rooted a difference of opinion. It is a bootless task to bolster up a political compact where agreement lies on the surface only; for

when the pressure from without, the external accident, is withdrawn, the whole edifice of seeming unity, from want of internal coherence, will come to pieces.

The Italian Revolution, to be of service to Catholic politicians, as the great French Revolution was to Burke, ought to teach them by its issues the dangerous principle of its origin; otherwise it will pass away and leave no abiding lesson on the mind. But if, under the pressure of present necessity, and free, for once, from the weak spirit of compromise, Catholics be led to investigate the origin and root of their political differences, and to trace, with an approach to logical precision, the ultimate consequences of the principles which they may have lightly adopted or thoughtlessly imbibed, they can scarcely fail, aided by present events, in arriving at a satisfactory solution of their political differences. Such a solution can only be found in the hearty adoption of really Catholic principles in politics, and when once more the political storm sweeps over Europe, strong in such principles we shall not again be cast, like a ship without a pilot and without a compass, a prey to the fluctuation of every wave, to the turn of every wind. The support of the temporal power of the Pope, seems to be generally accepted by Catholics, with a few ignoble exceptions, as a common ground of agreement, as the basis of future political action. But to support the Temporal Power is not sufficient, unless we support it on the Pope's own principles. If we consent to take the Vicar of Christ as a guide in political matters, we must accept, not only his conclusions, but the principles from which they are drawn. The only difficulty then will be to find out what are the political principles of the Holy See. Of this at least we may be sure, that they are not taken up for the immediate occasion, to serve a purpose, or avoid a difficulty. On the contrary, we may safely predict, on any given event involving a collision of principle, what course the Holy See is likely to pursue if called upon to decide, and this simply because the political principles of Rome are clear, consistent and founded on Divine justice. If we acknowledge at all that God has an interest in the government of his own world, we must of necessity seek to square our own political ideas with the maxims of the gospel. But then the objection may be started that politics are not religion, and that though Catholics are bound to obey the Pope on spiritual matters,

in politics they are at liberty to follow their own devices. And this objection is urged not offensively but simply as a matter of right. Against this argument we may answer; that it is practically impossible so to hedge in the principles of religion that they shall not lie right across the path of politics. Religion underlies the whole groundwork of life, is the Atlas on whose divine shoulders the ponderous globe rests. As religion has to do with every act in the life of the individual, so it has something to say on the course and conduct of nations. If men choose to reserve politics to their own devices, if they will not be, what is offensively termed by their predecessors in private judgment, 'priest-ridden,' that is, accountable to conscience enlightened by religion, what is that but to banish God from an important domain in his own world? It is an act of disobedience which reminds us of Adam's sin, a revolt against God which ought to make us fear again the flaming sword of the Garden of Eden. But good Catholics shrink back from such an extreme, they protest that they will henceforth have nothing to do with politics; hitherto, perchance from custom or hereditary predilection, they have been entangled by party ties into the support of evil policy, until enlightened by the force of events, they discover to their amazement, that their principles are antagonistic to the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope, and that their political leaders are by virtue of their position the necessary and consistent enemies of the Papacy.

Instead of at once endeavouring to bring their politics into harmony with those principles which are adverse to all revolutions and favourable to the maintenance, not only of the Papal, but of every legitimate authority, such men under the spur of necessity too frequently forswear political action altogether, and exclude politics hereafter from their circle of ideas. Such a negative reaction is little better than political atheism. The abstinence of good and religious Catholics from political life, in periods of popular ferment especially, has inflicted deeper and more permanent injury on society than they would be willing to own. In the Portuguese and Spanish chambers, in France, recently in Austria, in Italy itself, the unwillingness on the part of Catholics to come forward in the public defence of their faith and of the Holy See, arising partly from a misconception of their duty, partly from ignorance of political principles, and too often from moral cowardice,

has contributed in no small measure to the triumph of irreligious and revolutionary principles in Europe.

In the support of the temporal power of the Pope, in as far at least as it has a political bearing, Catholics are forced to take a part in politics. It is, therefore, high time that they should come to a right understanding as to the principles to be adopted, and to the course of conduct they ought to pursue at this crisis. If the nations listen no more to the voice of the Holy See, it is nevertheless the plain duty of every individual Catholic to make himself, at least, familiar with the interpretation which the successor of St. Peter puts on the conflict of opinions and ideas, which are now fermenting in the public mind. The Papal Allocutions and Encyclical Letters are a political catechism as well as the very grammar of the science of ethics. In these documents which, from time to time, come before the world, but are so rarely collected and so seldom made a subject of study, are to be found, traced out by the hand of authority for our guidance, the various relations that subsist between sovereigns and subjects, the duty of obedience, the respect due to constituted authority, the obligation of treaties, as well as the deeper questions as to the origin and constitution of human society, and the divine prerogatives of the Church in its relations with the State and with the progress of civilization. In these declarations of the Holy See are found the refutation, sometimes one by one, of the false theories as they arise almost day by day in the course of the revolution, and sometimes a complete condemnation of the very principles which lie at the root of that tree of impious knowledge which overshadows and darkens the mind of modern society. "It was," says that eminent statesman, Cardinal Antonelli, in his discussion with Lavalette, Napoleon's ambassador and mouth-piece, on the eighteenth of January in the present year, "it was a profound sense of duty and obligation that had dictated to his Holiness the solemn declarations which, in his Encyclicals and Allocutions he had so frequently made to the entire Catholic world." The Pope has declared that he can make no pact with the Revolution, that between the political principles of the Holy See and the theories of the Revolution there is no footing for an agreement; nevertheless, these condemned theories, under one form or another, are asserting on all sides a fatal supremacy, and too often involving even pious Catholics

in an unwitting antagonism to the Papacy. Most of the weapons used in the present conflict are drawn, we shall find, from the anti-social and unchristian armoury of the Great French Revolution; therefore it will perhaps be worth while to glance at that great arsenal of evil before we consult more fully the principles laid down in the Papal Allocutions.

The spirit of disobedience, the revolt against authority, the pride and vanity natural to the human heart, were embodied in their worst form in the French Revolution of 1793, and waged an undying warfare against faith, against social order, and Christian morality. But this embodiment of evil principles was itself the offspring of the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, which emancipated the spirit of man from the bonds of faith, and sent him forth, like Adam from Paradise, into a new world of free thought, where he was at liberty to follow the licence of his infirm and wayward will. The effects of this fatal liberty were soon apparent. They were written in blood on many a field of battle. They may be traced through the long results of time in the decay of art and the corruption of literature. This emancipation of the spirit of man from the control of faith confused the ways of philosophy and darkened the light of reason. False philosophy steeled the arm of absolutism* and unnerved the heart of freedom. Loss of freedom was followed by decay of charity, and by increase of luxurious living. Pride of intellect and the lust of the flesh strove for the mastery of the world. Through the long stagnation of the godless century this teeming evil laboured, until, at the appointed time, it conceived and brought forth the Revolution of 1793, the fruitful mother of evil, from whose capacious womb were begotten the ambitious Bonapartism, which we have already noticed in former pages of this review,† and the Revolutionary Imperialism which is now dominant in Europe. In 1793, man was baptised anew, he received a new political faith. Europe broke with the traditions of the past, and a new public opinion

* Voltaire and his disciples, for instance, were filled with contemptuous hatred of the ignorant masses and were in favour of an absolute monarchy, as most open to corrupt influences and therefore best adapted to promote the spread of the new philosophy.

† Bonapartism, Nov. 1860.

sprang up based on the political tenets of 1789. Politics were divorced from religion ; a separation was insisted on between the Church and the state. The maxim of Voltaire was put into practice, "respectable people must close the door on Christianity, it was fit only for the streets."* The doors at least of the cabinets of Europe were closed against religion ; for according to the just but severe estimate of the far-seeing Gregory, "I Gabinétti non sono battezzati."

The close of the eighteenth century was undoubtedly a period of a great intellectual awakening ; the imagination was filled with strange aspirations for something better and greater than man had yet enjoyed. Dreams were indulged in, on all sides, of the speedy opening of a new era of glories never known before, of universal happiness, profusion and plenty, of liberty, equality, and fraternity. A belief had taken possession of the minds of men of the progressive perfectibility of the human race, coupled with a yearning, excited by the enthusiastic eloquence of Rousseau "after man's original happiness in the pure freedom of nature, before his proper destiny had been utterly marred by European civilization. With the logical precision natural to the French mind these new ideas were speedily formularized. In the Declaration of the rights of man, the preamble affixed to the French constitution of 1791, it is proclaimed "that ignorance, forgetfulness or contempt of the rights of men are the sole causes of public grievances and of the corruption of government." It is enacted in Article I. that "all men are born equal and remain free and equal in rights ;" in article II. that "the principle of sovereignty resides essentially in the nation. No body of men, no individual, can exercise an authority which does not emanate expressly from that source. The nation, from which alone flow all the powers, cannot exercise them but by delegation." In reference to marriage it declares that "the law regards marriage solely as a social contract." This constitution, which the greatest of English Whigs, Charles James Fox, declared to be a stupendous monument of human greatness, consecrated, by its enactments and its anti-christian tendencies the opinion, so gratifying to human vanity, that the individual was always in the right, the State every-

where in the wrong, and that the perfectibility of the human race was everywhere retarded in its progress by existing institutions, and constituted authorities, by the inflexible code of Christian morality, and the unchanging faith of the Catholic Church. Hence arose a universal impatience of authority, a restless desire of change, in the insane hope of working out an impossible problem and resulting in a final disobedience, not only to the claims of ancient rights and privileges, but to the dictates of natural justice and to the very principles of all law and order. The end of these vast ideas, of these vain and illusive hopes of human progress and perfectibility, was the dissolution of the bonds of society, and the return of chaos. The modern Samson had pulled down the social edifice on his own head. Christianity was publicly abolished, anarchy reigned supreme, until at last the revolution itself, like the grandson of Cadmus, was devoured by its own offspring. But is it not strange that in spite of the bitter awakening from this dream, and as if the Divine Handwriting on the wall had grown invisible, we should witness in our own day the revival, for such it is, of this same modern paganism? since the principle which lies at the bottom of the movement which is now folding Europe in its unholy embrace, is nothing less than political idolatry. It is a new worship which has not God for its object. In referring to the French Revolution—which sums up in brief all the former steps of the revolutionary course—we wish to point out the similarity of action and the identity of purpose in the present movement in Italy, with those which distinguished its parent and prototype, although the revolution of to-day does not as yet partake of the fanatic and destructive character which marked it in its origin.* Italy, in her statesmen and in her public life, is returning to the worship of the old political idols of 1789, forgetful that the principles and illusions of 1789 inevitably lead to the disasters and crimes of 1793. First of all we perceive a like antagonism to the Holy See, which sets friendly counsels at defiance and knows not how to submit to condemnation. In Clement

* The sanguinary spirit of the old Revolution is, however, but too visible in the recent Proclamations of Colonel Fantoni and Major Tummel, which are rather samples of, than exceptions to, the Piedmontese rule in Southern Italy, and the naked atrocity of which, Lord Derby rightly characterized as a disgrace to humanity.

XIV. was heard, before the outbreak of the great French Revolution, the warning voice of Rome, and the same voice spoke again for the like purpose in the celebrated Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI. The subject matter of both was the same, the evils to be avoided were identical. "There is close relationship," said Clement XIV. in his Encyclical Letter of 1767, "between the laws of God's Government and those of man's.....Take care therefore to make those whom it is your duty to instruct in religion learn God's commandments betimes. Let them be taught from the cradle that they must keep inviolate their allegiance to kings; respect authority; obey laws, not only for wrath but for conscience sake. When you have brought the popular mind, not only to observe the king's decree, but also to feel a hearty loyalty to him, you will have done the best possible service to the peace of the State and the progress of the Church—two things which are inseparably united." How rapid and disastrous were the results which sprang from the neglect of this timely advice in that corrupt and fallen kingdom is known to all.

We have a striking corroboration of the existence of the dangers which called forth Clement XIV's warning, and of the rapid march of demoralization in a description of the state of society in Europe given by the great Italian poet Metastasio in a letter to his brother. Writing to his brother in 1761 he says,

"It is with extreme grief that I see a spirit of intrigue and rebellion spreading through the whole of Europe. False philosophers desire to free man from the yoke of religion and from all dependence on authority. They are aiming at the destruction of principles which are the necessary foundation of society itself. If Providence permit for our punishment the triumph of their anarchical systems, I should like to see how they will appear amidst the ruin which they have invoked with all the strength of their hearts. And all what they give us, moreover, as new discoveries is after all nothing new. In other days these pernicious doctrines were not current except among a few corrupt writers; but to-day, thanks to the swarm of licentious works they are become the habitual food, the knowledge most in vogue, the moral code of the young men of fashion and of the women of wit. Poor humanity!"

The sagacity of the far-seeing Gregory was not at fault when, in 1832, he detected in his turn a spirit of lawlessness abroad similar to that which preceded the

Revolution of 1793, sapping the very foundations of social order, turning the majesty of divine worship into ridicule, and poisoning the mind of the youth in every country. "The Halls of the Universities and public schools ring again and again," he exclaims, "with new and monstrous opinions. The Catholic faith is undermined, no longer on the sly and by subterfuge; but without an attempt at disguise, a public and criminal war is waged against it." But we must not content ourselves with mere citations from this famous Encyclical Letter which strips pretentious hypocrisy of its veils, and lays bare the hideous idols which modern civilization has set up for worship. It is not to be wondered at, that this masterpiece of political reasoning should still to this day be regarded with equal dread and hatred by the Revolution. Its definitions are so clear, its conclusions so unhesitating that they leave no room for escape or doubt. About Gregory's decisions there is no glorious uncertainty. Men must accept or reject them at their own peril. He not only compresses in a few paragraphs the fruit of the evil, but shows the seed at the sowing time of that harvest of ill which is now white and ripe for the gathering. We will quote at full the passage we have just indicated together with others of the greatest importance at the present moment, and give an abstract of what we cannot cite at large.

"We are speaking to you, venerable brethren, concerning those things which are passing under your own eyes and which we deplore and bewail in common. It is the triumph of wickedness without reserve, of knowledge without modesty, of licence without limits. Sacred things are despised, and the majesty of divine worship which is as influential as it is necessary, is blamed and abused and turned into ridicule by perverse men. Moreover, sound doctrine is defiled, and errors of every kind are propagated with impunity. Neither the laws of God, nor justice, nor the maxims of the Gospel, nor principles, the most revered, are sheltered from the attacks of the tongues of iniquity. Even this Chair of the ever-blessed Peter on which we are placed, and which Jesus Christ has made the foundation of His Church, is violently shaken, and the bonds of unity are weakened and broken from day to day. The divine authority of the Church is attacked; its rights are annihilated; it is subjected to worldly considerations, and reduced to a shameful servitude; it is delivered up by a profound injustice to the hate of the peoples. The obedience due to Bishops is infringed, and their rights trampled under foot. The schools and universities resound horribly with new and monstrous opinions. The Catholic

Faith is no longer undermined on the sly and by subterfuge, but without an attempt at disguise a public and criminal war is waged against it. When the youth are corrupted by the principles and example of their masters, then indeed is the loss to religion very great, and the corruption of morals deep. As soon also as the bonds of religion are broken, by which alone kingdoms subsist and authority is supported, we see the progress of the ruin of public order, of the fall of princes, and of the overthrow of all legitimate authority."

After denouncing, in language full of righteous indignation, the conspiracy of the secret societies, as the infected source whence spring all these calamities to religion and to civil society, and after exhorting his venerable brothers to defend the common cause, or rather the cause of God against the common enemy, Gregory condemns in severe terms the prevailing indifferentism. "That perverse opinion which is propagated on all sides by the artifices of the wicked, according to which eternal salvation is attainable by every man, no matter what faith he professes, so long as his morals are strict and pure."....."From this infected source of indifferentism," continues Pope Gregory, "flows that absurd and erroneous maxim, or rather that madness, which assumes that liberty of conscience must be assured and guaranteed to all alike. The way to this pernicious error is paved by that full and unlimited liberty of opinion which is spread abroad to the great detriment of civil and religious society; although some have asserted with extreme audacity that from such license advantages accrue to the Church... 'But,' says St. Augustine, 'what can kill the soul sooner than the liberty of error?' In fine, all restraint being removed which could keep men in the paths of truth, their nature, inclined to evil, falls into the precipice, and we can say with truth that the pits of the abyss are open, that pit whence St. John saw a smoke go forth which darkened the heavens, and a flight of locusts which ravaged the earth. The minds of men are excited, the young are completely corrupted, and contempt of sacred things, and of laws most held in reverence is spread abroad among the people; in a word, we see in such things the most disastrous scourge of society. For the experience of all ages shows that those empires, which have dazzled us by their riches, by their power, and by their glory, have perished by this single evil—an unrestrained liberty of opinion, licence of speech, and love of novelty."

The Pope then condemns that liberty of the press which demands with so imperious a voice and such audacious effrontery the right to publish whatsoever it chooses, and which has already deluged the world with works containing the most monstrous errors, or filled with a malice and wickedness which threaten to bring down the malediction of heaven on the face of the earth. Gregory shows how different was the discipline of the Church in the time of the Apostles, who had ordered bad books in numbers to be publicly burnt,—he also calls attention to the laws passed on this matter in the fifth Lateran Council, and to the ordinances of Leo X. But not only, he continues, do men reject the censorship of books as a yoke too heavy to be borne, but they have reached such a pitch of malignity that they contend that this power is opposed to the principles of justice and equity, and they go so far as to deny to the Church the right to exercise it or put such a decree in force.

He next speaks of the writings, sown broad-cast among the people, upholding certain doctrines which shake the fidelity and undermine the submission due to princes, and which are lighting on every side the torches of revolt. And in order that the peoples should not be led astray by such pernicious opinions he reminds them of the teaching of the apostle, that “there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.” Thus showing that both human and divine laws are invoked against those who strive, by shameless schemes of revolt and sedition, to shake loyalty and to overthrow the throne of kings. After alluding to the furious persecutions to which the early Christians were exposed, and the admirable fidelity which they preserved towards their princes in all that was not contrary to religion, even in shedding their blood for the good of the empire, this great master of Catholic politics speaks from the high point of view taken by the Holy See, and which ought not to be lost sight of by us to-day, on the submission due to kings. “Those glorious examples,” he says, “of inviolable submission to kings which were a necessary consequence of the holy canons of the Christian religion, condemn the detestable insolence and wickedness of those who, excited beyond measure by the impulse of an audacious liberty, seek to overthrow and

trample underfoot all constituted authority; and yet, under the mask of liberty, these men bring to the people nothing but slavery. To this tended the unrighteous dreams and designs of the Waldenses, Beguardi, and Wyckliffites and other children of Belial, who were the disgrace of the human race, and who were therefore so often and so justly struck by the anathema of the Holy See. All those imposters of liberty who are now working to the same end, desire nothing more than to be able to congratulate themselves with Luther 'on being free of all things,' and the quicker and the more easily to attain such a state they set on foot the most audacious and criminal enterprises." Then follows Gregory's well-known condemnation of the views of those who wished to separate the Church from the State, and to break the mutual concord which subsisted between the empires and the priesthood. Than such a rupture he could conceive nothing more unfortunate for religion or for the State. Moreover, it was certain, he says, that as nothing was more salutary or favourable to the interests of religion and of civil authority than this concord, so nothing was more dreaded by the partizans of unbridled liberty. After pointing out with admirable sagacity, the dangers that would arise from the spread of those secret societies in which people of all religions made common cause against all constituted authority in Church and State, Gregory ended by those memorable words of advice "to our dear sons in Jesus Christ, the princes of the earth." Begging "that they would further by their agreement and their authority the desires which we have conceived for the welfare of religion and of the state. That they should remember that power was given unto them not only for temporal government, but chiefly to defend the Church, and that whatever was done for the good of the Church was done for their tranquillity and power. That they should be convinced that the cause of religion ought to be even more dear to them than that of the throne, and that the most important thing for them is—to use the words of the Pontiff Leo—'that the crown of faith has been added by the hand of God to their diadem. Placed as fathers and teachers of the peoples, they would confer upon them a true, lasting, and prosperous peace, if they would only use all their endeavours in preserving inviolate religion and

piety towards God, who bore on His thigh the inscription King of Kings and Lord of Lords.'"

The principles which Clement and Gregory had so manfully striven to trample out in their germ and growth, Pius VI. and Pius IX. had to combat and condemn in their maturity. In the Brief of the 10th March 1791, Pope Pius VI. condemned many of the enactments of the Constituent Assembly as repugnant to Catholic teaching. In the first place, said the Pope, many of the new decrees depart from the teaching of the faith. Is not that absolute license, which is proclaimed and exaggerated; is not that doctrine, which no longer beholds in the sovereign the minister of God Himself; is not that formal withdrawal from the authority of the Holy See; are not these points contrary to the principles of the Catholic Church?

It is surely not necessary to insist that many other enactments of the great Anti-Christian Revolution were repugnant to the mind of the Church, for no Catholic, though even he were guilty of supporting the political principles of 1789, could fail to condemn, with the Church, the sacrilegious spoliation of the clergy, secular and regular, the usurpation by the State of the rights of the Church in the matter of education, and the degradation of marriage to the condition of a mere civil contract. "The Catholic," observes an able writer, "who would say, 'I execrate the crimes of the French Revolution—I abhor its impieties—I repudiate its Jansenism—but I hold to its political principles and measures,' would be guilty, to say the least, of great rashness; for many of those principles and measures have been formally condemned by the Church, and many others are repugnant to her spirit, and those which, for instance, like the abolition of the institution of nobility, cannot come under her ban, are still rejected by the universal sense and practice of mankind."*

In the violation of every law, human and divine, the Revolution, which in 1793, received its apotheosis, stands self-condemned. It was not its chance excesses, its extravagant bloodthirstiness, its gross or blasphemous profanities, which, as its apologists assert, alone deserve condem-

* Lectures on Ancient and Modern History. James Burton Robertson.

nation, so much as the spirit of profound insubordination which prompted them, that called for the reprobation of man and for the vengeance of God. The essence of the evil was that active pride which, in the government of the world, substituted for the authority of God the will of the people, and which could find logical satisfaction alone in the denial of the Godhead and in the deification of man.

It was this same spirit of ingrained insubordination which inspired the impious Abbé Grègoire to declare in the tribunal, "that all dynasties are but the devouring races that feed on human flesh, and that the history of kings is but the martyrology of nations."* It was this spirit which Pius VI. deplored in that magnificent allocution on the murder of Lewis the Sixteenth, which was at once "the protestation of a Prince and the act of a Pontiff." "Lewis the Sixteenth," said the holy Pontiff, "has been condemned to the punishment of death, and the sentence has been executed. What are the men who have pronounced such a judgment? and what were the intrigues which brought it about? Had the National Convention a right to set itself up as his judge? assuredly not. That assembly, after having abolished Royalty, the best of all forms of government, had delegated public authority into the hands of the people—of the people who are incapable of listening to reason and of following any plan of conduct, without discernment to estimate things, regulating, for the most part, its decisions not according to truth but according to its prejudices—of the people, inconstant, open to deception and easily to be led into evil, ungrateful, presumptuous, cruel, to whom the sight of human blood-shedding is a sport, and the suffering and agony of its expiring victims a delight, as were of old the bloody spectacles of the Roman amphitheatre." And then addressing the nation which he had loved so much, the Pontiff exclaimed, "O France, France, which our predecessors had declared to be the mirror of the whole Christian world, and the immoveable column of faith, you who march, not at the rear but at the van of the nations in the fervour of christian piety and in submission to the authority of the Apostolic See, how far have you not withdrawn yourself from us to-day? What rage has blinded you to the truths of religion, and has

* *Moniteur*, séance du 21 Septembre 1792. p. 1125 et 1130.

driven you into such an excess of fury as places you at once in the front rank of the most cruel persecutors? But nevertheless can you, even if you wish, deny that religion is the most firm support of empires, inasmuch as it knows how to repress the abuse of power in them that govern, and licence in them who obey. Behold, therefore, how they who cherish designs against the Royal authority, in order to destroy it strive for the destruction of the Catholic religion. Once more, O France, you to whom as you say a Catholic Sovereign is necessary because such is the will of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, you had him, this Catholic monarch, and only because he was a Catholic, you have assassinated him.”

It is this self-same spirit of lawless pride and insubordination in the hearts of men which in his recent allocutions and encyclical letters Pius IX. denounces with an energy almost divine. It is not alone the lawless usurpation nor the promulgation of the “abominable theory which affirms that there is no essential difference between this or that profession of religion,”* nor even the accidental interruption of the security necessary to the free exercise of the spiritual government of the Church, sacrilegious although it be, which the Pope alone, or so much, condemns, as the spirit of pride incarnate which stubbornly denies the business of God in the government of the world, and limits the rights of the Creator within the narrowest possible bounds. Religion, public worship, spiritual sovereignty, are alone the concerns of God; public life, affairs of state, and temporal government is the exclusive business of man. Wherever this spirit exists, under whatever form it may disguise itself, or whatever name it goes by—independence—liberalism—“inexorable logic of facts” or progress—it is still the chosen seed of Satan, the implacable and undying foe of God. It is the line of separation that lies at the bottom of all our differences, the point of departure to the right or to the left. Here the Christian and the anti-Christian part. The Catholic and the Rationalist can no longer act together. The question of right and wrong in political principles is come to such a pitch that men may no longer with safety plead ignorance, nor the strength of party predilections,

* Allocution of Pius IX. 17th September, 1847.

nor old habits of mind as a reason for remaining neutral in the struggle. By his excommunication Pope Pius IX. showed not only how complete was the rupture between the States of the Church and the kingdom of Sardinia, but how lawless and aggressive was the character of this Italian Revolution. In this formal indictment were enumerated the various acts which the Piedmontese government had committed in open violation of the recognised and common law of Europe. "Revolutionary emissaries were despatched," says the sovereign Pontiff, "money was spent freely; arms were furnished, inflammatory appeals were made in wicked writings and newspapers, and every sort of deceit was employed even by those who, while charged with the embassy of the Sardinian government at Rome, paid no regard to the law of nations or to decency, but wrongfully abused their own functions in order to prosecute rash and pernicious intrigues against our government." Then followed the invasion of the States of the Church without cause or declaration of war; the seizure by force of arms in the face of Europe of the Papal dominions, and the overthrow of the civil sovereignty of the Holy See. "By such an invasion," says Pope Pius IX., "every rule of justice is broken, and the foundations are completely subverted of every civil sovereignty and of all human Society." Such a lust of conquest, such a thirst for aggrandisement, which respected neither law, honour, nor justice, which spared neither the kingdom of Naples nor the minor principalities nor the Holy See itself, and which is now carrying desolation and the horrors of civil war through the plains of Southern Italy, is too striking a proof to be lost sight of, of the kinship which exists between the Italian and the great French Revolution of 1793.

But not only in its external antagonism to the Holy See do we discover in the Italy of Victor Emmanuel's and Count Cavour's creation an affinity to the revolutionary spirit of France in 1793. In its domestic concerns we find the same restless desire of change, similar illusions of an approaching era of greatness, a like shifting of all blame from the shoulders of the individual to the institutions of the country. If Italy be disunited and weak the Church is to blame; if Italy have not made a great figure in the politics or the wars of the world, it is the fault of the Papacy or of the Austrian domination. "Instead of complaining of the disunion and dependent state of Italy," says

Raumer, the great German historian,* “the Italians should have examined whence it came that those evils have for centuries predominated, and whether they were brought about by misfortune or foreign domination only, or by the constitution and character of the nation itself; and whether again from those very evils advantages even have not arisen in a further national development and a richer history.” But it is precisely this elevated point of view which the revolutionists, perverted by an intense hatred against the Papacy, cannot or will not take.

With the modern writers of history,† the rise of the Papacy is the fall of Italy and the fall of the Papacy the rise of Italy. Giving such a false political teaching a practical direction, the revolutionists of Italy, making shipwreck of their Catholicism,‡ have sworn to overthrow the Temporal Power of the Pope, and then to destroy his Spiritual supremacy. Such men cannot conceive what Italy owes to the Papacy. You cannot teach them that, since the fourth century, it is the Popes alone who have preserved Italy from sinking into complete barbarism. Where indeed would Italy’s renown and historic grandeur have been without her Gregories, her Leos, her John the Tenth, her Innocent VII. and so many other great or good Popes, whose names are intimately associated, not only with the welfare and glory, but with the very existence of Italy? Even Voltaire himself was forced to acknowledge so much,§ but the disciples of Voltaire are less honest than their master. How comes it again, if the Popes have been the blight and curse of Italy, that the population—that great criterion of prosperity—should fluctuate in the city of Rome according to the rise or fall in the fortunes of the Popes? Our readers must pardon us if we disfigure these pages with statistical facts which the revolutionary writers either conveniently forget or dishonestly suppress. Rome, which in the year 1198, under Innocent III. had 35,000

* *Historisches Taschenbuch*, Dritte Folge X. Jahrgang 1859, Seite 243.

† Ruth, *Geschichte des Italienischen volks unter der Napoleonischen Herrschaft*. Leipzig 1859, and Dr. Hermann Reuchlin, *Geschichte Italiens*. Leipzig 1860.

‡ *La situazione, il Bonapartismo e la guerra*. moricullo 1859.

§ *Essai sur les mœurs*, chap. 13-18.

inhabitants, during the residence of the Popes at Avignon up to 1377, numbered only 17,000 souls. In the time of Leo X. the population amounted again to 60,000. The siege of the city by the troops of Charles V. reduced its numbers to 33,000. In the year 1702, it counted 138,568 souls, in 1775,—165,047, but after the first French occupation in 1800, the number was only 153,004, in 1805 it was still further reduced to 134,973, until in 1810, under Napoleon, the population of Rome was only 123,023. After the peace, the population gradually increased, in 1815, it numbered 128,384,—then in 1820, it rose to 135,046—and in 1830 to 147,385.* In the year 1844, the population of the city of the Popes was as high as 171,380. But the effect of Mazzini's red Republic was soon visible in the rapidly decreasing population; during its short existence no fewer than 13,000 persons left Rome, besides 1000 priests and monks.† The universal dread which Mazzinism inspired, as well as the actual loss in its population, gave the city the appearance of being almost deserted. On the other hand, in 1853, two or three years after the Papal restoration, Rome again counted 176,002 souls, and in 1859 (according to the *Stato delle anime per l'alma città di Roma*) it had 182,585 inhabitants with 39,748 families. These figures speak for themselves, but facts and figures are counted as nothing by the writers we are alluding to. Historical facts are perverted, statistical conclusions are evaded by these men, in the dishonest hope of inflaming the Italian mind, and of exciting subjects to rebel against their lawful sovereigns. Nothing indeed can be absurder than the way in which Italian history is treated by recent writers on that subject in Italy and Germany. Excited by the rapid progress of the Revolution, and inspired by an insane hatred against the Catholic Church, these writers respect neither truth nor justice; they offend as much against the canons of taste as against those of Christian morality. Historians without patience, without moderation, without impartiality, they forfeit all claims to consideration, and rank in dishonour far below the paid or

* *Etudes statistiques sur Rome et la partie occidentale des états Romains.* Par le Comte de Tournon, Pair de France, Préfet de Rome de 1810-1814. Paris, 1831.

† *Ami de la Religion*, 8 January 1853.

partizan writers of the daily press, for these bear on their face the stamp of their calling and do not under the grave mask of history stab in the dark. "A hatred the most intense," says an able German Catholic writer,* "has banded together against Catholicism the revolutionists of Italy and most of the Protestants of the ultra-liberal and rationalistic school in Germany.

"Between the writers of the Italian revolutionary party and a certain class of learned men in Germany there exists an almost literal agreement. Mazzini himself has said nothing more abusive against the Papacy in its two-fold capacity than these heroes of German Philosophy. Fortunately the Papacy has survived too many heroes of this description, to tremble now before their threats and grimaces."

It is not alone in this perversion of historic truth, or perhaps so much, that we trace a close resemblance between the Italian revolution and the French, as in the spirit of mockery and bitter ribaldry on sacred subjects common to both. To these performers, paid and unpaid, on the stage of Italian Revolution, and to their literary torch-bearers in Germany, and in Paris, the Queen-city of the Revolution, the Catholic hierarchy is an abomination; 'Theocracy' makes them shudder; the Church is a shuttlecock to be tossed about at pleasure; the 'Papistical government' is the chief cause of the decay of the Italian nation; the existence of the States of the Church is the reason of its political disunion. "This transcendental State," says a writer in the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*,' (7th July, 1859) on the political situation of Italy from a German point of view, "this super-mystical symbol, this pillar of strength consecrated in some magical fashion, which is the support of Absolutism and therefore artificially held together by the Absolute Powers of Europe, is the wedge that splits Italy in pieces." To the minds of such men as these, it is infamous that wretched priests and lazy monks with banners and crosses should possess the glorious city of the Cæsars. To them it is unbearable that beautiful Italy "should have to repeat her catechism to the beating

* *Der Kirchenstaat seit der Französischen Revolution von Dr. J. Hergenröther Herdersche verlagshandlung 1860.*

of the ecclesiastical rod.”* That a “Prince who sings High Mass,” should rule over a highly endowed and talented nation, and that a famous people, instead of honouring the Pagan virtues and the licence of the old republic, should have to put up with the Papacy which is a law to consciences and a dead weight on free thought. What more natural than that men under the influence of such ideas should catch up the old device of Voltaire, and make *Ecrasez l’Infame* again the shibboleth of a party. “In order completely to destroy,” says an Italian Revolutionist,† “the old-world civilization, we must, it seems to me, stifle before all things the Christian and Catholic idea.”

Need we pursue the resemblance further, need we point out the existence, in Italy as in Revolutionary France, of that insatiable thirst of domination, which knows no moderation, which respects neither international rights nor natural justice, which covets all it beholds, and in the pursuit of the mythical phantom of a great political unity, sacrifices the claims of kinship, the sanctity of treaties, and the rights of religion itself. We know that as the principles of 1789 and 1793, so the movements of 1830 and 1848 found a faithful echo and imitation in the Italian Peninsula. The Revolution is not of native growth in Italy, even the idea of Italian unity is of French extraction, a pure Napoleonic idea. Italy, the once proud mistress of the world, the herald of true civilization, the foremost in literature and the fine arts, does not disdain to be the base and servile copyist of revolutionary France. The infidel and demoralizing literature of the eighteenth century preceded in the path of corruption the legions of the First Consul, but it was he who, like another Satan at the ear of Eve, first whispered to listening Italy, exciting hopes of unity and universal domination and a proud return to her old days of Pagan glory. On the 20th May, 1796, Napoleon Bonaparte proclaimed that the French were the friends of all the peoples, especially of the descendants of the Scipios and of Brutus, that he came to build up the Capitol

* Reuchlin’s History of Italy.

† See Letter of Piccolo Tigre, 5th Jan. 1846, Crétineau-Joly, vol. ii. p. 387.

again, and to awaken the Roman people from slavery to freedom and a new life. Since that fatal period Italy has suffered more than we are very willing to concede, in morality, in religious sentiment, in faith. Jacobinical principles were extensively propagated by the sons of those who served in the armies of France; reverence for the Church was weakened; church-robbery, which had hitherto been a rare phenomenon, became more frequent; Atheism won numerous adherents; and the Church, which had almost for twenty years (1796-1815) been enchained, was unable to make a stand against this great evil. Again Italy has suffered another invasion of French ideas and of French armies; she has heard another revolutionary proclamation in the promise "to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic." "In consequence of the French habit of assimilating everything to its own type, Italy," says the *Civiltà Cattolica*, (2 April 1859) "in the ten years of French domination has sacrificed far more of its nationality than in the ten centuries of German dominion." The results of this second eruption of the Goths and Vandals of the Revolution are everywhere before our eyes in the rapid development of those evil principles which lie at the bottom of every revolution. In the Italy of to-day, almost without disguise, we come upon that trinity of evil which characterised the French revolution—pride, self-love and disobedience—laid down as a rule of life. Is it strange that Pius IX. should refuse to be reconciled to such a system based on a spirit so opposed to the very first rudiments of Christianity?

Is it to be wondered at that the Pope should be at war with modern civilization, if modern civilization insist upon altering the fundamental relations of society, and in the rebuilding of the social edifice rejects God as the corner stone? How can the Pope make a pact with this modern march of mind, this boasted progress, which leaves the ancient landmarks of faith far behind, and, without fear of God before its eyes, launches humanity upon a sea of doubts and darkness?

But modern civilization preaches a new morality as well as a new gospel, in which injustice crowned with success is a virtue, and robbery on a grand scale, or in pursuit of an idea is reckoned a merit. In this new code of morals, to rectify a frontier or to create an empire "a ter-

rible war, a war to the death, a war to the knife,"* is accounted justifiable. In our age, says this new morality, if we much want a thing that is rightfully in another's possession, or if we fancy we could make a good use of it in our grand schemes of ambition, have we the power and audacity sufficient, we do well to seize it. "In our age," says the most systematic apostle of the new gospel in his letters just given to the world, "I believe audacity is the best policy; it did good to Napoleon." Such a rule deserves such an illustration. The minor virtues, such as truthfulness, fair dealing, frankness, modesty, and common honesty, and the sentiment of honour, are altogether omitted from the code of this new civilization. "Could then," says Pius IX. in a recent allocution, "the Sovereign Pontiff extend a friendly hand to a civilization of this kind, could he sincerely make a league and bond with it?" Let things be called by their true names, and the Holy See will appear always consistent with itself. In reality it has been in all times the protector and initiator of true civilization. The monuments of history bear eloquent witness to all ages that it is the Holy See which has caused true humanity, true learning, and true wisdom to penetrate into the most remote and barbarous countries of the universe. But if under the name of civilization is to be understood a system, invented for the very purpose of weakening and perhaps destroying the Church,—no, never will the Holy See and the Roman Pontiff ally themselves with such a civilization.

Such a civilization, like the civilization of imperial and pagan Rome, is nothing better than corruption, and such a progress is nothing more than the approach of decay and dissolution. What are these loud utterances of unbelief, these rash intellectual speculations, but the agonized shriek and blind struggles of the Cyclopiæan giant in his darkened cave? Civilization has taken up the cudgels and beats about in distraction right and left; it manifests itself in a singular development of brute force, and its chief enemy is the Pope, the calm and inflexible representative of moral power. "It is the Pope alone," said the representative of revolutionary violence,† "in whom I foresee an obstacle. What are we to do with him in the

* Vide Count Cavour's recently published Letters.

† Ibid.

event of a war?" The revolution already recognises the rock on which it is doomed to split. The struggle is indeed unequal. Moral power is in the long run superior to material force. Ideas are not restricted by conditions of time and locality, but material force is limited in space and duration. At the best to brute force victory is only for a time. The Pope is aware of his great vantage ground. His "*non possumus*" is a tower of strength. His inability to make a pact with the revolution gives promptitude and decision to his voice, and energy to his resistance. And the reason of this uncompromising spirit is to be found in the unchanging nature of Papal principles. Founded upon divine justice they respect equally the rights of all—the legitimate claims of princes, the obedience due to constituted authority, the sanctity of treaties and of public law, the rights of property as well as the bases of Christian morality and the inalienable prerogatives of the Holy See. Infuriate men rave at the inflexibility of Rome, and the fine representatives of modern civilization threaten to lay waste with fire and sword the city of the Apostles. Corrupt men come with soft words on their lips, bringing tempting or imperial offers, but Rome fears the Greeks bringing gifts, and not a gate is opened in the invincible Troy. To fraud or force the Pope has only one answer, "*Non possumus*." It is not lawful for the Holy See to do evil to save the whole world, far less to take a part in its moral overthrow. Such an answer leaves no footing whereon to open negotiations. To the ambassador of Imperial fraud urging upon the Sovereign Pontiff to accept the Revolution as an accomplished fact and to acquiesce in the sacrilegious spoliation the same answer was returned, "*Non possumus*." "Whatever," was the reply of the Pope's minister, "might be the reservations with which such an act was accompanied, with whatever graces of language it might be surrounded, from the moment of accepting it, we should appear to consecrate it. I can only repeat that a negotiation on this footing is impossible." The whole college of cardinals, a new Pope even, added Cardinal Antonelli, could not alter this decision. There is something of isolated grandeur in this Papal "*non possumus*"; in this inflexible moral obligation standing alone in revolutionized Europe amid the wreck of broken treaties, of violated rights, and of outraged religion. Moral obligation is not one of the

grand ideas towards which human progress now tends. Modern civilization cannot understand it. Having emancipated itself from the bonds of equity and the maxims of Christian morality, it cannot conceive how the Papacy, merely from a sense of duty, should resist to its own apparent detriment, threats and blandishments alike. And it comes to the conclusion that since the Papacy will not reconcile itself with modern principles of thought and action—that is, in plain English, with unbelief and robbery—it is an institution unfit for the times we live in, and a great obstruction in the way of human progress and perfectibility. Yet, inasmuch as Politics are the morals of nations, the Pope, as the great custodian of morals, is undoubtedly concerned in politics.

The more, then, the influence of the Catholic Church is excluded from the counsels of Europe, the more will political morality suffer in the community of nations. It is the duty, therefore, of every Catholic politician, more especially in times like these, when such jealousy exists against the political influence of the Catholic Church, to learn the opinions of the Holy See on political matters. Where shall we find a truer index to the mind of the Church than in the recent Papal Allocutions and Encyclical Letters of Pius IX.? Let us listen to the well-weighed judgment which the Vicar of Christ pronounces on progress, on liberalism, on modern civilization, and we shall understand better than ever that the friends of progress and of modern liberalism are the worst enemies of the Church and of civil society. "Certain men," says Pope Pius IX. in an allocution delivered on the 18th of March, 1861, "favour what they call modern civilization; others, on the contrary, defend the rights of justice, of our holy religion. The first demand of the Roman Pontiff to reconcile himself and put himself in harmony with *progress*, with *liberalism*, (these are their terms,) in one word with modern civilization; but the others claim with reason that the immoveable and indestructible principles of eternal justice should be preserved untampered with. But we will ask those, who, for the good of religion wish us to extend our hand to the civilization of the day, if the facts are such that the Vicar of Christ. can without very great danger to conscience and very great scandal to all, associate himself with this civilization of our days, by means of which so many evils are produced, that can

never be sufficiently deplored, and by means of which are proclaimed so many pernicious opinions, so many errors, and so many principles flatly opposed to the Catholic religion and its doctrines."

This masterly allocution of the 18th March then proceeds to contrast the favours which modern civilization confers on non-catholic religions and on infidels, in throwing open Catholic schools to their children, with the hostility which it always evinces against the religious congregations and the institutes founded to direct Catholic education. It shows also that while modern civilization plunders the Catholic Church of its most legitimate possessions, it enriches non-catholic institutions and persons with the fruits of this unjust spoliation, and that, while it throws open offices of state to infidels, it drives into exile or casts into prison a great number of ecclesiastical persons invested with the highest dignities, who, out of devotion to the Holy See, have bravely defended the cause of religion and justice. Another of the grave offences brought home to modern civilization in this Allocution is the full liberty which it gives to all speeches and writings which attack the Church; and that, while it even excites and encourages such licence, it visits with the last severity those who publish excellent works, if they appear to transgress in the least the bounds of moderation.

After having with luminous clearness unmasked the sophistry which attempts to conceal or blot out the line of demarcation, which separates the "opposite principles of truth and error, vice and virtue, light and darkness," Pius the Ninth rejects with dignity and firmness the hypocritical pretences under which the Church is invited to adapt itself to modern civilization, and the Papacy pressed to reconcile itself with Italy. "Doubtless," says the Vicar of Christ, "while We, deprived of almost all our civil sovereignty, are sustaining the heavy burden of Our Pontificate and of Our Royalty by the help of the pious gifts which the children of the Church send to us daily with the greatest tendernessthose very persons who ask for reconciliation from Us, would like us to declare in the face of all men, that We cede to the spoliator, the free possession of our despoiled provinces! By what audacity, unheard of till this day, would they ask this Apostolic See, which has always been the rampart of truth and of justice, to sanction the violent and unjust seizure of

property, giving to him who has seized it the power of possessing it peaceably and honestly, and so lay down a principle so false as that an unjust deed crowned by success is no detriment to the sacredness of Right? This demand is quite opposed to the solemn words lately uttered in a powerful and illustrious senate, declaring 'that the Roman Pontiff is the representative of the principle of moral power in human society.' Hence it follows that He can by no means consent to this barbarous spoliation without violating the foundations of that moral law of which He is Himself recognized as the best expression and the most perfect image." In these famous Encyclical Letters and Allocutions of Gregory and of Pius, to which are attached all the weight of holiness, of political sagacity, of deliberate judgment, the political principles and the conduct of the Revolution in Europe are accurately defined, and distinctly condemned. From this sentence of Rome there is no escape; it is too definite for subterfuge. Men may reject it and set it at defiance and act in direct opposition, but then they cease to be Catholics. To ridicule the authoritative voice of Rome is the work of its enemies; to obey it is the duty of Catholics. The effect of so formal a condemnation on the part of the Holy See, of political principles, ought to be to detach at once and for ever Catholicism not only from the Revolution, but from all sympathy and communion with that false liberalism which is too true a copy of its parent. If Revolution be of the spirit of the age, then we must break with the age. If Revolution and modern civilization be synonymous terms, then, as Montalembert has said, so much the worse for modern civilization, for it must assuredly perish.

Lest it be supposed however that we misconceive the spirit of the times, or misrepresent the aims and principles of the Revolution in its actual development, we will let it speak for itself, and judge it out of its own mouth. We will, however, at once acknowledge that as the Revolution has many shades of opinion, many degrees of malignity, so are its advocates not all equally guilty. It is all things to all men; like the Church it casts out its nets, though its nets are snares, deceits and lies. In its wonderful organization—its hierarchy—its membership—its association—its vows of obedience as well as in its sacraments and secret worship, it is a vast and diabolical caricature of the

Church of Christ. It embraces in its membership kings, priests, and statesmen as well as the noon-day assassin and the builder of the barricade. It has the larger portion of the press of Europe in its pay, or under its protection and influence. It is a secret and standing conspiracy against Christianity as well as against the legitimate dynasties and the established order of Europe. Its Chief is on the Throne of France. The Imperial Crown covers, but does not conceal the *bonnet rouge* of the Carbonaro. But not to all men is given to know its secrets; its leaders are wary, they do not offer their strong meat to children; the great mass of its supporters are acquainted only with its milder or more attractive principles. To the few only are known the ultimate views of this vast European conspiracy. "Our final aim," so it is declared in the rules of the supreme society given to the initiated, "is that of Voltaire and the French Revolution, the complete annihilation of Catholicism and even of the Christian Idea";—again; "the question is not only to upset the Papacy, but to extirpate it; not only to extirpate it, but to dishonour it; not only to dishonour it; but to drag it through the mud." "It is decided in our counsels that we will have Christians no more."* "Enter into no conspiracies but against Rome," writes one of the chiefs of the Carbonari. "The Revolution in the church is revolution in permanence; it is the necessary overthrow of thrones and of dynasties"—"In war against kings and bigots," to quote from a letter of a German revolutionist to a Freemason, "all means are good. To annihilate them everything is lawful—violence, treachery, fire, the sword, poison, the dagger. The end justifies the means."†

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. The character of the secret societies and their connection with the chiefs of the revolution are too well known to need further evidence in illustration. We will content ourselves with the description which Gregory the Sixteenth gives of them, when he denounces them as places "in which all that was most criminal in the sects and heresies, all that was most sacrilegious, most shameful and most blasphemous, flow together as in a common sewer commingling with all its impurities."

* Creteineau-Joly. † Monseigneur Segur.

Another section of the revolutionary party aim exclusively at the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Pope, and are content to leave Christianity, unsheltered and unhoused, to fall, as they suppose, beneath its own weight, or under the contempt of an emancipated and enlightened age. Others again hope, by displacing the Pope from his independent Sovereignty, to raise up rival and contending interests in the various kingdoms of Europe, and thus tear up the unity of Christendom. Another section of the revolutionary party rely for success upon the introduction of fundamental reforms into the States of the Church, in the hope that by unsettling long established principles they may weaken in the minds of men respect for authority and the habit of obedience. Others, again, excite the vain and the unreflecting by romantic visions of the future greatness of the Church entering upon a new order of things, when, laying aside power and independent position, a missionary Pope shall preach repentance to an enthusiastic and obedient world.

But under whatever class the supporters of the revolution are ranged, there is one principle common to all, working through the various ramifications of modern society and modern thought, and that is a reluctance to recognise any authority outside of, or superior to, man's will. All power resides in the people. Obedience is due to authority for the convenience of society alone. Thought is free. The judgment of the individual is the supreme umpire over conscience, and the sole test of truth. On the other hand, to obey for God's sake, and to hold that in the government of the world all power comes from God, and is not to be resisted or abrogated by the popular will, unless the divinely appointed authorities violate the laws of God and the principles of eternal justice, and further, to recognise in authority the manifestation of the Divine will, the right to control thought, to judge in matters of conscience and to act in defence of truth, are principles so repugnant to the spirit of the age as to excite the utmost animosity against institutions which represent and embody such ideas. Hence the war to the death which the revolution wages against the Papacy as representing, in a most signal manner, moral power and the supernatural idea. *Delenda est Carthago.* The field of battle is chosen; the hostile camps are clearly marked out; the armies on either side are arrayed in formidable order. There is no room for com-

promise, no hope for reconciliation. Our trust is in the God of battles, but we must not neglect to work the means we have at hand. The best means to the end we have in view are certainly not to be found in a cold criticism of the shortcomings and abuses in the administration of the Roman government, nor in harsh reproaches heaped on the heads of the Roman people. Have we no faults at home? are we Catholics of the united kingdom so pure in our political lives, so free from the taint of corruption, from the debasing influences of party-alliances, or from the intellectual pride which is content to be a censorious spectator in the mighty conflict, that we can afford to deal out judgment on the conduct of cardinals, priests, and people in the Roman States? Let us leave the Roman people to reform their own accidental and temporary abuses, while we rally in defence of essential rights and of the eternal principles of justice. The best means, indeed, to further the Catholic cause is, on the one hand, to know ourselves, our own wants and deficiencies, to put ourselves into moral training, so that we may be strong in the future, and on the other to discover our political enemies, so that we may at once take up against them a hostile position. We have already arrived at this conclusion; that the support of the temporal Papacy is become the rule and measure of our political life. In its contest with, and condemnation of, those first principles which are the life and essence of the revolutionary movement we cannot fail to perceive the mind of the Church. We cannot as Catholics in such a contest take a side contrary to that of the Pope. His enemies are ours. For his sake we ought to sacrifice our party predilections, our self-interest and our slothfulness. But what have we done in England against the Pope's enemies? In the freest country in the world, with a press and parliament open to us, we have not only neglected opportunities given to no other Catholics in Europe, but have too often used these very opportunities in support of the declared and public enemies of the Papacy. How tamely, how feebly, for instance, are the political principles of Catholicism represented in the House of Commons and in Catholic Ireland.

There is no pith and marrow, no counsel or understanding in Catholic opposition to the furious and systematic onslaughts, repeated session after session, against the temporal power and legitimate rights of the Pope. In every

political assembly in Europe, as well as in the daily press and current literature, the Jew, the infidel, the socialist, the advocate of revolution, carry out their policy with wonderful unanimity and incomparable energy; whilst, on the contrary, amongst Catholics disunion and political apathy reign everywhere paramount. It was not until the blood-thirsty and unbelieving Turk was thundering victoriously at the gates of Vienna, that Europe was aroused to a sense of its danger; but now a worse invasion and a more subtle foe than the victorious Ottoman is threatening the very seat and source of civilization and Catholicism, and Catholic Europe seems deaf and dumb and blind, as if paralysed in every limb and ripe for dissolution.

The public opinion of Europe, no longer guided by faith, is formed by the active and the few, and in no way rightly or fully represents the wishes and interests of the vast mass of mankind. At the present juncture it is operated on hostilely by the enemies of law and order; the best way to meet the evil is to turn its weapons against itself. We must, in the first place, endeavour to extend the circle of sound and christian knowledge, and then, by Parliamentary discussion, and clear and candid statements of facts, seek to correct the judgment and remove the prejudice from the public mind. This is no easy task for Catholics in this country, but yet it is by no means hopeless; for the English people are naturally truth-loving, and when they see men really in earnest about a thing, with something to say for themselves, they are not often indisposed to listen. Catholics only require to be heard in self-defence and in defence of the Pope; they have been long and foully misrepresented to their countrymen who are as ignorant of the character of the Papacy as they are of the present state of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. But to have any weight on public opinion Catholics themselves must have a clear understanding as to their own political principles, be united in mind and uncompromising in action. Above all we must have a practical end in view. We must avoid theories and speculations. We must not be too ceremonious or bashful in speaking our mind or in holding our own. Have we a political enemy in front, we must put him out of power at once, render him harmless for the future, silent for ever if we can, without fear of ulterior consequences. If we show that we know how to strike, and to strike at the right time and in the

right place, we shall be listened to and respected. But before we even think of striking our enemies home, we must agree among ourselves as to who the enemy is whom we are going to strike. Absence of a united aim has too long been the weakness of Catholics. But Catholics cannot now be well disunited, since in his Allocutions and Encyclical letters and Bull of Excommunication Pius the Ninth has defined his enemies and consequently ours, to be not only "all those who have been guilty of rebellion in the Pontifical dominions, or of their usurpation, occupation, invasion or of such like acts," but also, "all such as have commanded, favoured, helped, counselled or adhered to such acts under whatever pretext or in what way soever."

From this comprehensive condemnation, whosoever may escape, cannot be excluded a Ministry, which has for its chief members a Palmerston, a Russell, and a Gladstone—a Ministry whose foreign policy has but one aim—to foster everywhere an active and propagating revolutionary spirit—and to trample down the Temporal Power of the Pope. About the evil influence of the present English government in foreign politics there cannot exist a shadow of a doubt. We had no need to convince us of this, of the singular revelations, so recently made public, in the late Count Cavour's letters. We are not surprised at the secret and underhand encouragement which that lawless and truthless archconspirator received from the representative of Great Britain at the congress of Paris. We can well imagine with what eagerness he listened to, and with what alacrity he circulated among his co-conspirators, the denunciations against the temporal rule of the Pope which the English ambassador indulged in. "Clarendon showed," writes Count Cavour, "great energy both with respect to the Pope and to the king of Naples. He described the former as the very worst government that ever was, and qualified the latter in words which Massari might have spoken." In the intimacy of private friendship and in their long after-dinner conversations, Cavour poured into the sympathizing ear of Lord Clarendon his nefarious schemes of aggrandisement and his lawless designs against the rights of the neighbouring crowns of Italy. "In our age, I believe," he whispers, "audacity is the best policy; it did good to Napoleon, it may do the same for us." "Since diplomacy," he continues, "is powerless against Austria" (that is to say since Austria has violated the

rights of none, broken no international law) "there remain only two courses open to Piedmont—the one is to be reconciled with Austria and the Pope—and the other is to prepare for a terrible war, a war to the death, a war to the knife. Lord Clarendon without expressing either astonishment or disapprobation said, "I believe you are right, your position is becoming very arduous." These letters of Count Cavour record still more damaging admissions and statements on the part of Lord Clarendon ; but since he has denied them, though in a most shuffling and unsatisfactory manner, we will not make use of them. We are too well aware of the character of Cavour, and that calumny and the lie are the recognised weapons of the revolution, to place implicit reliance on such records. But enough in these compromising statements is undenied and uncontradicted to convict the representative of Great Britain at the congress of Paris, as an accomplice before the fact by sympathy and encouragement, of a premeditated and lawless infraction of the rights of independent sovereigns recognised by the public law of Europe. A government, which in its chief members promotes such revolutionary hopes and measures, can look to Catholics no more for support. We must choose between the Pope and Lord Palmerston. The friends of the Pope henceforth must be the active enemies of Lord Palmerston. There is no alternative: questions of home policy, considerations of expediency, cannot for an instant be thrown into the balance against the temporal power of the Pope. In the temporal power of the Pope is involved, not only the right to possess territory, but the very right of the Church to exist as a corporate and independent body—and on the existence of the church as a corporate body depends the existence of the christian Idea in Europe. The logical then, as well as the avowed, aim of the revolution is to trample out together with the Temporal Power the Christian Idea. Concession, therefore, is not the yielding up more or less of so much territory, well or ill-governed, but an entire sacrifice of the principle in dispute. Therefore again, as we might expect, we are met on the threshold of the question with the Papal 'non possumus.' Unless we be prepared to regard the Papal allocutions as so much waste-paper, Catholics cannot, for a second, put any public object, religious or political, on a level with the Papal question ; there can be no Catholic interest of so much public

moment as the instant, steady, and uncompromising support of the temporal power of the Papacy. The Pope indeed regards principles not persons. It is the duty, therefore, of Catholic politicians, not to follow this or that party for party sake, but to offer a continued opposition against the principles of evil in whomsoever they may be found. The Holy See is no political partizan. All parties must do service to the Church; the Church does not stoop to do the work of any party. Men and parties pass away, or change names, or are not brought under the cognizance of the Holy See, but principles remain, and can be defined and judged. The revolutionary spirit is everywhere condemned by the Pope; revolutionary principles are everywhere supported by Lord Palmerston. The issue is clear. The false liberalism of 1789, however modified, however wrapped in the rags of a disgraceful partizanship, can have charms for Catholics no longer.

To keep our present hostility ever fresh in the mind, let us remember, with the Philosophic historian, how "the French Revolution produced a protracted religious war of twenty-one years." "For such," he says, "it was, not only from its origin, but from its revolutionary and destructive character, and from its fanatic opposition to everything holy. "It matters little," he continues, "what may be the idol of the day, whether a republic and the goddess of reason—the *grande nation*—or the lust of conquest and the glory of arms. It is still the same demon of political destruction—the same antichristian spirit of government, which wishes to mislead the age, and control the world."*

To add zest to our zeal let us never forget that the Papacy is the chief opponent of the Revolution, and for that very reason encounters the systematic hostility of a Palmerston, the audacious insolence of a Russell, and the reviling tongue of a Gladstone.

Pitt, with the intuitive foresight so natural to his mind, declared in his day to the Pope's minister, that the sole opponent able to cope with, and conquer the Revolutionary Idea was the Religious Idea. If we have no longer a Pitt to lead the House of Commons, let Catholics at least be true to Pitt's principles.

* Frederick Schlegel's Philosophy of History.

To-day is not the day for compromise or concealment. The time for reserve is past. Everywhere the tongue of the Revolution is loosened; let Catholics also be outspoken, for the Papacy itself is at stake. Let Catholics be true to their church, to the Pope and to themselves. In the most influential assembly of the world let the Catholic Voice be heard, in the crisis of party warfare let the Catholic Vote be felt. To-day the Pope expects every Catholic to do his duty. Shall we disappoint him? Shall we, by sacrificing one jot or tittle of our principles, add our mite to the universal dishonesty of revolutionary politics? If we be bound by party bonds, let us break our fetters as a slave would his chains. Let us be Catholic and free, let us be united and strong, let us exchange dishonour for honour, cowardice for courage, and let it be seen how noble a service the Catholics of the United kingdom can do to-day to the Temporal Power of the Pope and to the Catholic Cause in Europe.

ART. VIII.—*Christian Missions*: their Agents; their Methods; and Results. By T. W. M. Marshall, M.A. 8vo. 3 vols. London; Burns and Lambert, 1862.

THIS elaborate and exhaustive survey of the Christian Missions throughout the world realises, in the comprehensiveness of its plan and the minute accuracy of its execution, an anxious, but by no means sanguine hope which we have long entertained. It is now many years since the present Cardinal Wiseman, then just beginning to rise into eminence as Rector of the English College at Rome, first traced, in a learned Italian essay, the outline of that most conclusive argument which Mr. Marshall, in these admirable volumes, has elaborated in its most comprehensive form. In that most able essay, and in the more popular and compendious form which the same argument necessarily assumed in his well-known "Moorfields Lectures" the Cardinal examined, for the various missions throughout the world, with all the fulness which the materials at

that time available permitted, the very same questions to the solution of which these massive volumes are addressed. They are questions which, in one form or another, have interested every inquirer who has ever seriously compared the relative claims of Catholicism and Protestantism. But they have been especially important since, by the development of their respective resources for missionary operations, each of the two rival systems has appeared practically to invite examination in this particular; and since the Protestant party, especially, has habitually appealed to the vastness, the grandeur, and the success of its truly gigantic missionary organization, as one of the most convincing evidences of that evangelical character which is its especial pride. Even in the array of Protestant testimonies to the working of Protestantism which Dr. Döllinger has collected in his great work on the Reformation,* this important topic is not overlooked, although Dr. Döllinger's work is confined to the first century after the establishment of Protestantism. The same topic forms an interesting episode, although far from satisfactorily treated, in Dr. Höninghaus's "Result of my Wanderings in the Domain of Protestant Literature."† Nor indeed would it seem possible that it should escape the notice of any one who was earnestly comparing the respective claims of the rival Rules of Faith upon his acceptance, how very important it must be as "a criterion of the true Rule of Faith, delivered by our Blessed Redeemer to His Church, to see whether the preaching according to any given rule has been attended with that blessing which was promised, and which secures the enjoyment of His support, or whether its total failure proves it not to have satisfied the conditions He required." ‡

It is only now, however, that this criterion can be applied with that full conclusiveness which admits of no appeal. Up to the middle of the last century the various Protestant communities were practically without any effective missionary organization. The Calvinistic Church of Geneva, it is true, was very early (1536) in establishing a society

* *Die Reformation: ihre innere Entwicklung und ihre Wirkungen.* 3 vols. Regensburg, 1846.

† *Das Resultat meiner Wanderungen durch das Gebiet der Protestantischen Literatur*, 1837.

‡ *Moorfield Lectures*, p. 164.

with this end: but it was little more than a name. The earliest working missionary societies among Protestants are those incorporated by charter in England in 1701, and that established by Frederic IV. of Denmark in 1706; and, as none of these can be said to have become fully effective for a considerable time after its foundation, it seems not unreasonable that a Protestant controversialist should decline to rest the merits of his case on such evidence of practical success as could be produced within the eighteenth century. It is to the nineteenth century alone that the appeal can fairly be made; and although on the one hand, the very acknowledgment of a barrenness so complete and so protracted, is no mean argument against the claim of Protestant churches to be recognized as depositaries of that apostolical command, the very head and front of which was to "go teach all nations," yet on the other hand, perhaps, the rapidity with which, according to the records to which they appeal, their missionary agencies, when once seriously undertaken, rose into activity, and the vastness of the sphere over which they simultaneously spread their operations, ought to be accepted as an evidence of vitality in their period of full growth and development, far more than outweighing any appearance of weakness or of shortcoming during their ages of conflict and of gradual advance towards maturity.

Now, as regards the missionary operations of the past century, and of the first quarter of the present, Cardinal Wiseman had left little to be desired. Nor was he alone in the discussion of the subject, nor even in the practical conclusions regarding it which the evidences must suggest. No one can forget the terrible exposure of the Protestant missionary system by Sydney Smith, nor even the more damaging, because more reluctant acknowledgments extorted from the Quarterly Reviewers. But the Cardinal's survey of the missions, however perfect in its time, has become antiquated by the very progress of years, and still more by the rapid advance of the changes, social, religious, and political, which the quarter of a century that has elapsed since its publication, has brought in its train. One great field of missionary labour, Oceanica and Polynesia, has in part grown up, in part been completely revolutionized since 1836, the year in which the Moorfields Lectures were delivered: the reports from these more recent missions, and the sources of information regarding even the older and

more firmly established missions, have been better systematized and made more easy of access; above all, the information from independent sources, the casual notices of travellers, the well-considered judgments of historians, and many other miscellaneous contributions to the store of materials for an accurate estimate of the reality, have all been enormously increased by the increased facilities of intercourse, the greater freedom and frequency of publication, and the greater interest with which these operations are now observed by the world at large.

A time therefore had fairly come, when the criterion might again be applied, and when its application might with even greater certainty be accepted as a final and satisfactory test of results. This is the task which Mr. Marshall has proposed to himself in the work now before us; a work which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most valuable contributions which the age has produced, not merely to modern controversy, but to the history of religion, to the solution of great moral and social problems in which the common interests of humanity are involved, and to the general story of progress and civilization, especially in the less known regions of the earth. Mr. Marshall, however, has not confined himself to the more modern part of the subject. He has not been content to take up the question where it was left by Cardinal Wiseman, or by any of his predecessors. He has taken wider ground than this. Resuming the entire story of the numerous missions undertaken by the various bodies of Christians from the Reformation downwards, he has collected not only the separate results in each particular case, but the general aggregate of them all. He has tested these results by all the varieties of scrutiny which historical impartiality has devised. He has made the fullest allowances for adverse circumstances, in so far as they are extrinsic to the missionary cause itself; he has considered the results in their bearings on doctrine, on morals, on education and social order, even on material progress and civilization. His authorities are carefully selected and cautiously weighed. He has admitted very few Catholic authorities at all, and never without expressly adverting to the circumstance. He has made it a point, where it was practicable, to derive information from the Protestant missionaries themselves, and has taken by preference, among them, those who are most hostile to the

Catholic religion. And, lastly he has carried his record down to the very latest dates ; many of the official reports or individual witnesses whom he cites being of the very last year ; thus fully justifying the striking and comprehensive undertaking implied in the remarkable title of his book, which he has truly made a complete history "of Christian missions, their agents, their method, and their results."

But while the object of inquiry is thus generally stated, Mr. Marshall's book, from its first to its last page, has but one tendency and one effect ; to show forth, by evidence which it is impossible to misunderstand or to undervalue, the divine origin of the Catholic Religion ; not only positively—by establishing beyond doubt and beyond cavil, the marvellous fecundity of Catholic teaching in every age, in every clime, and amid every variety of race, of national usage, and of national prejudice ; but negatively—by disproving, through the application of this practical criterion of success in fulfilling the command "to teach all nations," the divine character of the Protestant communities. And this he establishes almost exclusively "by the evidence of Protestant witnesses of all classes and creeds,—English and American, German and French, Swedish and Dutch ; historians and naturalists, civil and military officials, tourists and merchants, chaplains and missionaries."

All these classes he has largely used, and no one can even glance through his pages without feeling that he has fully justified the modest confidence with which he claims to have enjoyed as an English writer peculiar advantages in the collection of these materials. There is no literature so rich in narratives of travel as the English ; and although there are few travellers more persistently anti-catholic, yet neither are there any records of travel which enter more freely than the English into details regarding religion. It was in truth the casual perusal of a number of English books of travel which first led to this design of Mr. Marshall. The astonishing unanimity of the writers on one single point in spite of the diversity of their religious opinions, first suggested to him that course of thought the results of which this admirable book exhibits. Many of the books on which it is formed are in themselves of little literary value ; but considered as bringing together into one mass the evidence of a number of independent and unconnected witnesses, lay and clerical, monarchists and republicans,

it is as impossible to misinterpret their verdict, as it is impossible to dispute their credibility. Nor does Mr. Marshall overstate the result when he declares, that they "must be regarded as witnesses employed by Divine Providence, without their own knowledge and concurrence, to detect and announce to the world a fact which the eager prejudices and passions of men would otherwise combine to conceal."

The work, therefore, is essentially a comparison and a contrast. Dividing the earth, in so far as it is a field of missionary labour, into eight great districts, Mr. Marshall has followed, step by step, the track alternately of the emissaries of either church;—calmly comparing their respective resources; the facilities for missionary enterprise within their reach; their personal character and conduct; the motives by which they seemed influenced; the methods which they have severally employed; and finally, the success which has attended their endeavours.

And first, it is impossible not to be struck with astonishment by the enormous resources which have been at the command of the various Protestant missionary societies during the last half century, and the extent of which seems to grow with every successive year. It is of course impossible within limits such as ours to follow the details of the calculation. Referring for all such particulars to Mr. Marshall's comprehensive summary, and confining ourselves to results, it will be enough to say that that great authority which, above all others, carries weight with the English public, "The Times," two years ago, (April 19th, 1860,) estimated the working capital of the British Missionary Societies alone at the enormous sum, year by year, of TWO MILLIONS STERLING! And although it is true that it is only of late years this enormous amount has been reached, yet by a very careful and moderate estimate of the proceedings of past years, it appears beyond all possibility of question that the expenditure of the English-speaking missions alone, those of this country and America, without including the Protestant missions of the continent, has reached within the present century *at least forty millions of money!*

Of this immense outlay a very large proportion consisted of the salaries of officials, and the support of missionaries, and of their wives and families; but a very large proportion also, has been devoted to the printing and dissemina-

tion of bibles, prayer-books, and other religious books, in the languages of almost all the various races which are spread over the earth. The annual income of the British and Foreign Bible Society had risen, within a dozen years after its foundation, to a hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Hewitt, in his *colonization and Christianity*,* estimates the expenditure on Bibles alone, of this and other English societies, at a hundred and seventy thousand pounds! And if we add together the resources of the numberless kindred associations, we arrive at a result which, as confined to this single object it becomes almost impossible to realize. The historian of the American Bible Society, Mr. Strickland, "gives a list in 1849, of seventy parent societies, having their thousands of auxiliaries and branches." They had, he says, already circulated versions of the Bible in one hundred and forty-six languages or dialects, and the work has since been extended. So little sign, indeed, is there of any diminution either in the number or the income of these institutions, that the receipts of the English Bible Society were larger in 1858 than at any former date, amounting to nearly £155,000; and they had issued during that year 1,625,985 bibles, or nearly 24,000 more than on any previous occasion. In the following year, 1859, this already enormous revenue had increased to more than £195,000. In the year 1858, the subscriptions to the Church Missionary Society also exceeded £100,000., and had swelled in 1859 to £163,000.; so that *two* English institutions alone, devoted to kindred objects, had received about three hundred and sixty thousand pounds in twelve months, or nearly one thousand pounds *per diem*, and certainly not less, since their foundation, than *ten millions sterling*. When it is considered that similar societies, whose number can hardly be estimated with accuracy, exist in every Protestant state in the world, and that all of them enjoy the control of proportionate revenues;—the English Wesleyans alone consuming £100,000. annually in missions as far back as 1839, the London Missionary Society at the same date £80,000, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel having 'in one year dealt with a total of more than £137,000.;—so that *five* of the countless societies of Great Britain

* p. 418.

disposed of about *seven hundred thousand pounds* in a single year, of which the three last alone have consumed about seven millions *since* 1840;—we shall in some degree approach a fair estimate of the total outlay upon this one department of protestant missionary routine.

Now it cannot be doubted that facts like these are unquestionably of the very highest significance, as an evidence of deep earnestness and unfeigned sincerity upon the part of those who thus lavishly bestow their means for what they believe to be the work of God and of religion; and so far at least, it may be freely acknowledged that, if our Lord's sole commission to His disciples had been to give freely of their substance for the conversion of the world, the Protestant communities of modern days cannot be reproached with indifference to the call. But unhappily for those who may be content to rest their case here, the test of the true apostolic character is not the amount of money contributed to the work of the gospel, but the practical success in teaching the gospel to the nations;—not the number of pounds sterling paid into the missionary-strong box, but the number of souls won to the fold of the Divine Shepherd. And, in the mind of every rational inquirer into the results of missionary enterprise, the largeness of the pecuniary resources at the disposal of those to whom the real work of apostleship is confided, so far from reckoning as a ground of merit to themselves, only brings with it for them a larger share of personal responsibility; and by facilitating, humanly speaking, the accomplishment of the enterprise, makes its failure, should it fail in their hands, more signal and more complete.

The Missionary Districts over which Mr. Marshall's inquiry extends, are eight in number:—China, India, Ceylon, the Antipodes, Oceanica, Africa, the Levant, and America. We could not hope, nor indeed shall we think of attempting, to follow him, even in outline, through each of these. We are perfectly convinced, however, that no one who has once entered upon the inquiry will be able to rest satisfied without a full examination of every portion of Mr. Marshall's comparative survey. It is so admirable in all its parts—so completely exhaustive in the method of treatment—so full of curious details, interesting for their own sake, but doubly interesting for their important bearing on the inquiry;—that, even as a book of pleasant entertainment, it is sure to captivate every cultivated reader. Our

task must be a much more humble one. We must be content to offer a few extracts from the more important chapters, as a specimen of the author's method of treating the subject; and for the general argument of the work we can only summarize briefly the results of his comprehensive investigation.

The chapter on the missions of China, (which had already formed the subject of a separate essay by Mr. Marshall,) is specially interesting. It is divided into two sections, on the Catholic missions, and on those of the various Protestant bodies by which the work has been attempted. As we have already on more than one occasion entered at some length into the history of the Catholic Missions in China, we must content ourselves with a brief reference to Mr. Marshall's chapter on the subject. It is a most picturesque and most striking summary; nor has any writer ever appreciated more thoroughly not alone the character of the great men by whom the work was inaugurated—Ricci, Adam Schaal, Verbiest, and the long line of brethren who succeeded them—but the true nature of the position which they held among that extraordinary race, and the hold which they alone, of all the strangers who have ever visited China, have succeeded in obtaining. Mr. Marshall details very graphically the alternations of favour and persecution which they met. Our only concern is with the result, and above all other with the singular permanence and vitality which have marked these missions.

At the close of the great persecution which for a time seemed to threaten the total extirpation of christianity in China, "the Jesuit Fathers had more than one hundred and twenty thousand Christians under their charge, the Lazarists eighty thousand, the missionaries of Propaganda about thirty thousand, and the Dominicans about twenty thousand; making a total of more than two hundred and fifty thousand converts is Tonking alone. The persecution continued after their departure, but though some fell away, the great majority were able to bear it. Even Protestant writers tell us, though they appear to display more sympathy with the heathen oppressors than with their Christian victims, that a century later there were 'about 370,000 Christians' in Cochin China. Their number had increased, therefore, in spite of exile or martyrdom, by more than 100,000. And even this does

not reveal the marvellous and almost incredible results obtained in that terrible mission. In 1857, Bishop Retord, the well known Vicar Apostolic of Western Tonking, who has himself braved death in every form, and whose continued existence is not the least extraordinary fact in this history, announced to Europe that the Annamite Christians then numbered about 530,000, of whom 403,900 had actually partaken of one or other of the Sacraments during the previous year." Nor did this wonderful characteristic of vitality die out even with the total withdrawal from the missions of the great Society to which they had owed so much.

"The Christians of China, from the days of Ricci to the present hour, have been ever the same. We have noticed only some of the more prominent incidents of their warfare, because it was impossible to mention them all. A few have apostatised under their torments, but others have hastened to seize the palm of which they had proved themselves unworthy. In 1805, after more than forty years of abandonment, Sir George Staunton estimated the Christians of China Proper at 200,000. In 1840, Commodore Read reported that 'there are not less than 583,000 Catholic converts at this time.' In 1859, there were 530,000 in Cochin China alone; besides 40,000 in the city of Pekin,—80,000 in the diocese of Nankin,—100,000 in the province of Su-tchuen,—60,000 in the district of Shang-hai,—40,000 in the diocese of Fukien,—16,000 in Corea,—10,000 in Mongolia,—9,000 in Thibet,—besides a proportionate number in other northern and eastern provinces, and many in Tartary and Mantchooria, amounting probably in the aggregate to more than a million. And the increase of pastors, in spite of incessant martyrdoms, has kept pace with that of disciples. In 1859, there were *fifty-one* Bishops, and *six hundred and twenty-four* European and native priests, the latter numbering 428. There were also *eighteen ecclesiastical colleges*. Finally, the number of Chinese women who have embraced the religious life in the order of St. Dominic is so great, that a few years ago a special persecution 'was directed against the Chinese *Tertiaries*,' and 'whole families were united in the fellowship of the Order.'"—vol. i. p. 222-24.

It is the same in every part of this vast empire. "In the year 1844, in the single Vicariate of Western Tongking, 1237 adults were received into the Church; in 1845, 1328; and in 1846, 1308; being an addition of nearly four thousand persons in a single province, who deliberately embraced the lot of the Christians, with all its terrible penalties. Between 1820 and 1858, the total number of converts in Tong-king alone was one hundred and forty

thousand, 'an increase so much the more wonderful, as it has been accomplished in thirty-eight years of atrocious and almost uninterrupted persecution. In the year 1854 alone, there were five thousand three hundred and seventy adult converts.' Finally, the state of the Annamite Church in 1858 is described in the following almost incredible summary. There were at that date, in spite of incessant martyrdoms, fourteen Bishops, (in addition to more than thirty in China Proper;) sixty European missionaries; two hundred and forty native priests; nine hundred clerical students; six hundred and fifty catechists; sixteen hundred native nuns; and five hundred and thirty thousand Christians. 'Our Annamite brethren,' says the annalist of this marvellous mission, 'may with justice repeat at the present day what Tertullian said to the persecutors of old: 'We increase in proportion as you cut us down.''' The descendants of the very earliest converts, of those who first yielded to the influence of the saintly words and more saintly example of the first apostles, still remain true to the faith which their fathers received. Rev. Mr. Milne, one of the latest protestant writers on China, reluctantly records, in 1858, "that 'part of the descendants of Seu are now Romanists.' Three centuries of unrelenting persecution have failed so completely to uproot the churches founded by Ricci, that the same writer is obliged to confess, with unfeigned reluctance, that in the single province first evangelized by Ricci, the Catholics at this hour 'number about seventy thousand souls.''" And Baron von Haxthausén, a witness almost equally beyond suspicion, states that in the great centre of adverse influence, the capital city of Pekin, there are still more than forty thousand Catholics, while in the more northern districts of China the catholic religion is daily extending.*

The constancy with which these simple children of the Church have clung to the faith through all the long years of persecution to which they have been exposed, is in itself the highest testimony that could be borne, as well to their moral worth, as to the sincerity of their convictions. That they continue to the present day to maintain the same earnest simplicity, is abundantly attested by the grudging acknowledgments of the emissaries of the rival system. Mr. Minturn in his "From New York to Delhi," pub-

* Etudes sur la Russie, T. i. p. 441.

lished in 1858, records his admiration of "the earnestness with which a numerous congregation of Chinese chanted the responses in the Romish Cathedral of Shanghai."* Mr. Oliphant, visiting the Cathedral at Tonkadoo, was equally struck by the large attendance of female Chinese converts, whose devout demeanour testified to the sincerity of their conversion. And even Mr. Smith, himself a missionary, while he refuses to acknowledge the interior spirit which alone gives value to the outward actions which he records, bears ample testimony to the universality of the observance among the native christians in China of all the ordinary catholic usages of every day devotion.

"Sometimes Mr. Smith comes into actual contact with Chinese Christians, and he is always careful to record his impression of such interviews. He is in a boat on the river Min, and the crew, who probably knew nothing of the character of their passenger, 'on their first coming on board, crossed themselves repeatedly on the forehead, cheeks, and breast, after the most approved Roman Catholic fashion.' Their religion was evidently a reality, and they were 'not ashamed of the Cross of Christ;' but this was not the reflection which their Christian behaviour excited in Mr. Smith. Presently he meets 'about a hundred villagers, and finding that they were principally professors of the Roman Catholic religion,' one of his party took the opportunity of informing them, that the Mother of God 'was *only* a sinful mortal like ourselves!' upon which he adds, 'they appeared to be somewhat staggered, and looked in his face, as if incredulous and distrustful.' Yet that significant look had no lesson for Mr. Smith and his companions, who were perhaps ignorant that the very Turks reproach Protestants for their irreverence towards Her whom even Mahometans honour as the Mother of Christ.

"But Mr. Smith had other adventures not less instructive than this. 'I visited a Corean junk,' he says, 'manned by Roman Catholic sailors, and lying in the river off the custom-house.' The captain of this junk—which had crossed the broad waters of the Yellow Sea, not for lucre, but from a motive of religion—had lost 'his own father and grandfather' by martyrdom. But this had not daunted him, nor his Christian crew; and Mr. Smith tells us that 'their only object in making so long and perilous a voyage was, to obtain a Bishop for Corea, whom they would carry back in their junk.' For months they had been at anchor alongside that custom-house, answering the inquisitive demands of the officials with such pretexts as their ingenuity could devise, and patiently waiting, at the sacrifice of time, and braving the perils of discovery, till God should bring their Bishop to them. To these fearless Christians, Mr.

* p. 33.

Smith, unmindful that he stood in the presence of a company of confessors with whom religion was the chief concern of life, presented a number of his books; but within an hour they had detected their real nature, and came 'to return the whole of the books, and to decline the present from me.' It is satisfactory to know, on Mr. Smith's authority, that at last 'they accomplished the object of their visit, and took back a Bishop and three priests. The Bishop had already been seven years a missionary in one of the interior provinces:—and now he was on his way, escorted by the children of martyrs, to shed his own blood whenever God should require the sacrifice.'—vol. i. p. 275-77.

But we must turn to the other side of the contrast—the Protestant Missions in China. We shall pass hastily over the personal sketches of the first protestant missionaries in China—of Morrison, Medhurst, Gutzlaff, Tomlin, and Smith—although they form a curious pendant for the picture which we have seen of Ricci and Schaals, of the early days of the Gospel in the Celestial Empire. Our more direct concern is with the results of their preaching, which will be best illustrated by a few extracts from the reports of the missionaries themselves. Mr. Morrison, in his diary for the years 1813 and 1814, repeatedly expresses his concern that "none seem to feel the power of truth;" that "his ministrations are apparently in vain;" that "his labours are confined to the narrow sphere of his own household." It is the same up to 1820.

"In 1821, for lapse of time brings no change, 'Dr. Morrison was much concerned at the small effect produced by his labours.' In 1822, he still writes, 'there are few natives on whose conscience divine truth has made an impression.' In 1832, after ten years more of enormous expenditure, 'only ten persons have been baptized;' every one of whom was immediately, in spite of what Morrison himself calls their 'obscure views,' provided for by 'the mission,' and employed in printing, but apparently without securing their fidelity; for some years after, the Rev. Howard Malcolm, who was sent to visit and report upon all the Protestant missions in the East, candidly informed his employers,—'there is no Chinese convert at Canton, nor religious services in that language, nor giving of tracts.' And this is confirmed by Dr. Wells Williams, an American missionary, who confesses, in 1839, that 'the prospect at his death was nearly as dark as when he landed;' while even of the 'baptized' printers Morrison himself records, that they were of such doubtful morality, that they were commonly addicted to theft, and, on one occasion, 'stole several cases of type.'—vol. i. p. 240-41.

Unfortunately this report as to the moral character of

the Chinese converts to Protestantism is but too uniform.

"Mr. Medhurst gives us some information about the Protestant 'converts,' whom he describes with his usual sincerity. Of 'one of the first baptised' he reports, that 'when told that money was never given, except for work done or goods delivered, he became indifferent, and is now, we fear, gone back.' Of another he says, 'he was so far softened as to worship Jehovah, though he continued to adore the idols of the country.' This convert had apparently adopted the Roman universality of worship, and was quite willing to admit any number of new gods, provided he was not asked to abandon the old.

"Of another convert, a certain Chin, Mr. Medhurst gives this account. 'He is a smoker of opium. He will of course find eight to ten dollars per month very inadequate.' It appears, then, that this was their bribe to a 'convert.' 'He once promised fair to be a Christian; when in affliction he destroyed his idol, when restored, gave loose to evil habits.'"—vol. i. p. 244-5.

But worthless as these converts proved, not even of such as these is it found practicable to continue the supply. "The attempts of Protestant bodies to evangelise China," said the author of the Bampton Lectures for 1843, '*have signally failed.*' Whoever asserts, added Mr. Wingrove Cooke, in 1858, 'that the Protestant missionaries are making sincere Chinese Christians, must be *either governed by a delusion, or guilty of fraud.*'"

The contrast of results has not failed to strike even protestants themselves.

"As early as 1824, there were already 3,000 Catholics in Malacca alone; and in Singapore, as Commodore Wilkes notices, although the Protestants 'have not met with any success, the Catholics have already made one hundred and fifty proselytes to their faith, though they have only so recently arrived.' And Mr. Malcolm adds, that 'at Singapore, where extraordinary efforts have been made, not a single Malay has yet been converted to the Protestant religion; while the Catholic missionaries, who have two churches there, have effected a great number of conversions amongst the Malays, the Chinese, and others, and assemble every Sunday in their churches a considerable concourse of men of all religions. What can be the reason of this difference?' The only one he can suggest is, that 'the Popish missionaries are in general men of pure morals, and live much more humbly.' A few years later, in 1856, the handful of Catholics had become seven thousand, and in that single year four hundred and fourteen pagans were converted and baptized. On the other hand, Mr. Windsor Earl reports once more 'that the labours of British missionaries have

been absolutely thrown away.' He notices moreover the usual fact, that 'they have invariably remained at the chief settlements of the Europeans;' and that 'the effects of their labours are rarely heard of, except through the medium of missionary publications *brought out from England.*' And Mr. Walter Gibson relates, in 1856, of the city of Batavia, that 'the Catholic clergy were the only ones who ever paid any visits of mercy and charity.' Yet all these witnesses are eager Protestants. Finally, when M. Papin visited the defunct Malacca College, one of the Protestant missionaries frankly avowed, 'that the enormous expenses incurred in its construction were only so much money thrown into the sea, and that all which had been reported of it in Europe was pure charlatanism.'

"Let us return to Mr. Medhurst. In a letter to Morrison, who made no secret of his own hopeless failure, he asks,—'*Why are we not successful in conversions?*' The true answer does not seem to have occurred to him, and the 'sad disunion' among the Protestant Missionaries is the only explanation which he admits.'"—vol. i. p. 247-8.

But the real grounds of contrast lie deeper than this. They are well traced by Mr. Marshall in the following brilliant passage.

"We have traced, in all, its details, the contrast which the Chinese Missions exhibit in their agents, their method, and their results. During three centuries we have seen the missionaries of the Catholic Church—in freedom or in chains, in the palace of the emperor or the obscurity of a dungeon, in the dignity of their lives and the heroism of their death,—everywhere confessing Him by whose grace they became what they were. And we have seen that the spiritual children whom they begot, in every province of that empire, from the deserts of Tartary to the gulf of Siam, were worthy of them. The annals of Christianity tell of no braver deeds, the records of its combats contain no nobler triumphs. St. Peter would have embraced such apostles as his brethren; St. Paul would have said to such disciples, 'You are our glory and our joy.'

"On the other hand, we have seen the missionaries of another religion crowded together in the seaports of China, 'listening to far-off tidings of what is happening in the interior;' but we have not once met them in Su-tchuen, nor in Corea, nor in Tong-King, nor in Mongolia, nor in Tartary, nor in Thibet. They have consumed fifty years, and untold sums of money, in safely multiplying books which nobody could either read or understand; they have scandalised the very heathen, as well as their own friends, by the manner of their life, so that the former called them 'Lie-preaching Devils,' and the latter only named them with a jest or a sneer; they have gathered a few disciples whom they hesitated to receive, and were ashamed to acknowledge,—who took their wages without thanks, and plundered them without remorse; they have published

reports, which they privately confessed to be false, of conversions which never took place; and they have only succeeded at last in confirming more deeply in their errors the heathen to whom they have made Christianity both hateful and ludicrous, and in obstructing the apostolic labours of men whom they reviled without knowing, and whose heroism they grudgingly confessed without once daring to imitate it. During two whole generations they have watched the brave press forward to the battle-field, but have themselves refused to take part in the fight. They had no vocation to this apostolic warfare, and they knew it. 'These actions,' they seem to have said, 'belong not to such as us.' And so when blood began to flow, and the moment arrived for confessing the Name of Jesus, they turned their heads and fled away. And while the furnace was being heated, 'seven times more than it was wont to be heated,' and the valiant 'walked in the midst of the flame, praising God and blessing the Lord;' and even women and children, but yesterday pagans, were crying aloud in the midst of their torments, 'Let them know that Thou art the Lord, the only God,'—these men hastened to their homes, to hide themselves in an inner room, and to write words of malice against the faith which the martyrs were sealing with their blood, and against the apostles who had delivered it to them."—vol. i. p. 318-20.

In India Mr. Marshall traces the contrast with even a more vigorous pen. His portraiture of St. Francis Xavier, whose apostolic career left as its best monument two hundred thousand christians along either coast of the peninsula; of Nobili, who, in the province of Madura, converted nearly a hundred thousand almost all of the caste of Brahmins; of De Britto, who in fifteen months baptized with his own hand eight thousand infidels; of Francis Laynez, who, in the single year 1700, baptized four thousand converts, all of whom he himself individually instructed; and of their saintly and devoted associates Borghese, and Diaz, and Rodriguez, and Pereira;—is among the most pleasing specimens of religious biography with which we are acquainted.

But here also we must be careful not to suffer ourselves to be tempted away from the matter-of-fact comparison which is our special object. In India, even more than in China, the great characteristic of the missionary achievement of the Catholic Church is its permanence, under circumstances which bear a striking analogy to what we have already seen in China. In India, as in China, the suppression of the Jesuits withdrew for a time what had been the animating principle of a large

proportion of the missionary establishments in that country. In Mr. Marshall's expressive words "the Hindoo was once more alone with his idols, and none remained to tell him that he was in the embrace of death." In India, too, the little remnant was beset by difficulties which to flesh and blood were almost beyond endurance. "On one side of them was the Hindoo, who upbraided them as outcasts; on the other the fierce and persecuting Mahometan, who had already vexed them and their fathers before them, and who now attacked them with fresh fury when he found that their defenders were gone. In the single year 1784, thirty thousand Christians of Canara were forcibly carried off at once, and this was only one instance out of many. And besides these deadly foes, and the equally terrible scourge of 'an inundation of Mahrattas,' they were surrounded by sectaries of every name and creed, now bolder than ever,—Syrian, Danish, Dutch, and English,—who each spread his snare for them. And they were alone, with none to warn, to guide, or to help. 'For nearly sixty years,' says one who hated them for the faith which they professed, 'i. e. from 1760 to 1820, scarcely any care was taken of the Catholic Missions, and of their numerous converts. The older missionaries gradually died out, while none arrived from Europe to fill their place.'"

And yet, through this long interval of silence and neglect, the good seed sown by those saintly husbandmen, has continued to preserve its vitality.

"It would almost seem as if God had resolved to justify His servants, by a special and marvellous providence, before the face of the whole earth; and had left their work to what seemed inevitable ruin and decay, only to show that neither the world nor the devil, neither persecution, nor fraud, nor neglect, could extinguish the life that was in it. And so when men came to look upon it, after sixty years of silence and desolation, they found a living multitude, where they expected to count only 'the corpses of the death.' Some indeed had failed, and paganism or heresy had sung its song of triumph over the victims; others had retained only the great truths of the Trinity and the Incarnation, while ignorance, and its twin sister supersition, had spread a veil over their eyes; but still the prodigious fact was revealed that *more than one million remained*, after half a century of utter abandonment, who still clung with inflexible constancy to the faith which had been preached to their fathers, and still bowed the head with loving awe when the names of their departed apostles were uttered amongst them. Such is the astonishing conclusion of a trial without parallel in the history of

Christianity, and which if it had befallen the christians of other lands, boasting their science and civilisation, might perhaps have produced other results than among these despised Asiatics. When we have furnished some account of their present condition, and have heard what even their enemies say of them, we may proceed to ask the latter what *they* have attempted towards the conversion of India, and how far the attempt has been successful.

"The following table,—which exhibits the state of the Catholic Missions of India in 1857, in all the twenty Apostolic Vicariates into which the territory is now divided—will serve to show, that the permanence which so wonderfully distinguishes these Missions, as well as the neighbouring churches of China, is not the privilege of one or two places only, but is equally conspicuous in every part of the country. It will be observed that the Mission of Madura, founded by de' Nobili, still counts *one hundred and fifty thousand* Catholics; while that of Verapoly, the field in which so many of the Jesuit missionaries laboured, numbers nearly *two hundred and thirty thousand*.

		1857		Catholics
Vicariates.		Bishops.		
1 Madras	Right Revd.	J. Fennelly.....		44,480
2 Bombay	" "	Anast. Hartman ..	}	17,100
3 Eastern Bengal...	" "	Ignatius Persico ..		
4 Western Bengal	" "	Thomas Olliffe		13,000
5 Pondicherry	" "	Clement Bonnard.....		15,000
6 Madura	" "	A. Canoz, S. J.		100,046
7 Hyderabad	" "	Daniel Murphy		150,000
8 Vizagapatam	" "	T. E. Neyret		4,000
9 Mangalore	" "	Michael Anthony		7,130
		Most Revd. F. R. Ludovico.....	}	30,480
10 Verapoly	Right Revd.	F. Bernardino.....		
11 Quilon	Administrator,	F. Bernardino		228,006
12 Mysore	Right Revd.	E. L. Charbonneaux ...		56,000
13 Coimbatore	Administrator,	C. Bonnard		17,110
14 Agra	Right Revd.	F. C. Carli.....		17,200
15 Patna	" "	A. Zubber		20,100
16 Ava and Pegu ...	" "	J. B. Bigaudet		3,400
17 Malayan Peninsula	" "	A. Bauché		5,320
18 Siam	" "	J. B. Pallegoix		5,400
19 Jaffna	" "	J. Bettachini		4,900
20 Colombo	" "	Cajetano Antonio		65,500
				90,900

"From this table, which considerably understates the numbers at the present time, we learn that there are still in the Indian Missions not far short of one million Catholics; or, if we add the Christians attached to the Goa schism, professing also to be Catholics, and whose gradual reconciliation may be anticipated, we shall have a total of about *twelve hundred thousand*, the living witnesses of

the labours and triumphs of the missionaries of the Catholic Church."—vol i. p. 383-86.

That these statements are not overdrawn, and that the same divine vitality still makes itself felt in the efforts of the Church in India, the protestant missionaries themselves abundantly attest. Bishop Middleton remarks it as "curious, that in every part of Asia you find the Church of Rome;" and again, that 'Protestants as we are, it were bigotry to deny that the Church of Rome, notwithstanding that she may have exaggerated her successes, has done wonders in the East.' "... Mr. Thornton, one of the most exact authorities on Indian statistics, while he estimates the population of the Goa district at 313,262, adds,—'of this number two-thirds are stated to be Christians of the Roman Catholic persuasion;' and an equally impartial witness observes of the same province, 'the Roman Catholics have made many converts among the natives, and greatly contributed to their civilisation, and dispersed much of the darkness of Paganism.' Dr. Francis Buchanan, speaking of the class who are commonly most defamed by Protestants, and of the several thousand Christians whom he visited at Tulava—the remnant of those persecuted by Tippoo,—who destroyed all their churches, generously says; 'these poor people have none of the vices usually attributed to the native Portuguese, and their superior industry is more readily acknowledged by the neighbouring Hindus than avowed by themselves.'"

If we turn to the reverse of the picture, we find, instead of the devoted and self-sacrificing Xaviers, and De Brittos, spending their blood and their lives for the souls of those whom they had come to save, a race of base and worldly-minded adventurers, whose only God is Mammon, and whose only interest in the Hindoo race is as objects of their own corrupt and money-seeking policy. From the very moment that the Portuguese were displaced in India by the Protestant powers which succeeded them "the whole weight, influence and authority of the Government* was directed against the progress of Christianity among the heathen. Mr. Hugh Murray contrasts very unfavourably with the conduct of their Catholic predecessors the

* An Indian Retrospect. By the Dean of Carlisle, p. 6.

course pursued by the Danes, the Dutch, and the English, in India. But his contrast, so far as it regards the English, is far from reaching the disgraceful reality. "For two hundred years it was a maxim with the English of all classes, that no attempt to convert Hindoo or Mahometan should be tolerated. 'The fundamental principle of British rule,' said Lord William Bentinck, 'is strict neutrality.' And in obsequious accordance with this rule, 'the East India Company refused all missionaries passages in their ships either to China or India.' In vain a few individuals endeavoured to gain a surreptitious entrance into this forbidden land. 'Two missionaries, who landed on the banks of the Hooghly, were sent back to Europe forthwith, in the same ship in which they arrived;'—an effectual admonition to all who might be tempted to imitate their example. In 1812, 'the American missionaries, driven to Bombay from Calcutta, were imprisoned. When they escaped in a native coasting vessel they were pursued, retaken, and confined to the fort.' 'There was a raid,' as another writer expresses it, 'against the missionaries in Bengal, and no less than five, partly Americans, partly English, were driven out of the country by the imperative orders of an unyielding Government.' Nor was this vigorous policy abandoned, so long as they could venture to employ it. 'So late as 1813, not a single missionary could be allowed to go out in a British ship.'"

Nay even on this rigorously repressive policy it was found possible to improve.

"It was possible to devise still more efficacious methods of thwarting the progress of Christianity in India, and they were quickly adopted. 'By Government Regulations of 1814, native Christians were debarred from filling any public office of respectability. There is one instance at least, in which a Sepoy was actually dismissed from the army, in consequence of embracing Christianity!' At a meeting of the Church Missionary Society on the 13th of April, 1813, various resolutions were passed, of which the 7th was in these terms. 'That this Society has learnt with pain that Christianity is liable to discouragement, in consequence of native converts having been *generally* excluded from those official situations in India which are freely bestowed on Hindoos and Mahometans.' And these amazing proceedings have received the sanction and approval of the most eminent English statesmen of India down to the present hour. 'I think the English Government in this country,' said Sir John Malcolm, 'should never, directly or indirectly, interfere in propagating the Christian religion.' 'We abstain, and

I trust shall always abstain,' says an official document which bears the illustrious name of Lord Macaulay, 'from giving any public encouragement to those who are engaged in the work of converting natives to Christianity.' In 1853, a Director of the East India Company, and not the most obscure amongst them, still repeats; 'It appears to me absolutely necessary that we should scrupulously avoid all interference with the religion of the Hindoos.' Lastly, in 1859, Lord Ellenborough gave this advice to the House of Lords. 'No measure could be adopted more calculated to tranquillize the minds of the natives, and to restore to us their confidence, than that of withholding the aid of Government from schools with which missionaries are connected.' When the same peer charged Lord Canning with having 'subscribed to a Missionary Society,' Lord Lansdowne remarked, in spite of strong personal sympathy with the Indian Viceroy, that if it were true, 'he would no longer deserve to be continued in his office as Governor-General of India!' At the same moment Mr. Kinnaird was informing the House of Commons, that the natives of India, interpreting the Queen's proclamation, to 'abstain from all interference' with their religion, as a rebuke to those who had done so, urged upon the local government,—'that the missionaries were acting contrary to the Queen's proclamation by staying in India, and that therefore it was their duty to drive them away at once.'—vol i. p. 412-14.

And, as if to complete the infamy of our Government in the eyes of modern Christendom, this disgraceful patronage of Paganism was even turned into a source of revenue. "The disgusting and gory worship of Juggernaut," says Mr. Howitt, 'was not merely practised, but was actually licensed and patronised, by the English Government. It imposed a tax on all pilgrims going to the temples in Orissa and Bengal, and appointed British officers and British gentlemen, to superintend the management of this hideous worship, and the receipts of its proceeds.' They even became ingenious, it seems, in multiplying such sources of revenue; for a Protestant missionary informs us that they also imposed a tax on those 'who desire the privilege of drowning in the Ganges,' and that this scheme was 'calculated to yield 250,000 rupees!' This gentleman can hardly be deemed to exaggerate, when he adds, that such proceedings 'assimilated professed Christians with idolaters, till the Christian character in India, is scarcely distinguishable in the broad feature of abhorring idols.'"

Well might Mr. Russell exclaim that, "for a Christian people, we did very odd things in India!" A writer in the *Calcutta Review*, in the year 1852, says that to that

very day "the Residents at Nagpore and Baroda, the representatives of the Government, take a share in the heathen festivals. In the Madras Presidency the evil continues to a fearful extent. Down to 1841, more than £400,000. a year passed through the hands of the Madras Government, in connection with heathen temples, and the annual profit was £17,000.' So that an Anglo-Indian writer, alluding to these facts, as well as to what he calls 'the measureless folly of our rule,' declares, in 1857, that 'had the Sepoys not rebelled, the wrongs of India might have gone on accumulating, until God grew utterly weary of us,' and that 'we should have been cast out from India, a scorn and example to the nations.'"

It will easily be believed that, in such circumstances, missionary enterprise, unless that enterprise which is from above, would remain in abeyance. India was to the Protestant missionary as though it were not. "No English clergyman could be prevailed upon to go thither," says Dr. Close; who repeats the statement that 'all the missionaries helped by the Christian Knowledge Society,'—and he might have added, by what is called the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel'—'were Lutherans and foreigners. We shall presently hear these foreign emissaries taunting their Anglican employers with the fact, and using it to justify their attacks upon a Church of which, notwithstanding, they were the recognized ministers! 'For a long time,' Dr. Close informs us, 'they could not get a single missionary to go out. They sent an English clergyman to Calcutta in 1789, but he deserted soon after his arrival.' This was discouraging and so, 'in 1797, they sent another, a German, but he also deserted.' Yet there was urgent need for active measures, since, up to this date, Mr. Kaye tells us, 'the Protestant religion made scant progress in India. There were occasionally conversions,—but, unhappily, they were entirely in the wrong direction.' And then he explains that some of the English became Catholics, like the son of Sir Heneage Finch, and some Mahometans! 'So alarmed was the Government,' says an Anglican chaplain in India, 'at the progress of Romanism, that they resolved to enforce against its professors the penal statute, 23rd Elizabeth, chapter I. and having discovered that one John da Gloria, a Portuguese priest, had baptized Matthew, son of Lieutenant Thorpe, deceased, they arrested him on a

charge of high treason, for procuring a person to be reconciled to the Pope.'"

The only shadow of an effort on the part of Protestant missionaries in the last century, came from the Lutheran communion; and this, although England was all along maintaining a large and costly ecclesiastical establishment for British residents. Mr. Marshall's sketch of the few who are popularly regarded as having taken a successful part in the Mission of India, will dispel whatever illusion may still prevail on the subject. His stern but impartial portraiture, drawn exclusively from Protestant originals, has dragged the laurel, at least as an emblem of missionary triumph, from the brows of the Protestant heroes, Kiernander and Schwartz, from the love-sick sentimentalist, Henry Martyn, and the amiable, but thoroughly unspiritual, Heber. The converts of Schwartz were "notorious for their profligacy." Martyn's success, as he himself confesses, was limited to one old woman "who, he thought, was seriously impressed," and Heber confesses that "instances of actual conversion were as yet, very uncommon," though he professes that they were "enough to show that the thing was not impossible."*

Now in estimating the wretchedness of such results as these, it is impossible to shut out of view what have been, and what still are, the facilities and the resources which Protestant missionary enterprise ought to have enjoyed in India.

"In addition to the facilities derived from their connection with the dominant power, and the motives which powerfully influence the subject natives to accept the instructions of their masters and patrons, we must reckon the vast material resources at their disposal. To build churches, to found colleges and schools, to endow orphanages, to recompense catechists and teachers with ample salaries, and to attract a sordid and impoverished race with the offer of assured subsistence,—all this was as easy to Protestants as it was impossible to Catholic missionaries. *Twenty two* evangelical societies,' we are told, 'English, American, or German, supply the magnificent annual subsidy of £187,000 sterling—' a sum which has subsequently attained far larger proportions. Twenty years ago, and the number is now greatly increased, 'ninety Chaplains cost

* Fuller's *Apol. for Christian Missions*, app. p. 3.
Indian Journal ii. 203.

the Company annually £88,000.' We have seen that in the province of Madura sixty-two Catholic missionaries consumed only £1,500 ; so that each Protestant cost exactly forty times as much as each Catholic missionary. The mere travelling expenses of Protestant missionaries had cost, up to 1839, £260,000. In 1851, the cost of the Anglican establishment alone was £112,000 ; and in the following year, a Presbyterian writer boasted, with more truth than prudence, that the yearly expenditure of Protestant missions in India alone was 'about one fifth more than is annually raised for Papal missions in all parts of the world. In 1850, the Government expended on the Anglo-Indian 'established' church £107,855, though, as Protestants have told us, her clergy 'might as well be in England as in India' as far as the interests of the natives are concerned ; while they gave to the Catholics of India the sum of £5,467—or £24 less than they bestowed within the same twelvemonth upon a single individual, the Protestant bishop of Calcutta."—vol. i. p. 506-8.

Against all these splendid resources Mr. Marshall collects upon the opposite side (I. pp. 511-20) the unreserved acknowledgments of total and hopeless failure, from the authentic reports, continued down to the latest dates, regarding every quarter of India, Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Tranquebar, Tanjore, Tinnevely, Benares, Travancore, and numberless other stations of Northern, Southern, Western, and Central India. It is, of course impossible to do more than refer to these valuable extracts. The whole result may be forcibly condensed in two or three pregnant testimonies. " 'You have made no progress at all, either with the Hindoo or the Mahometan,' said Sir James Brooke, in 1858, before a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ; 'you are just where you were the very first day that you went to India.' 'Every gate seems to have been shut,' cries Mr. Clarkson, himself a missionary, 'every channel dammed up, by which the gospel streams might force their way.' While of the nominal converts, Mr. Irving asserts, in concert with a hundred Anglo-Indian writers, that 'their lax morality shocks the feelings of even their heathen countrymen.'"

Nor are there wanting among Mr. Marshall's Protestant authorities, abundant materials from which to account for the marked difference in the results of the two rival systems, each of which has in turn appealed to the religious instincts of the Hindoo. What manner of men were the first preachers of Catholicity in India?—how devoted, how unselfish, how spiritual, how completely apart from

this earth, its pleasures, its ambitions, and enjoyments—all this we have seen detailed by the most unsuspected witnesses. On the Protestant side it needs but to open Mr. Marshall's extracts from the same unsuspected authorities, in order to be struck by the reason of this failure. Side by side with the humble Xavier, we find "a cold and stately formalist, with a decided taste for military salutes and struggling manfully for social precedence."* From the indefatigable labourers of the Canarese or Madura mission, we turn to Dr. Judson seated comfortably in his pagoda, and calling out to the passers by,† "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters! and he that hath no money, come ye, and buy, and eat!" After the touching story of the toils and privations of Laynez or Pereyra, it is hard to realize that the cause for which they laboured was the same as that of the men who openly proclaim, like Bishop Cotton‡, that "asceticism is no part of the gospel system;" and who, like Bishop Middleton, have no greater trials to record in their missionary experience than the alarms of his wife in the course of one of his pastoral voyages, in which, while he was endeavouring to comfort his trembling partner, "their little dog jumped upon her lap, as if fully impressed with the terror of the scene"!.

There is a lesson too, in the contrast between the Catholic missionaries whose stipend the Protestant, Mr. Malcolm, while he testifies to the purity of their morals and the humility of their lives, reports at £20. per annum, and such a catalogue on the Protestant side as the following. "'Owen, the late chaplain-general, died last year,'—1825,—says Lord Teignmouth, 'worth more than £100,000. I speak positively as to the amount, on the authority of one who went to Doctors' Commons and procured a copy of his will.' And this though an extreme, was not a solitary case. 'It would seem,' says a writer who has already given us valuable information, 'that at the close of the last century the Company's chaplains

* Kaye's Christianity in India, 301, speaking of Bishop Middleton.

† Theory and Practice of Caste, p. 150.

‡ Primary Charge, quoted in Overland Bombay Times, November 26, 1859.

were a money-making race of men. There is a curious entry in the journal of Mr. Kiernander, the old Danish missionary, running in these words, 'The Rev. Mr. Blanshard is preparing to go to England upon an American ship in about a fortnight, worth five lakhs of rupees. Mr. Owen two and a half lakhs. Mr. Johnson three and a half lakhs':—an average annual saving, if Mr. K. is to be trusted, of £2,500!' With facts like these before us, we cease to wonder at the results which even the most enthusiastic partisans attest.

"'Christianity,' says one who was long the associate of Protestant Missionaries, 'makes little or no progress. I used to enquire of the missionaries whenever I had an opportunity, how many Hindoos or Mahomedans, they had converted during the time of their mission, and in general the answer was *one*, or sometimes *none*.'

"'A person who has sojourned thirty years in India,' says M. Peschier, President of the Missionary Society at Geneva, 'preaching to unbelievers, declares to us that he has not been able to work a single conversion.'

"Dr. Bryce, a Presbyterian minister, declared, in a sermon preached by him at Calcutta,—'Alas! it may be doubted if at this day the Christian Missionary boasts a *single proselyte* to his creed over whom he is warranted to rejoice;' and another witness remarks upon his words,—'this is the opinion of a learned and pious clergyman, delivered to a congregation who possessed ample means of ascertaining its correctness.'

"Nor, as we advance towards the present hour, do we find the least variation in the evidence. 'We are not aware,' says Dr. Ruschenberger, in 1838, 'of more than three or four distinguished instances of conversion to Christianity effected by missionaries.' 'Most of the people forming the congregation,' says Dr. Brown, 'are christians only in name.' And thus they all speak to the end.

"In 1843, Count de Warren says,—'The influence of the English Missions is an absolute nullity; they reckon no other proselytes than orphans whom the Missionaries purchase, and who, when they grow up, *all return to the religion of their countrymen*. It must be confessed too that the followers of Christ scarcely manifest more charity or more humility than those of Brahma or Mahomet.'

"In 1852, Mr. Campbell says,—'It must be admitted that the attempt to christianise the natives *has entirely failed*; we have made some infidels, but very few sincere Christians, and are not likely, on the present system, to make many more.'

"In 1856, Mr. Walter Gibson quotes this private confession of an American missionary made to himself. 'The millions and hundreds of millions in the East pass away, uninfluenced to the *slightest extent* by European dominion and enlightenment.'

"In 1857, M. de Valbezen, who appears to affect in religion the cold impartiality which some Frenchmen mistake for greatness of mind, says ; 'The preaching of the Protestant Missionaries has not produced the least impression;' and then he adds, that if any change occurred in the government of India, 'there are very few indeed of their converts who would not relapse into the gross errors of their native religions.'

"In 1858, we have the following testimonies. 'The converts,' says Mr. Minturn, 'are few, and mostly of the most degraded classes.' 'The native converts to Christianity,' writes Mr. Malcolm Ludlow at the same moment, 'I have not even numbered amongst the distinctively Christian elements, so *uninfluential* are they for the most part.' And Sir James Brooke sums up the whole history, when he tells the Missionary Societies of England, 'With the Mahomedan you have made no progress; with the Hindoo you have made no progress at all; you are just where you were *the very first day you went to India.*'

"In 1859, Captain Evans Bell says once more, 'I doubt whether the missionaries will ever do any good;' and Mr. Ludlow adds, 'We have to take account of the *growing* distrust of and dislike to Christianity, on the part of both Hindoo and Moslem.' Lastly in 1860, Mr. Russell fitly closes the series by the grave announcement, that 'in *despair*, many Christians in India are driven to wish and pray that some one or some way may arise for converting the Indians by the sword.'—vol. i. p. 520-27.

It would carry us far beyond our prescribed limits to continue this analysis of Mr. Marshall's review of the remaining districts into which he has parcelled out the missionary world. He has himself selected in his opening chapter for each of these regions a few very striking testimonies to the utter failure of the efforts of Protestantism. Sir James Emerson Tennent's well-known work on Ceylon gives but a low idea of the missionary prospects of that island, but it hardly prepares us for the nullity acknowledged by the missionaries themselves. "The greater part of the Singhalese, whom I designate nominal Christians of the Reformed Religion," says the Rev. W. Harvard, a Wesleyan Missionary, 'are little more than christians by baptism.' 'By far the greater part,' observes the Rev. James Selkirk, an Anglican missionary, 'live as if they had no souls.' 'Disappointment was felt in nearly every department of the mission,' says Dr. Brown, once more in 1854. 'All accounts agree in reporting unfavourably,' adds the Rev. Mr. Tupper in 1856. While

Mr. Pridham goes still further, and deploras, in energetic language, that 'Christianity has made but lee-way.'"

Sir Emerson Tennent who confesses this failure, and who is equally free to confess the comparative success of the Catholic Church in Ceylon, endeavours to account for the latter by the common explanation of Protestant controversialists. "The imagination of the Cingalese," he says, 'was excited, and their tastes permanently captivated, by the striking ceremonial and pompous pageantry of the Catholic ritual.' This view of the question is so frequently put forward, that, even at the risk of appearing to exceed in our extracts, we are induced to transcribe the admirable reply of Mr. Marshall.

"Does Sir Emerson Tennent suppose that Father Joseph Vaz, for example, when a fugitive in the swamps and jungles of Ceylon, converted thirty thousand idolaters by 'pompous pageantry?' Did St. Francis Xavier, whose ecclesiastical apparatus was limited to a hand-bell and a catechist, convert seven hundred thousand souls by 'gaudy ceremonial?' Did the Venerable John de Britto gain his tens of thousands in the forests of Marava by the splendours of an imposing ritual? Was it by the aid of such accessories that the martyred apostles of China and Corea, whose churches were huts and their vestments rags, won their triumphs? Was it 'pageantry' which rescued 1,500,000 South American Indians from the worship of demons? Was it 'ritual' which caused the Holy Name to be adored on the banks of Lake Huron, by the borders of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and again, at a later date, in the plains of Oregon and the valleys of the Rocky Mountains? Is it by a 'gaudy ceremonial' that the Franciscans are at this moment renewing their ancient victories in the far interior of Brazil, or the Lazarists in Syria, or the Jesuits in Columbia, or the Marists in the islands of the Pacific? What, then, shall we think of a cause which strives to cloak its eternal humiliation, and to excuse its perpetual misadventures, by a plea which it knows to be false, and by attributing the conquests which it vainly envies to means which it was absolutely impossible to use, and which would have been utterly inadequate and ineffectual even if they had been employed?

"The solitary explanation which Protestants venture to suggest of the triumphs of Catholic missionaries, attested in every land by their own witnesses, but every where denied to themselves, deserves further consideration. Let us examine it once for all, that we may not have to notice it again. It is their *only* argument; and yet it is at variance, not only with historical facts, but even with the universal practice of man, both heathen and christian, and with the instincts of his nature. And first, it is at variance with facts.

"There is not so much as one example, literally not one, in the

whole history of missions, of the heathen being attracted towards the Catholic religion simply by its ritual accompaniments. Only wilful ignorance, or incurable petulance, could attribute the conversions in India or China to such a cause; while in every other land in which missionary operations are now in progress, the poverty of the Catholic evangelists has become a proverb. In the islands of the Pacific, of which we shall have to speak hereafter, we hear of Catholic missionaries wanting even the common necessities of life, and of their Bishop using 'the back bone of a whale for his episcopal throne.' In America, even at the present day, they have not always food to eat; though in some provinces, as in Texas, Oregon, and California, it is habitually of the coarsest kind. In South America, they willingly share the life of the poor Indian, who honours them in spite, perhaps because, of their apostolic poverty; and obeys them, as his fathers obeyed theirs, with loving reverence. An American Protestant, who not long ago visited the Valley of the Amazon,—in whose distant solitudes he encountered Catholic missionaries whom he describes, with generous enthusiasm, as the very ideal of apostolic teachers,—makes this observation; 'I was amazed at the *poverty* of the church, and determined, if I ever went back, to appeal to the Roman Catholics of the United States for donations.' And this is confirmed by an English officer, who traversed the same remote regions, where he found Catholic missionaries honoured with 'the greatest respect and deference,' even by natives who 'showed no deference to any one but the Padre,' but where he describes almost every church which he saw, from the Andes to Para, as little better than '*a huge barn*.' Yet we are asked to believe that the Church wins souls to God only by the fascinations of a '*gaudy ceremonial*.'—vol. ii. p. 63-5.

Nor can we deny ourselves the pleasure of adding one other magnificent passage on the same subject, which enters into the philosophical grounds of the feeling upon which this instinctive preference is founded.

"But this popular explanation contradicts, not only the facts which are admitted and proclaimed by every competent witness, but also the most notorious phenomena of heathen life. The pagan, though he has reared many a gorgeous temple, and decorated it with such skill as his knowledge of art allows, has never even conceived the idea of devising a specious ceremonial as a substitute for a more active and intellectual worship. Everywhere he retains in spite of his fall, the primitive traditions of *sacrifice, prayer and mortification*. The very Hindoo would despise the imposture of a hollow ecclesiastical pageantry. He does not even worship idols, if we may believe Protestant writers, but '*symbols of the Almighty's power*;' and Sir William Hooker affirms generally of the Buddhist devotee, that he '*attaches no real importance to the idol itself*.' His worship is

demonology, but still it is worship. He comprehends, unlike the Protestant, those great principles which the latter alone of all mankind seem to repudiate in their practice,—the sovereign rights of the Creator over His creature, the obligation and efficacy of penance in a fallen race, and the principle of *sacrifice* as the essence of worship. Hence it is easier to convert him than the children of Luther and Calvin, who have lost even these primary notions. The disciples of Buddha and Confucius, of Brahma and Mahomet, nauseate, in spite of their spiritual penury, the sapless food of pageantry and ceremonial, as incapable of appeasing the famine of their souls. And they have shown, in many a land, that they know how to discriminate between the solemn ritual which veils and symbolises the august mysteries of the Christian Altar, and those chilly forms of Protestantism which symbolise nothing;—dreary accompaniments of a religion which rightly eschews ceremonial, because it has nothing to hide and nothing to reveal, because it begins and ends with man, and contains no deeper mystery than the varying accents of the human voice. And thus it comes to pass, as we have read in this chapter, that the heathen will hurry immediately from a Protestant service to the adoration of his own divinities, because he has detected that in the former there was not even the semblance of *worship*. He has hardly been conscious that so frigid a ceremony, in which he has seen only a man reading out of a book to other men, often without much sign of interest on either side, had even the pretence to be a religious service. He has perceived in it nothing but a tedious and unmeaning formality, which he has deemed, like the Hindoo, only a new eccentricity of his incomprehensible rulers. Yet he has confessed, at the first glance, on entering the humblest Catholic oratory, that *there* men were offering *worship*. In both cases his instinct has guided him aright.”—vol. ii. p. 65-7.

We must hasten rapidly over what remains of Mr. Marshall's narrative of the results of the protestant missions.

In the missions of the Antipodes their position has been different from that which they have held in other regions. There they have had the advantage of entering upon an entirely new and untried field; nor can failure, if failure has taken place, be ascribed to the influence or the intrigues of the previous occupants. But to the shame of the protestant missionaries of the Antipodes, the only use they have made of their priority of occupation has been to forestall, and to outstrip in the magnitude and in the grasping character of their land speculations, the crowd of commercial adventurers who have traded upon the ignorance and the simplicity of the unhappy natives. The founder of the New

Zealand mission, Marsden, purchased two hundred choice acres for twelve axes! But he was speedily surpassed by his disciples. A pious association of five labourers in the vineyard purchased in 1819, a tract of *thirteen thousand acres for forty-eight axes!* In other instances a few beads a musket, some blankets, and a little powder and ball sufficed to secure tracts which, in the language of the missionaries, were measured by miles; these monstrous exhibitions of cupidity and fraud culminating in the gigantic scheme of a clever practitioner, named Shepherd, who bought a 'large tract of eligible land, having a frontage of from four to five miles upon one of the navigable rivers in the Bay of Ireland,' for two check shirts and an iron pot!"

It was no wonder that at length the interposition of the government was invoked. A commission was issued for the purpose of investigating these transactions. We forbear to record its details; but it is worth while to note a few of the claims put forward by the missionaries. Among those whose claims were entered up to 1841 "were the Rev. J. Mathews, for 2,503 acres; the Rev. R. Matthews, for 3,000 acres; the Rev. T. Aitken, 7,670 acres; Rev. W. Williams, 890; Mr. Clarke, 19,000; Mr. Davis, 6,000; Mr. Fairburn, 20,000; Mr. Kemp, 18,000; Mr. King, 10,300; Mr. Shepherd, 11,860; and finally, for we cannot reckon them all, the Rev. H. Williams, at first for 11,000, and afterwards, as Dr. Thompson reports, for 22,000 acres."

But these are comparative trifles. The Rev. Richard Taylor, who only reached the colony in 1858, was a claimant for 50,000 acres! "'Several missionaries,' Mr. Bidwill had previously observed, in 1841, 'claim tracts of from one to six hundred thousand acres in different parts of the country.' In 1845, Mr. Hawes told the House of Commons, that, besides being land-jobbers, 'they had, at least some of them, become more or less traders also.' And so notorious had their character now become, that Mr. Charles Buller, writing officially to Lord Stanley, did not hesitate to speak of them as men who would not dare even to offer any defence of their own conduct. 'The Missionaries are not in a state to encounter public discussion of their past proceedings, and would entertain any terms offered to them in a very mitigated spirit.' They had become at last a jest and a proverb!"

It would be well, too, if the imputations on the mission-

aries ended here. But the whole picture of their proceedings is declared by a witness whom we cannot suspect, Dr. Laing, to be unparalleled for the amount of inefficiency and moral worthlessness which it displays, in the history of Protestant missions since the Reformation. Mr. Laing adds in justification this startling revelation. "The first head of the New Zealand mission was dismissed for adultery; the second for drunkenness; and the third, so lately as the year 1836, for a crime still more enormous than either."* Disclosures such as these well prepare us for the acknowledged result, which after a long interval the same unsuspected witness, Dr. Laing records, and in which he but echoes the unanimous verdict of all who have written upon the subject. Speaking of Australia Dr. Laing reported in 1852, "There is no well authenticated case of the conversion of a black native to Christianity;" and Mr. Minturn sorrowfully added, in 1858, 'all missionary efforts among them have failed.' Of New Zealand Mr. Fox declared, in 1851, 'With most of the natives Christianity is a mere name, entirely inoperative in practice.' In 1859, Dr. Thomson still repeats that it is only 'a rude mixture of paganism and the cross.' Mr. Wakefield, who is confirmed by a multitude of witnesses, adds the gloomy statement, that the converted natives 'are distinctly inferior in point of moral character to the unconverted heathen;' and another Protestant authority attests the colonial verdict, that 'they are, generally speaking, distinguished from the unconverted natives as rogues, thieves, and liars.'"

The condition of the Protestant missions of Oceanica is almost equally disgraceful. In Tahiti, Mr. Bennett, in 1840, "saw scenes of riot and debauchery which would have disgraced the lowest purlieus of London."† At Raiatea, where the missionary chief, Williams, resided for many years, Mr. Bennett declares that "chastity was unknown, 'either in the single or the married state;' not 'even the most devout members of the church' having any respect for that particular virtue. 'The worst effects of debauchery,' he adds, were apparent on every side. And we must add that the same writer speaks in high terms of

* New Zealand in 1839. By J. D. Laing, D.D., p. 30.

† Narrative of a Whaling Voyage, i. p. 81.

the modesty and other virtues of the Catholic converts of the same class.

This testimony as to the failure of the Protestant missions in Oceanica is universal. "Of the Society Islands a writer in the *Asiatic Journal* reported, as long ago as 1832, that 'the presence of the missionaries has been productive of more mischief than good.' Mr. Pridham announced, seventeen years later, that they had only 'added a plague to the evils which they had come to cure.' The Rev. Mr. Hines confessed, in 1851, the immorality and indifference of their disciples in the Sandwich Islands, 'from the hut of the most degraded menial to the royal palace.' Mr. Herman Melville deplored almost at the same date 'their utter disregard of all decency.' Commodore Wilkes discovered that even their catechists were 'ignorant of most of the duties enjoined upon a Christian;' while Captain Laplace lamented that they had only made the natives 'dirty, brutalized, cheats, and liars!'"

Mr. Marshall's chapter on the African missions also is extremely interesting. The results of their enormous expenditure and their gigantic organization may be briefly summed up in the testimony of a few of their own historians, selected as represented by the several divisions of this vast continent. "In Western Africa Mr. Tracy reckons 'eighteen Protestant missionary attempts, without counting Sierra Leone and Goree, all of which failed.' Mr. Brodie Cruickshank reports of the converts on the Gold Coast, that 'there are very few exceptions to a general relapse into immorality;' and Mr. Duncan candidly declares of those in Dahomey, that the education given by the missionaries 'is only the means of enabling them to become more perfect in villany.' Of the Kaffirs in South Africa, Major Dundas reported, in 1835, to the House of Commons, 'I believe the missionaries have hardly christianised a single individual.' Twenty three years later, in 1858, the Rev. Mr. Calderwood declared once more, 'the Kaffirs may be said to have refused the Gospel.' In 1852, we find Mr. Cole asserting of the Hottentots, that 'out of every hundred Christians, so called, ninety-nine are utterly ignorant of any correct notion of a future state;' and Mr. Moodie declares, from his own observation,—like Sir James Alexander, Colonel Napier, Mr. Bunbury, Captain Aitchison, and many more,—'It is notorious that the Hottentots

who have resided for any time at the missionary stations are generally the most idle and worthless of their nation!' In north and east Africa, it is *not even alleged that any converts have been made!*"

As to the missions of the Levant, it is hardly necessary that we should go into particulars. Sir Adolphus Slade says of them, in 1854, after many years of personal observations: "'Their utter unprofitableness cannot be sufficiently pointed out.' Of those in Greece, Dr. Hawes reports, that they 'have felt themselves obliged, for the present, to withdraw, in a great measure, from this field'—which means, as we shall see, that they were expelled by the people. Of Jerusalem, Lord Castlereagh tells us, 'the bishop has scarcely a congregation besides his chaplains, his doctor, and their families.' Mr. Williams deploras, though himself a missionary, 'the serious errors in the faith, and scandalous irregularities in the practice, of the ill instructed members' of this very congregation. Dr. Southgate, an American protestant bishop, candidly admits, that the only Protestant converts throughout Turkey and the Levant, are 'infidels and radicals, who deserve no sympathy from the Christian public.' And Dr. Wagner declares, after careful examination, that 'the expensive establishments in Armenia have made no converts!'"

The missions of America would in themselves deserve a separate notice, and Mr. Marshall has supplied, in the delightful chapter which he devotes to them, a most complete and comprehensive body of facts gathered from writers of every class ancient and modern, and carried down to the very latest date. He treats separately the missions of the northern, and those of the southern continent; and in each he pursues the plan uniformly followed in his survey of the other missions, of testing the Catholic story apart from the Protestant. For those of our readers who have followed us thus far in the analysis of Mr. Marshall's work, it will hardly need our exhortation to induce them to turn to his own pages for the full delineation of the contrast. We can but indicate its outline, as drawn by Mr. Marshall himself in the opening paragraphs of this most interesting chapter. Keeping in view, as well the past history as the present ethnological condition of each of the continents, he examines in each the working of the peculiar system which has been there employed. "The races of the South, we shall see, have derived both their

religion and their civilization from the missionaries of the Cross; the tribes of the North, doomed to swift destruction, have been abandoned to teachers of another school, and to prophets of another faith. And these have been the results of the unequal partition. In the South, the Church has united all, of whatever race, and in spite of the ignorance or the ferocity of the barbarians, in spite of the follies or the crimes of some of her own children, into one household and family. In the North, the original heirs have been banished or exterminated, without pity and without remorse, that the sects might build up, in the desert which they had created, a pandemonium of tumult and disorder, so full of division and discord, that the evil spirits might well congregate here from all the 'dry places' of the earth, and deem that they had found at last their true home."

And, in contrasting the present social and religious condition of these two great groups of the aboriginal races of either continent, according as their destinies have fallen under the sway of the one class or the other of the conquerors from the old world, we are met at the outset by three great facts, which Mr. Marshall has, according to his habitual method, established by Protestant evidence.

"The contrast which we are going to trace is thus indicated, with frank outspoken candour, by men who had analysed all its features. 'More than a million and a half of the pure aboriginal races,' says the author of the *Natural History of Man*, 'live in *South America* in the profession of Christianity.' 'The history of the attempts to convert the Indians of *North America*,' says the annalist of Protestant missions, 'is a record of a series of failures.' This is the first great fact, in its broad outlines, which will be presented to our notice; and it is one, as an eminent English ethnologist observes, 'which must be allowed to reflect honour on the Roman Catholic Church, and to cast a deep shade on the history of Protestantism.'

"A second and equally impressive fact, which has excited the attention of a multitude of writers of all nations, is thus expressed by a prejudiced traveller, who had lived amongst the tribes of the equinoxial regions: 'Far from being diminished, *their* number has considerably increased. A similar increase has taken place *generally* amongst the Indian population in that part of America which is within the tropics.....the Indian population in the missions is constantly augmenting.' On the other hand,—'In the neighbourhood of the United States, on the contrary, the Indians are fast diminishing in numbers..... in the United States, as civilization advances, the Indians are constantly driven beyond its pale.'

"Finally, a third feature of the prodigious contrast which we are

about to examine is this,—that while the innumerable native tribes, who have been converted to Christianity between the thirtieth parallel of north and the thirty-fifth of south latitude, through a tract of more than four thousand miles in length and nearly three thousand in breadth, have never departed from the Catholic faith, and, as Protestant writers will assure us, cleave to it at this day as obstinately as ever;—within the wide territories of the United States, where the Indian has only been corrupted or destroyed, nominal Christians of the Anglo-Saxon race have themselves become divided and subdivided into such a chaos of jarring sects, that, as their own leaders declare, with a sorrow which comes too late, there is nothing like it in the history of the world. ‘In the western world,’ says a Protestant minister, ‘religion is made to appear too often as a source of contention rather than as a bond of union and peace.’ Already at the close of the 17th century, the English governor of New-York reported of that province, that it swarmed with men ‘of all sorts of opinions, and the most part of none at all;’ and a hundred years later, an English clergyman could still describe the inhabitants of his own district as ‘people of almost all religions and sects, but the greatest part of no religion.’”—vol. iii. p. 3-5.

The particulars of this most remarkable contrast in the fruits of the two systems, will be found traced out with singular clearness and precision, and established by evidence which not even the most prejudiced could call in question, in the long and interesting chapter devoted to the missions of North and South America. We need but record the startling fact that “while the Pequods and other northern tribes,” says Judge Hall, of Cincinnati, ‘were being exterminated, or sold into slavery, the more fortunate savage of the Mississippi was listening to the pious counsels of the Catholic Missionaries. They exercised, of choice, an expansive benevolence, at a period when Protestants, similarly situated, were bloodthirsty and rapacious.’ ‘The Jesuit mission-farms,’ says Mr. Law Olmsted, in 1857, ‘are an example for us. Our neighbourly responsibility for the Lipans’—a tribe on the Texan frontier—‘is certainly more close than for the Feejees; and if the glory of converting them to decency be less, the expense would certainly be in proportion.’ Lastly Mr. Melville, also one of their own countrymen, noticing the vaunt, that paganism is almost extinct in the United States, thus rebukes the hollow and impious boast: ‘The Anglo-Saxon hive have extirpated paganism from the greater part of the North American continent, but *with it*

they have likewise extirpated the greater portion of the Red race.'"

Few indeed are found bold enough to question the general facts; but an attempt has sometimes been made to explain the result by a principle altogether independent of the rival religious influences which have been at work in the two great divisions of the New World. The comparative failure of the Protestant missionaries in the north is ascribed to the fierce and intractable nature of the native races of the north: while the success of the Spanish and other missionaries in Central and Southern America, is held to be due, not to the superior influence of the religion which they preached, but to the mild and pliant character of the gentle and child-like tribes of those more favoured lands. We must make room for one other series of Protestant witnesses, who shall detail for us their own observation of the comparative success of Catholics and of Protestants, *both labouring in the same field, the northern continent*, and both alike appealing to the same haughty and warlike tribes, now alas fast disappearing before the craft and avarice of the professors of Protestant Christianity in that division of America.

"Exactly a century ago, the Rev. John Ogilvie, an Anglican missionary agent in America, thus addressed his employers: 'Of every nation I find some who have been instructed by the priests of Canada, and appear zealous Roman Catholics, extremely tenacious of the ceremonies and peculiarities of that church.....How ought we to blush at our coldness and shameful indifference in the propagation of our most excellent religion. The Indians themselves are not wanting in making very pertinent reflections upon our inattention to these points.' Other witnesses notice the same invariable facts at the present day. The *Chippeways*, Sir George Simpson relates, met him at Fort William, and represented to him that, '*being all Catholics*, they should like to have a priest among them.' Like the Christians natives of Hindostan, of China, and of Paraguay, they had preserved their faith, though separated, for more than *half a century*, from those who had declared it to them. It is related of Cardinal Cheverus,—whose character excited so much admiration in America, to whom the State of Massachusetts voted a subsidy, and the first subscriber to whose church at Boston was John Adams, President of the United States,—that when he visited the Penobscot, he found an Indian tribe, who had not even seen a priest for half a century, but were still zealous Catholics, carefully observed the Sunday, and 'had not forgotten the catechism!' In 1831, Bishop Fenwick found a whole tribe of *Passamaquoddies*, constant in the

faith, and, as he observed 'a living monument of the apostolic labours of the Jesuits.' Of the *Hurons*, the beloved disciples of the early missionaries, Mr. Buckingham, an English traveller, speaks as follows: 'They are faithful Catholics, and are said to fulfil their religious duties in the most exemplary manner, being much more improved by their commerce with the whites than the Indian tribes who have first come into contact with Protestants usually are.' Of the Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal, the same Protestant writer says, 'They are *always* sober, a rare occurrence with Indians of either sex.' 'This difference,' he candidly observes, 'is occasioned by the influence of Christianity, as the *Caghnawaga* Indians are Catholics.' Of the *Abenakis*, whose fathers listened one hundred and fifty years ago to the voice of Sebastian Rasles, Protestant missionaries angrily relate, in 1841, after vainly attempting to subvert them, that they could do nothing against the 'controlling influence of the Romish priesthood.' Of the Indians at *L'Arbre Croche*, on the east shore of Lake Michigan, 'for sixty years or more the seat of a Jesuit Mission,' Dr. Morse, a Protestant minister, reported thus to the United States government: 'These Indians are much in advance, in point of improvement, in appearance, and in manners, of all the Indians whom I visited.'—p. 280-2.

But fertile as is this branch of the subject, and indescribably interesting and picturesque as are the details by which it is illustrated, we must here reluctantly close. In the presence of the specimens which we have given of Mr. Marshall's work, it would be a poor compliment to the taste and discrimination of our readers to delay them by any lengthened commendation. We cannot hesitate to anticipate for it a success and a popularity such as rarely attend a work so voluminous. There can be but one verdict, whether of friends or of foes, as to the ability and the impartiality with which it is executed. And, while even the most bigoted Protestant must admit its ability, and must be interested by the completeness and the infinite variety of the evidence which it brings together, Catholics will gratefully accept it as the most striking testimony to the divine mission of their own Church which the age has produced, and as the most conclusive array of evidence which has ever been put together to demonstrate the utter failure of Protestantism; to show that "everywhere it has broken every promise which it once made to a credulous world, and has only generated, by the confession of its own advocates, sterile fanaticism in the few, gloomy unbelief in the many; and while it has shamefully failed to propagate Christianity among the heathen, whom it has

taught to hate and despise the religion of Jesus, it has been powerless to maintain, even among its own disciples, its most fundamental truths."

ART. IX.—1.—*Recollections of A. N. Welby Pugin and his Father, Augustus Pugin*; with notices of their works. By Benjamin Ferrey, architect, F.R.I.B.A. With an Appendix, by Edmund Sheridan Purcell. London: Edward Stanford, 6, Charing Cross. 1861.

2.—*The Life of J. M. W. Turner, B.A.* By Walter Thornbury, 2 volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

PUGIN and Turner, brothers in genius, were yet so unlike in the character of their lives, so antagonistic in their motives and habits of mind that their very dissimilarity attracts attention and provokes comparison. The character of Pugin's genius was more original than Turner's, the thoughts he struck out were fresher, the ground he occupied was more his own. Artificial and studious of false effects there was in Turner no elevation of mind, no originality. Yet one element of success, which Pugin was deficient in, was conspicuous in Turner. Turner put the whole strength of his mind and imagination into his works; whilst Pugin, not from want of power, but from want of opportunity, never put forth in any supreme effort the strength he was possessed of. He never gathered his genius up into one point, or sustained it by patient labour long at the height it reached so well. An eloquent teacher of his generation Pugin, for the good of others, diffused his strength over a wider field; but Turner's genius was born dumb, dry and hard; narrow and unsympathising, it was entirely concentrated upon self. Hence, not because his powers of mind were of a higher order, but because they were more sustained and concentrated than Pugin's did he earn for himself greater material success than fell, as it happened, to the lot of Pugin. If, indeed, in Turner, we could separate the artist from the man, the noble from the ignoble, if in the glowing productions of his luxuriant fancy

we could forget his degraded nature and his contemptible life, we would willingly allow that he had a right to share with Pugin the artistic fame of the day. But thanks to the retributive justice of our moral sense the sins of the man are visited upon the artist. The true artist must be a true man, and his work the faithful expression of his mind.

Want of harmony between a man's moral nature and the creations of his mind or imagination destroys sympathy and gives even to the highest flights of genius an appearance of unreality and of unfaithfulness.

In such cases men appear great, as it were, by accident. It seems as if nature, in some sudden freak, or to show her power, instead of a goblet of pure gold had chosen a vessel of potter's clay into which to pour her choicest wine. Such was preeminently the case with Turner. In the dregs of his degraded nature was mixed the pure wine of genius. Sordid, impure, avaricious, uniting the vices of youth with those of age, shrinking into himself, avoiding the wholesome daylight of the world, and hiding his head in a perpetual night of seclusion and selfishness, he was yet gifted with an imagination of so wide a glance and of so bold a grasp of the infinite varieties of nature, and of all its glorious changes in colour and light, as to make him on canvass a perfect master of expression and feeling. Seeking obscurity for himself, and indulging in the meanest vices, his imagination yet revelled in the marvellous beauty of light, and loved in nature scenes of grandeur or of sublime terror. He was a contradiction to himself. His genius was no true or habitual expression of his moral being, but seemed like a superadded impulse or an accidental glory which in no way belonged to the man. In Turner the man, we see nothing of Turner the painter. But with Pugin, on the contrary, the man everywhere predominates; his art is but the expression of his inmost thought; his genius is the reflection of his soul, the workings of his strong individuality are visible in every touch of his pencil, in every production of his mind. In him art was no wandering and wayward fancy as with Turner, but the concentrated effort of his inmost nature at expression. The aspirations of genius in him were not only seconded, but prompted and inspired by his moral nature, by interior illumination. The genius of Turner rested upon itself alone, and ended in a low self-deification or in a pantheistic worship of nature; Pugin's, on the other hand, sought

strength and support in faith, and had for its object the glory of God. Turner's genius and moral nature were at war; in Pugin they were at one. Pugin was a complete and harmonious man; Turner incomplete and discordant. In Turner's character we are always meeting with a disappointment; in Pugin's with hope and encouragement. Were Pugin's life crystalised, as it were, and made visible to our eyes, we should see many faults, great virtues, but always find a thoroughly honest and consistent purpose; but in Turner's we should meet with a mass of contradictions, with aimless and wasted energies, with meannesses and sordid vices, so that the greatest admirers of his genius could only desire that over his life the veil of oblivion should be for ever drawn. The more accurately were the life of Pugin written, with all its imperfections and impetuositities, its rugged angularities and occasional lapses, the more would its total-impression attract; such a life of Turner, however, would be simply repulsive. In Pugin the wine of genius, whatever its quality, was at least poured out into a vessel of pure gold.

In every man of marked character a principle of action is to be found which gives vitality and purpose to his life. Our object, therefore, in this comparison, is not to press unduly on Turner in order to enhance the merits of Pugin, but simply to bring out in either this principle of action and to record the difference, which the biographies of these two singular men again enforce, between genius allied with faith and fixedness of principle, and the vagrant genius which has no aim, no faith, and nothing to seek for in heaven or earth but self-glorification. Pugin may, perhaps, in a certain sense, be styled the Tennyson of art, while Turner is its lesser Byron. The personal influence of Pugin was ever pure and ennobling, but that of Turner was always degrading. Circumstances, however, which often make or mar a man, are alleged in justification, or rather in palliation of Turner's conduct. One circumstance on which his biographer lays great stress as the turning-point of his life was an early disappointment in love. Turner, it appears, was a victim of what Byron calls "the madness of the heart," a madness which haunted him through the hopeless misery of a long life. In his early youth he was passionately in love; but all he had to offer was a true and loving heart, hope, and the promise of genius; but the woman of his affections,

unhappily, had no fancy for such unsubstantialities; she had no confidence in hope, no belief in genius, or in the power which love gives to labour. Without pity, or a moment's remorse, she flung him over, and he fell from the earthly paradise of love, like Milton's Satan, into "the fiery gulf" of despair, life-long to wander on "fields of burning marl," where "hope never comes, that comes to all." He had not the faith, which according to Father Faber, so often converts such reverses into crosses of heavenly love, neither had he the hard strength of the Stoic, shown in

"The effort to be strong, !
And like the Spartan boy to smile and smile
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks."

He had not then learnt the cynical indifference of the old worldly-wise Roman; with him he could not say,

Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
Virtute me involvo.

He had no strength in which to wrap himself. Rather he took the print of the "golden age ;"

"Sooner or later I too may possibly take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust,
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated and die; who knows? we are ashes and dust."

Cheat and be cheated and die! Poor Turner, was not such his fate? Had he known—

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong"—

Had he preserved, when the idol of his worship was broken, his heart as a shrine for her sake pure and undefiled, he would, at least, have been saved from the degradation into which he fell. Pugin, too, like Turner, commenced active life early; full of adventurous energy, at seventeen years of age he was pushing his independent way in the world, striking out paths of his own, seeking his true vocation. He, too, had to run the gauntlet of the dangers of the world; impressionable to an excess,

his heart, unlike that of the great unhappy painter, was expansive and elastic, and soon recovered from the severe shocks from which for a time it most violently suffered.

Impetuous, wayward, headstrong, he attempted many things, often failed, but never lost hope or courage. Alone and misunderstood he had to fight his upward way. He had to create his own career, and make men believe in him. His life was a passion. His enthusiasm in his art was a mystery to many, to many a madness. He had faith in himself and in his labours, and he worked on all the harder, because the world heeded him not and passed him by. Instead of having the lead, which his powers warranted, he was driven into a corner, and had to fight for his life. Though vanquished, he left his mark on the front of the enemy. From the hands of the great revivalist, the nineteenth century had to accept mediævalism. Parliament now sits in a Gothic building; the arch of the "Dark Ages" overspans the wisdom of to-day. It was not ostensibly given to Pugin's hand to mould the material form, but he infused the spirit. How much of the diviner touches of beauty, and what of grandeur the Houses of Parliament owe to the inventive genius of Pugin is now known to none. But what we do know is that for weeks and months he devoted all the resources of his suggestive mind and the labours of his rapid pencil to the construction of this master-work of the age. He was generous beyond the world's wont, and too delicate-minded even to speak of services rendered, far less to claim a share in honours justly his due, and what was unclaimed was after the fashion of the world, unrecognized. Pugin worked not for personal fame but for the triumph of his principles. Yet, faster than his principles were gaining ground, his over-exhausted life was ebbing. Death was to come before victory. Never knowing a moment's quiet, he had fought and struggled through life from its commencement up to its close. His mind was out of sorts with the mind of the world. His spiritualized thought clashed painfully with the coarse utilitarian tendencies of the age. His life ran in a different groove from the common life. He was, of necessity, an isolated man. But an isolated life is a concealed tragedy. There is a war in the spirit or a sorrow in the heart which makes a man in the midst of his fellows a hermit in the desert

or a pilgrim in the world. To the large outer circle of life Pugin was as a hermit of the desert. From some moral or intellectual deficiency he shrank from personal contact with the common business of life. He thus voluntarily limited his influence, and cut himself off from the sources of power. His life was only not a defeat because of his genius and because of the indomitable faith he had in himself and in his cause. But in his cell the hermit was hermit no more. His home was full of sunshine, his life full of joy and of home-made happiness. Daily on their return from the sweat of the combat and the race, the Roman youths plunged into the Tiber to invigorate their exhausted frames; home was to Pugin a bath of the mind exhausted in the race and battle of life. No sooner had he crossed his own threshold than he became, like the giants refreshed by the kiss of mother-earth, a renovated man.

It is idle to speculate what would have become of Turner under similar circumstances,—of Turner who never knew the joys and the sanctity of home. Through a long course of years a lawless offender and an outcast, his inner life must have been as bitter as his external one was dismal and dreary. In public life, smarting deeply under the neglect which he had long to endure, he became soured and vindictive. Here, again, a marked contrast is apparent between Turner and Pugin.

While Pugin was only disappointed and irritated at the difficulty he met with in making men understand and appreciate the principles of his art, Turner was discontentedly grumbling at the low prices his pictures were fetching. Money, too, which Turner soon began to hoard with the gripe of a miser, Pugin scattered with the reckless hand of profusion in the advancement of his art and of his religion, the twin objects of his life.

But the turning point of Pugin's career and character; the key-note as the 'Athenæum' justly remarked, to his life, was his conversion to the Catholic Church. We will dwell more at length on the subject of his conversion and of his Catholicism, both because it throws light and meaning upon his character, and because the cause of his conversion and his position in the Church have, during the last six months, given rise to many curious speculations and much misrepresentation on the part of the large majority of our

contemporaries in the Press.* Through the portals of the Catholic Church Pugin entered into a new field of action, which not only called all his varied talents into play, but

* Our readers will be glad to see both the zealous promptitude with which, in the subjoined letter, Mr. E. Welby Pugin comes forward to correct certain misstatements concerning his father, and the ready courtesy with which the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* accepts such corrections.

The January number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains the following note :—

“ A passage in the Review of the Life of the late Augustus Welby Pugin, which appeared in the December number of the *Magazine*, has called forth the following very proper and judicious letter, which we willingly print, not merely in courtesy to Mr. Pugin's family, but as a clear and satisfactory statement of facts, which must for the future remove all misconception on the subject. We have only to add how deeply we regret that in describing the character and career of an eminent public man, who had been visited with the saddest of all human afflictions, the loss of reason, we should have said anything which could recall that great sorrow to his family in a painful manner, or render it necessary for them to come before the public with any explanations on such a subject :—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

“ Sir,—I trust you will allow me space in your valuable magazine to correct a misstatement put forward in your December number, concerning the mental malady and death of my father, and the neglect he is alleged to have suffered at the hands of his friends.

“ In an interesting and favourable review of my father's life, the writer more than once makes allusion to the mystery now he fears, ‘ never to be cleared up,’ which surrounded the last days of my father's laborious career.

“ He states how the English public to whom the name of Welby Pugin was familiar, were on the sudden astonished at the news that the great artist was in Bethlem Hospital, and how after an outbreak of popular indignation my father was stealthily removed by his guardians from the sad place of refuge. But how, asks the writer, came a man of so proud and independent a spirit, and one, too, who always had the honest English habit of paying his way, to be so deserted by his friends, as to be consigned in his calamity to the cold charity of a public institution? The writer then darkly throws out hints of the possible existence of an Ecclesiastical conspiracy, set on foot against an unruly son of the Church.

“ Such a conspiracy is, I need scarcely say, a mere delusion on

satisfied the intellectual cravings of his mind ; in her sublime ritual, which comprehended in its service the cultivation of the arts he so much loved—architecture—painting—sculpture—music—he found his ideal beauty ; in her dogmatic decisions on the highest and the most minute questions of faith his absolute and inquiring mind found

the part of the imaginative writer of this otherwise true and impartial article.

“ ‘ The facts of the case are simply these. On the first outbreak of my father’s malady at the Golden Cross hotel, Dr. Tweedie, M.D., was called in by the late Sir Charles Barry, who at once advised his being placed under the care of Dr. Phelps, of Kensington House, but finding his state of mind did not improve, after anxious deliberation on the part of his friends, some of whom were desirous he should be entrusted to the care of Dr. Forbes Winslow, it was finally decided in favour of Bethlem. The reason adduced for this decision was, that a professional man personally known to my father’s friends, had just left that institution, after a short confinement, perfectly restored, and all agreed that he would there receive the best professional treatment, and be at the same time under the constant care of his old friend, Dr. Doyle, of St. George’s. So far again from his removal from this institution being stealthily effected, or caused by an outraged public opinion, I can only say that my father’s removal was solely at the instance of his wife, who, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Glennie, acted in opposition to the wishes of his other friends (who were satisfied with his treatment and progress whilst at Bethlem), and removed him to The Grove, Hammersmith, where they remained in constant attendance upon him. Dr. Dickson was called in, under whose care he remained during six weeks, during which time my father had so far recovered, as to be able to return to his house at Ramsgate, when two days after his arrival he was seized with an epileptic fit, from which he never rallied.

“ ‘ The close of my father’s life was surely tragic enough without importing into the sad story conjectures as mysterious as they are groundless. Where too was the need of seeking for imaginary causes of my father’s malady ? In these days it is not so very uncommon an occurrence for men of genius and ardent natures to be cut off as he was in the pride and hope of life, shattered in body and mind. In my father’s case this sad termination of a too excited life is scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider that his devotion to his art was so intense as to admit of no bodily or mental relaxation, his continuous daily labours commencing at sunrise and seldom ending before midnight.

“ ‘ With regard to the surprise which has been expressed that in his latter years my father experienced neglect from those high in

full satisfaction and rest ; in her historic associations and in her vast treasure-house of mediæval remains, his antiquarian zeal had full scope for its exercise, and revelled in perfect delight. The discipline of the Catholic Church was well calculated to restrain and direct his ardent temperament, while its worship was just suited to his warm and reverential heart. Pugin, we may well believe, could not have lived happily or died holily in any of the false churches which imitate or caricature Christianity. Yet in the Catholic body, Pugin brought himself to believe that he found much to disappoint him, much to astonish and much to goad his impetuous nature into expressions of anger. He was a convert and expected, in the first place, to find Catholics much better Christians than they are ; he was a lover of Gothic as the art alone symbolic of the Christian idea, yet sometimes the very principle of Christian art was utterly incomprehensible to priests and bishops in the Christian Church ; he was a lover of the beauty of ecclesiastic buildings, but he fancied that Catholics loved their own dwellings and their own ease and comfort, more than they did the house of God and its requirements. The great mediævalist was scandalized when the solemnity of the mass was interrupted by the lively tunes of a waltz, or when he saw the multitude throng, in what he thought irreverence, round the bare and open altar. He was outspoken and indignant on these questions of taste and propriety, and was disappointed that all Catholics did not take in good part his very severe animadversions. He remonstrated with priests and in the teeth of his remonstrances they built what he thought music-halls rather than Christian temples. He sometimes mistook the wisdom of moderation in bishops for half-heartedness in the cause, the importance of which he knew they at least understood and valued. Embracing in his active mind the consideration of matters of Church goverment, both in present as in past times, he sometimes feared that the Church in a spirit of compromise was

authority in his Church, it is but due to his memory to take this opportunity of stating that it arose in no way from doctrinal causes, but simply from architectural differences of opinion.

“ ‘ Your obedient servant,

“ ‘ E. WELBY PUGIN.

“ ‘ The Grange, Ramsgate. ’ ”

yielding too much to the temper of the age, to the encroachments of the world, or to the feebleness of humanity. Here the zeal of the neophyte brought him intellectually into collision with the mild wisdom of the Church. We need scarcely pursue the subject further. We need scarcely say that Pugin's views were always held in subordination to the dictates of faith; and when he sometimes, we do not say did, but may have appeared, by his way of speaking, to cast blame, not on individuals, for there he was not unfrequently right, but on the government of the Church, it was more from excess of zeal in her behalf than from any doubt as to her wisdom and authority. On his conversion and before he was well at home in the Church, Pugin found that he had to fight his old battles over again with Catholics now for his antagonists. He may, perhaps, have felt that his labours in the revival of Christian art were more generally appreciated by those whom he had left, than by the Catholic body in England. The hard worked priests of the English Missions had their minds preoccupied in the immediate work of saving souls, and had not time, and perhaps as a rule not the cultivated taste sufficient, to enter fully and with zest into his views. Their work was greater than his, their zeal equal. Nothing daunted by the checks which he encountered where he had the best right to expect a triumphant welcome for the art, which had given to the forefathers of his opponents, a York Minster, a Salisbury Cathedral, a Westminster Abbey, he threw himself into the working life of the Church; he built, he wrote, he lectured; not an opportunity escaped his zeal; no task was too arduous for his energy. In the first chill of disappointment he may perhaps have, for a moment, forgotten, that life is a continual warfare, and victory is only in the end; that the object we most have set our hearts on we may approach, but seldom or ever attain to; and that others easily, and almost by chance, obtain possession of what we in vain have striven for. They who laid the foundations of the great cathedrals which he loved so well seldom survived, as none knew better than Pugin, to see their completion. To the originator of every great work belongs the labour, but not the triumph. Such was the case with Pugin. In all his disappointments and struggles, in the obstacles he met with from half-hearted friends, from open opponents, or from the dulness of sheer ignorance was Pugin, we ask in all candour, ever known to have repined at

his position in the Catholic Church, or to have longed to return to the Anglican Establishment, that he too might take his part in the Tractarian revival? Yet such has been asserted over and over again, though without a shadow of proof, in the Tractarian Journals, and repeated in almost all of the numerous articles which have recently been written on Pugin. Hypocrisy is a grave charge to bring against such a man, want of faith a graver. Where is the evidence that he was ill at ease in the Catholic Church? In none of his published writings, rash and inconsiderate as they may sometimes have been, can a single passage be found which can fairly warrant such an interpretation. The "Ligourians," and the "Oratorians," more particularly alluded to by one of these reckless scribes, never advanced doctrines contrary to the creed of the Catholic Church; if, therefore, Pugin, as a writer in the "Church Review," asserts, "were at last disgusted with their teaching," he must have ceased to believe in the divine mission of the Church to which he belonged.

That he attacked with more than his accustomed vehemence the architectural peculiarities and the secular music of the Italian school was no proof that he was not, if the Tractarian writers like the word, as ultramontane, that is, as obedient a son of the Pope, as those from whom he so widely differed on matters of taste and style. When will Protestants learn to distinguish, if they will write on these topics, between matters of faith and matters of mere opinion? and when will they learn to judge the conduct of those, who, from sincere conviction, have left their body with the fairness and candour common to Englishmen on all other subjects? In private life, Pugin must either have been to the last a most consummate hypocrite, or the most devout and reverent son of the Church; for in his most unguarded moments, and in the intimacy of social converse, never a thought escaped his mind, nor a word fell from his lips, to show that he doubted or wavered in his belief, or felt an attachment less than the most complete and profound for the faith which he had deliberately, and by the grace of God, embraced. We will not here speak of his personal devotion, of his most unaffected piety, manifest to every one who ever came in contact with him, far less of his constant habit of attending to the duties of his religion. This much, however, we will say, that such habits of faith and devotion are at variance with the prac-

tice of a man whose mind is "disgusted" with the religion he professes, or in doubt as to the divineness of its doctrines. We need not, we hope, bring evidence as to the truth of these statements concerning the inner and religious life of Pugin; but, were it necessary, testimony the most complete and varied is at our disposal. But, perhaps, letters may be extant which would flatly contradict the professions of his public writings and the practice of his private life. If they exist let them be produced, for truth is more to be regarded than Pugin's reputation for faith and honesty. There, however, is a consideration connected with this matter, which concerns us all more nearly even than the good name of any individual, and that is the character of the English press for fair play and love of truth. How comes it to pass, that on a matter almost beneath our eyes, such strange misstatements have been deliberately palmed on the public by writers of repute? But, perhaps still more singular than these misstatements concerning Pugin's attachment to the Catholic Church, are the absurd hypotheses set up to account for his conversion. Instead of accepting his own simple straightforward statement that "the study of ancient ecclesiastical architecture was the primary cause of the change in his sentiments, by inducing him to pursue a course of study, terminating in complete conviction," the "Athenæum" pretends to see in his conversion the first symptom of that fatal malady which ultimately (nearly twenty years afterwards however) prostrated his mind. Few respectable journals had, however, the indecency to echo the opinion of the 'Athenæum.' The more common theory to account for the repudiation of Protestantism by a man of talent and character, an occurrence by no means uncommon in these days, was the Calvinistic-recoil theory, which, with scarcely a single exception, went the entire round of the metropolitan press, monthly and weekly, and which now forms a part of what Dr. Newman calls the great Elizabethan tradition. It was stated, namely, that Pugin's ardent mind, on reaching maturity, recoiled from the gloomy Calvinism in which he had been brought up by his mother, and naturally prone to extremes, rushed from the excess of Protestantism to the excess of "Romanism." His mother's unfortunate Calvinism was the accounting cause of his missing the *via media* of Anglicanism. There is not, however, in spite of these repeated assertions one jot or tittle of evidence, not

even a faint tradition, that Pugin was ever at any period of his life a Calvinist. The whole theory is a pure invention. Pugin was not only a member, but an admirer of the Anglican Church. One fact is worth a thousand such theories. Pugin himself states, that on his conversion, one of his greatest trials was to exchange the noble cathedrals, and their chaunted services, for a 'Moorfield's chapel,' where the Catholic ritual appeared to him to be clipped and distorted. And in a public letter he states that, "after applying himself to liturgical studies, then only did he discover that the service (the Anglican) that he had been accustomed to attend and admire was but a cold and heartless remnant of past glories." We have, moreover, ourselves seen the registry of his baptism in a church of the Establishment, and another indication, if one be wanting, pointing to the same conclusion, is the fact that he was educated in Christ Church Hospital. So Pugin, then, was no dissenter. Let us see whether there be any evidence, or even probability, that his mother was the gloomy Calvinist so invariably described in the late notices of Pugin's Life. In the first place, she belonged to a rank in English society in which dissent does not usually flourish, and there was nothing to induce Catherine Welby on her marriage with the elder Pugin, who appears to have had no religion, and little influence over his wife, to have taken up with Dissent. In her letters, and we ourselves have literally read scores of them, there is not the slightest particle of evidence to show that she was a Calvinist at all, much less a gloomy one. Her letters, extending over a long period of time, are graphic in the extreme, and full of details, and show a keen dissecting knowledge of men and things, together with a fearless spirit of criticism, and yet in not one of them is there a single indication of hostility to Anglicanism, or of a leaning to Dissent under any form. She visits, with her young son, her almost inseparable companion, the cathedrals of England, walking often in more remote districts, miles on foot, until, as she says, "her shoes were quite worn out," to reach some fine old church, or some secluded abbey, and she records her impressions with evident delight.

In something of the same spirit which afterwards showed itself in the celebrated "Contrasts" of her son, she attacks the dignitaries of the Church for their culpable negligence in allowing their cathedrals to fall into decay and into disuse.

Once at Chester, during the service at the cathedral, in that part of the liturgy, when the canons, she said, were confessing their faults of omission, she felt quite inclined to bid them look round their cathedral, whose ruinous state was a standing reproach to men who were spending the money of the Church in the gratification of their own indulgence. She then comments on, if even she does not actually complain of, the growth of dissent in Chester. At another time she speaks of the "horror," in which her son holds dissenters. Again, writing from Oxford, she speaks of the University as an "old and familiar acquaintance," and she is evidently on terms of intimacy with those by whom a "gloomy Calvinist" would have been scarcely tolerated. During her visit to Paris with her son the "delightful Augustus," Catherine Pugin went one Sunday to High Mass at Nôtre Dame, and describes with amusing accuracy and with all her love of detail, the ceremony so new to her, but does not exhibit any of the bigotry which would most undoubtedly, on such an auspicious occasion, have gushed up to the sour lips of a Calvinist; and in the afternoon she resorts to the public places of amusement in the gay city; could a "gloomy Calvinist" be guilty of such sabbath-breaking even in Paris?

The only evidence we have heard of, we believe the only evidence that exists, to convict her of that melancholy superstition is that she and her son used to go to hear Irving preach; but if that be sufficient to convict her of Calvinism, then half the educated world of London, who crowded, Sunday after Sunday, to hear that strange and impassioned preacher, were open to the same reproach. Catherine Pugin was no ordinary woman. Gifted with a thoughtful mind and great power of expression, she was too able to hold her own as well as too honest to have concealed her religion from shame or fear. From her love of power and rule, indeed, she may have been strict, perhaps severe, but not strait-laced or gloomy. Her letters exhibit strong religious feeling, but are at the same time lively and full of tenderness, at least towards her sister, with whom she had carried on an almost unbroken correspondence for twenty years, and towards her son, her "pearl beyond price" as she calls him. Her influence over him must have been great, and yet we never hear of her trying to wean him from the Anglican Church, or to lessen his early horror of dissenters. From whom indeed

could he have learnt this aversion, so likely as from herself?

There is indeed, we think, a great resemblance between the character of Augustus Welby Pugin and that of his mother; it would be interesting to trace in the son the development of his mother's talents and habit of mind. Such an attempt, however agreeable, would lead us too far, but if there be any truth in physiognomy, the bright, intelligent countenance of Catherine Pugin, is the last we should pitch upon as that of a gloomy Calvinist. From the evidence of her letters, at all events, and from her character, it seems far more likely, had she lived, that she would have followed her son into the Catholic Church than that she ever was a "gloomy Calvinist." Were we called upon precisely to define her creed we should call her a pre-Puseyite.

We know how difficult it is to remove a false impression which so many from various motives have concurred in creating; yet it is more especially the duty of this "Review" to which Pugin was so able a contributor to contradict the charge that he lightly adopted or loosely held the Catholic faith. We have one word more to say on this subject, and it is conclusive. We believe it has never been stated how edifying the preparation was which Pugin made for death. A short time before his last journey to London, from which he returned home only to die, Pugin who, like Dr. Johnson, had a strange horror of death, and of everything connected with it, suddenly bethought himself, or rather was inspired by grace, to prepare for his last end. With all the faith and religious fervour of his nature, he went into a retreat for that purpose; he did nothing by halves, he prayed, he fasted, he meditated, received the sacraments. In a few days afterwards he went to London; madness came upon him, and death prepared for in so Christian a manner, soon followed. His was indeed "a crowded hour of glorious life." Well prepared for death he could afford to die young. How different was his death from the death of poor Turner! What desolation must have come upon that miserable broken-hearted old man, when he went to hide himself in his dismal abode at Chelsea, to die in loneliness! He had nothing to comfort him, no memory, no hope, no faith, nobody to love, none to esteem him. He died as he lived.

And what a mean passionate life was his; how ignoble even the motives which spurred on his genius; how mean and paltry was his spirit of rivalry! In his struggle for fame he was silent and secretive; in success he was defiant and vindictive. In his character there was nothing elevated or noble; he had not even the dignity which silent heroic suffering is sometimes able to impart. He had genius and nothing more. He was of the earth, earthy. Yet, it is said, in his youth, he was a tender-hearted clinging man; conscious of genius, and feeling keenly the neglect which he experienced from the world, loving and betrayed in his passionate love, he became transformed into the corrupt, selfish, degraded man who has left behind him a name without honour, and yet one which will only be forgotten when the works of his hand perish. Of him we may say with the poet of Hope,

“Not all thy trophied arts
Nor triumphs that beneath thee sprung,
Could heal one passion or one pang
Entailed on human hearts.”

It is sad to reflect that this wreck of a great genius, this demoralization of a kindly nature, was brought about, in part at least, by the merciless freak of an inconstant woman.

Turner, in fine, will be remembered only for what he did: Pugin for what he was. Turner worked for himself alone; Pugin for others only. Turner has gathered in his own harvest; but others reap what Pugin has sown. Yet this was the very aim of Pugin's life; unlike Turner, he laboured not for self-glorification, nor did he bury the treasures of his knowledge that he might for his own profit enhance the value of his workmanship. He was prodigal of himself, of his plans, of his views, of his designs, he laid himself open to befriend all, to enrich others with the resources of his genius, that they might grow strong against the gathering in of the harvest which he had planted. This is his glory, this his triumph, these are his trophies, that he founded a school, instructed his generation, and that the works which now are done spring from minds inspired by his creative genius. All this we must remember when we feel disappointed that

so great a man has done so comparatively little, and that no crowning result sprang from his genius to remain a permanent mark of his power. We candidly acknowledge that there is something in Pugin which disappoints us. We have an instinctive feeling that he has just, by a little, missed the very highest order of genius in his own peculiar department. He was too great a man not to have been greater, had he not lacked some quality of greatness. Perhaps his mind was deficient in patience, the true foundation of greatness; it certainly was somewhat wanting in philosophic breadth. We offer no apology for those remarks; for of such a man, so earnest, so genuine, so candid, indiscriminating praise is simply dishonour. Though his works too soon may perish, his earnest eloquent voice be too early forgotten, while the trophies of Turner's genius crowd in splendour the National Gallery, yet the evidence of his greatness is to be found in the mark which he has stamped on his age, and his national gallery is in the national mind and in the Gothic Revival. Every future building, raised in England on the true principles of Christian art, will be a monument to the memory and an honour to the name of Augustus Welby Pugin.

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

MAY, 1862.

ART. I.—1. *All the Year Round.* vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. London : 1859-60-61, &c.

2. *The Cornhill Magazine.* London : vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c,

3. *Macmillan's Magazine.* Cambridge : vols. 1, 2, &c.

4. *St. James' Magazine.* London ; vols. 1, 2, &c.

5. *Temple Bar and Sixpenny Magazines, &c. &c.*

THERE have been revolutions in the great republic of letters as there have been amongst nations. Revolutions, however, different in their nature, though both working mighty changes ; for whilst those which have subverted monarchies and disorganized republics have done their work with violent commotion and startling effects, those which have changed the aspect of the literary world have worked by slow and comparatively silent progression.

In former, and yet not very distant times, men wrote books, with few exceptions, because they felt the mysterious working within them of the “mens divinior,” the promptings of that genius which was to give something to the world worth the having—something to teach, to elevate, to refine. In those days the saying that no man is a prophet in his own country was fully verified ; for when few men wrote, and nearly all wrote well, authorship was held in the lowest esteem by the world, and looked upon as a pursuit inferior to the most humble calling, and its efforts, in a pecuniary sense, were rewarded accordingly. In our days every one is an author, and to have written a book is as much an indispensable act in

the life of the man of the World as to have made the grand tour, or to have been presented at court. And yet, amidst such an "embarras des richesses" as one would think, in which competition for the public ear, should, it would seem, have reduced the gain of bookcraft to the lowest point, the sums paid to distinguished literary men are such as would have made the author of former days expire in an extacy of astonishment.

To institute comparisons, as it were, "per capita" between writers of the present day and those of the times we refer to, would be an ungracious, and, for our present purpose, an unnecessary task. We can, however, fairly say that while formerly the great majority of writers produced books to last while literature exists, the destiny of a large proportion of our modern authors is a merciful oblivion.

As regards the mere matter of money remuneration, literary excellence was never rewarded as it is rewarded in our days, and this perhaps more than anything else, has tended to reduce the public writer to the level of a tradesman. As we have before remarked, men nowadays write, as it were, to order—stimulated by the prospect of gain rather than by the workings of genius. No man felt the pressure of pecuniary distress more keenly than did Goldsmith at the time when he had the manuscript of the *Vicar of Wakefield* lying finished by him, and yet it was not till Johnson carried it away and sold it for the *magnificent price* of £60. that it was used as a commercial commodity for the furnishing of supplies. Not alone are the *writings* of distinguished authors looked upon as valuable in the present day by publishers and booksellers, but even the *reputation* of such men and the right to use the prestige of their names, are eagerly sought and liberally paid for. The often very trifling, quantity of sterling gold lying in these intellectual mines is beaten out to a curiously elaborate thinness to gild the baser metal of the minds of other men. In other words, the name as much as the intellect of such writers is traded upon by the publisher who becomes, as it were, the purchaser of both.

The immense quantity of publications daily issuing from the press would argue a high intellectual mind in the present day. At any rate it argues conclusively a vast demand for books—but we may well ask is there a corresponding refinement of taste, a keener relish for

excellence, a more uncompromising exaction of perfection?

Not many years ago it was doubtless somewhat of a drawback to the enjoyment of society to feel on entering a drawing room the conviction, that in a pretty large company, not two persons, perhaps not one, of those assembled, could maintain five minutes connected conversation on the subject of literature and books. And yet when good fortune threw one such in our way, how fully did *his* intelligence and information compensate for the deficiency of the others. Men who *then* read at all, read thoroughly, generally understood what they had read, and had read what was worth understanding and remembering. Now—every man is either author or critic, but all in a small and smattering way. The superficial character of the reading of men of this day is soon displayed, indicating the shallow pools at which they have sipped, not drunk, and yet they impose on their fellows and actually on themselves, and persuade others, and are themselves persuaded, that they have reached their intellectual manhoods, while in truth they are in a tottering infancy.

We have no desire unduly to depreciate modern progress. We do not wish to echo the querulous complaint of senility, that nothing is equal in the present to past times. We honour talent and worship genius to-day, as we honour and worship the talent and genius of those days which are passed away. "A thing of beauty" is truly "a joy for ever," and far be it from us to say that there are no such joys springing up in the present times to gladden us, and to delight posterity—but such would be more numerous and of stronger growth and of more perfect beauty if afforded time and space in which to bloom and ripen. A feverish clamour, the hot breath of excitement, cries out daily, Give! give! give! and the result is haste, immaturity, imperfection. Whether this excited, restless craving is the cause or the consequence originally of excessive literary activity, is not important to inquire; certain it is that both have grown together to an extent so monstrous and a growth so unhealthy that a crisis must arrive and probably soon. And what a waste of intellect!—not, truly, intellect of a very high order, but undoubtedly of much, that concentrated and distilled would have given something to the world which would be worth preserving. The state of literature in the present day would almost

suggest that authorship is a craft which can be acquired by practice. It would appear that many men, members of various professions and of different callings, finding their progress in such professions and callings slow, have, partly to beguile the tediousness of inactivity, and partly with a view to gain, begun to write, or rather to write and offer contributions to serial publications. At first perhaps rebuffed, after a time received and remunerated, they have bestowed additional labour on their succeeding efforts, and at last by dint of practice have acquired facility in writing short pieces either in prose or verse of moderate merit and which are received and paid for with regularity. Gradually they drop even the name of their original calling, and become professional writers. It may be said that this was always so—perhaps it was, but to a very limited extent. As we have before remarked, in former times men wrote because they could not resist giving to the world the thoughts that burned within them, because Providence had sent them into the world to instruct or to refine mankind. And though doubtless many of them by the licentiousness or depravity of their writings, worked greater injury than their nobler efforts could repair, yet those excesses were generally the wild caprices of genius, and seldom the labour of hire. A man then deserted his desk or warehouse, threw off his lawyer's gown or soldier's helmet, and seized the poet's or the essayist's pen, fired with the noble spirit of emulation—not stimulated by the desire of gain—in other words, most writers were then the children of nature, and the offspring of genius—and are now too often the creations of necessity and the results of laboured application—artificial, not natural, made *by* the time, not *for* it. So it will always be, when the mere gain of money is the incentive to exertion, and not the pure and well-directed longing for an honest fame.

These reflections appear to us naturally suggested by the existence of those numerous publications the names of some of which are prefixed to this article. Numerous as these productions are at present, their number is almost weekly, nay daily increasing, and since we wrote the first lines of our present notice one has been added to the swelling list. The name of magazine applied to publications of this class possesses an important meaning. Periodical is a name also used to indicate the same class of

publications, but it may be called the generic, while magazine is the specific name; under the former are included newspapers, annual registers, and the reviews. The magazine should be, from its name, a store-house of literature, a repository of information, and a treasury from which at all times supplies of sterling value could be drawn, and indeed we must confess that many of the elder magazines are true to their character and name. Immense quantities of valuable matter in many departments are stored up in "Blackwood," in "Fraser," in "Bentley," and in the oldest of the family, the venerable *Gentleman's Magazine*, while the reviews, numbering the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Monthly*, and the *Retrospective*, with others, contain some of the finest writing, some of the deepest learning, and some of the acutest criticism. These magazines were called for by the requirements of the time, and they equalled the requirements. Some of the first of English writers contributed to them, not because they received good payment for their contributions, but because they thus found a ready and convenient medium for making public, short, but valuable, essays on various subjects. There was no flourish of well-known names to give a deceptive adornment to mediocrity. Every line was recommended by sheer unaided merit.

In the year 1850, the first of the more numerous array of modern magazine, to a notice of which these lines are devoted, made its appearance. It issued under a twofold recommendation. It was to be cheap and it was to be under the conduct and editorship of a favourite and successful writer. It was not alone to be a cheap publication, but it was to be issued at short intervals, and so subdivided into numbers and parts as to be within the reach of the most limited purse. On the 30th March, 1850, appeared the first number of "*Household Words*," under the conduct of Mr. Charles Dickens. The public received this new candidate for favour with open arms. The name of Charles Dickens was a tower of strength, and many persons whose narrow means, or probably, more truly, whose narrow hearts, had hitherto prevented them from purchasing his works, anticipated with pleasure the purchase of the weekly numbers of *Household Words* in which they hoped to read some fresh production of his happy and prolific pen. Others too, with a strange confusion of ideas, hailed the new magazine with delight,

assuring themselves that under such distinguished guidance it would contain nothing that was paltry, offensive, or puerile. A little reflection would have doubtless told them, as a very little experience unquestionably would have taught them, that first-rate writers are not always, indeed not often, first-rate editors, and that, as Mr. Dickens did not promise to contribute the entire contents himself, his name as conductor was but a poor guarantee of excellence. The work was inaugurated with some little deviation from the common track. It would never do to come out with a common-place name, and therefore the somewhat affected title of "*Household Words*," with the motto,

"Familiar in their mouths as Household Words,"

was adopted. We shall not pause now to notice the work more particularly. We can however with truth say that it contained but little worth preserving, but a vast quantity of very childish, and often of almost unintelligible matter. Those words never became household, never became familiar, and have now passed into obscurity. The publication has split into two, both now existing, one known as "*Once a Week*," the other as "*All the Year Round*." Doubtless our descendants, if any copies of those books should ever reach them, will smile at their fanciful titles as well as at the flimsy stuff of which they are composed, and wonder at the state of the literary world that tolerated their existence. "*All the Year Round*," is now the representative of the defunct "*Household Words*." It too has its motto, which appears wrenched from its application to fit its place upon the title. How the matter composing "*All the Year Round*" represents "the story of our lives from year to year" we cannot divine. Such a motto would be appropriate perhaps to a newspaper or an annual register, but it appears to us to have no earthly connection with the contents of "*All the Year Round*."

"*Household Words*" had, however, its quaint name and its motto,—so must also "*All the Year Round*." The somewhat, as we have already said, affected and fanciful title, strikes us as an evidence of internal weakness. "Good wine needs no bush," and good literary matter would commend itself under the simplest name—without a name. But it would never do to bring out a publica-

tion under the auspices and conduct of Mr. Charles Dickens, as one might be produced under those of a common individual. Mr. Dickens delights in queer uncommon names for the characters in his books—his Pickwicks, Nicklebys, Chuzzlewits, Panckses, Sweedlepipes, Peggoties and others occur on the instant to the mind, and a glance for which we cannot now stop, would disclose twenty others quite as singular and uncommon. And to him doubtless is due the merit (?) of inventing the happy and catching title. We speak from memory, as we have not access at present to a set of "Household Words," when we say that Mr. Dickens's only continuous contribution to that series is "Hard Times." That too was not begun by him until the magazine had struggled on for some time. But "All the Year Round" opens with "A tale of two cities—by Charles Dickens." It was probably begun to be felt that to give the successor of "Household Words" a little warmer vitality than it had itself enjoyed, the name of the popular conductor should appear more prominently as a contributor, and not alone a contributor of such *noble* and *enduring* contributions as "The Noble Savage," "A Flight," "The Detective Police," "A Plated Article," "Our Vestry," &c., &c., but of a continuous story, to appear always on the first page of each number. It had become indeed, absolutely necessary that Mr. Dickens should plainly assert his identity—for whether through pure admiration or through some vague and muddy notion of pleasing the public ear, some of his fellow contributors to Household Words had managed to acquire so dexterous an imitation of their leader's style, that nearly the entire work might have passed as the sole production of Mr. Dickens.

The public had a right to expect much from a publication conducted by Mr. Dickens—we have already stated that they perhaps expected too much, but we think that the most moderate have been sorely disappointed. In "All the Year Round" the original design, or what ought to be the design, has been wholly departed from. It was understood as intended that the contents should be varied, and that each article should possess some merit and should repay perusal, and should have its own independent interest and value. We ask any candid reader how far this design has been carried out, and whether, rather, the mass of contributions are any thing better than

a foil for the story, which, written by the conductor or some other writer of note, runs from number to number and forms, or is intended to form, the chief attraction of the work. First, Mr. Dickens opens with "A tale of two cities." He is followed by Mr. Wilkie Collins in "The Woman in White;" Mr. Collins is in turn succeeded by Mr. Lever in "A Day's Ride;" Mr. Dickens again resumes with "Great Expectations" (the name a bitter satire on the purchasers of the work) and Sir Edward L. Bulwer is at present delighting or puzzling his readers with "A Strange Story."

Now, we venture to protest against this, and against the idea that the excellence and value, about which for our present purpose, we care not to enquire, of a single story, satisfies the design of a magazine boastfully put forth as an instructor of the people. Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Collins, or Mr. Lever, or Sir Edward, are known writers whose works any publisher rich enough to pay for them would receive with open arms. If either of these authors wish to give their productions to the public at a very cheap rate there can be no objection to this philanthropic course; but let them select some other media than the magazines whose contents should possess their own intrinsic value, independently of the reflected light from great names. It appears to be suggested that while such excellent value in the leading story is offered to the reader he has no right to criticize too closely the rest of the contents—but the reader ought to have purchased, and probably as a rule, in the majority of cases, originally did purchase, the work, not for the sake of a story by Mr. Dickens or any other celebrated writer of fiction, but for general matter which he hoped to find instructive and improving.

Opening at hazard volumes of "All the Year Round," we are struck by the number of articles which relate to foreign countries, their manners and customs—French, German, Russian, Austrian, Italian. None of these are remarkable for ability, and few appear characterized by candour. We refer the reader to "Viva L'Italia," at page 253, "Piedmont" at page 269, "A Book" at page 452 of volume 1; "Paris or Rome," page 7, "A Revival under Louis the 15th" page 81, "The Pope in Account" page 229 of volume 3, as some few out of a great number of very illiberal, very ignorant and very offensive articles. Of those which are not bitter, though weak and common-

place attacks on Catholic belief and Catholic governments, few possess the slightest interest or merit, or tell any thing which could not be found in any modern book of travels. In most, the dull complacency which makes so many Englishmen regard themselves, their country, and its institutions, as infinitely superior to those of every other land, and to regard and speak of those of other countries as contemptible and absurd, is manifest throughout. Can any thing be more dreary and purposeless than "Vittoria Accoramboni," commenced at page 296 of volume 2, with its dismal attempts at humour, exhibited in coarse vulgarisms—its dulness and its want of interest? As we go on through the now numerous volumes we stop to ask for what purpose were they written. Certainly not, we should necessarily conclude from the contents, for the elevation and improvement of the people. Those great ends are not to be attained by 'sensation' stories, nor by bitter polemics, which mar good feeling, excite religious animosity, and wound the feelings of those who have not learned to despise. We have indicated one or two such articles.—Another will be found at page 411 of volume 2, entitled "Phases of Papal faith." For mendacity, for rancour, and for vulgarity this article may vie with the most rabid tirades of the Standard or the Herald—but what business has it in a publication intended for the public, professing to be addressed to all, pretending to aid benevolence and philanthropy, and to hurt no man's religious tenets, nay no man's religious *prejudices*? Were these articles written in the best and highest strain of persuasive argument, graced with eloquence and adorned with learning, they would here be out of place; but such as they are, loose in style, inaccurate in statement and bad in spirit, they are a disgrace to and a blot upon the pages in which they appear. Many others of the articles are in plain words downright nonsense, childish in the extreme. Ridiculous ghost stories, improbable and uninteresting witch stories, prose poetry and affected prose fill up the volumes of "All the Year Round." Let the reader turn for instance to "Doll's Coffins," page 189 of volume 5; "Mr. Singleman on Tea," page 442 of volume 4, and he will begin to wonder how human audacity could reach so far as to offer such literary food to the healthy mind. The poetry—we should have said the verses—scattered through the various volumes are as affected as the prose. Not a line is healthy,

pure and fresh. They are, almost without exception, hard, unmusical and artificial, in strained and halting measure of some strange new kind. On the whole we cannot but look on "All the Year Round," as a deception and a failure. It can never, as at present conducted and composed, either reform or improve. It may suggest themes for bitter controversial bickering, supply subjects for unhealthy thought, and perhaps at the best beguile an idle hour, but it will never serve a higher purpose, nor adorn a higher sphere, and in a few years it will be numbered with the things that have been and the things that are forgotten.

The "Cornhill Magazine," and "Macmillan's," were born into the Literary world almost together.

The Cornhill was announced with a flourish of many trumpets, a boastful promise of effecting great things. Nothing could, apparently, be more genial than the opening address—it breathed peace, benevolence, universal love. The great W. M. Thackeray was announced as editor. The first idea was probably that of the publishers, who seeing or believing that their neighbours were making a capital thing of "All the Year Round," under the tempting sign of the Dickens' arms, thought that an equally good thing might be made by hanging out those of Mr. Thackeray. A servile or even a partial imitation could not however be endured, and accordingly, cover, size, type and price were all new and all different from "All the Year Round." The first, the cover, was a bright yellow, with a fanciful and we suppose allegorical or rather figurative delineation of the great process of sowing the earth and reaping and threshing out its produce. We know not whether these figures are meant as a punning allusion to Cornhill, or simply to illustrate the great principle of labour; or that scattering, reaping, and storing up, of knowledge which was to be the work of the writers in the Magazine. If this latter, certain it is that the process of separating the grain from the chaff, has not been, and is not performed with that care which might be desired,—but we anticipate our task. The second the size was somewhat less than that of its predecessor and perhaps Rival. The third was infinitely superior, and the price a trifle greater. The whole affair possessed a greater air of respectability—the name of the editor, though announced, was not paraded on the covers, and each monthly part issued at once, there being no subdivision into weekly numbers. Illustrations—whole

page, initial, and occasional, were also a new feature, and on the whole the announcement of the appearance of the Cornhill, was received with favour and with interest, and much was looked for, as indeed much was promised. The name too, suggested by the position of the place of business of the publishers was unassuming and unaffected, and there was no motto. When the first number appeared many whispered half unconsciously, "*parturiunt montes.*" As a matter of course there was a leading story, "*Framley Parsonage,*" and another auxiliary story by the editor, "*Lovel the Widower.*" Here, at the outset, the old device was played off. A story by a popular writer running from number to number, so that the unwary reader feeling some interest in the first portions of the story, might be induced to buy the second, and the third, and subsequent numbers to finish *that one tale*, though there should be not another line in the book, mayhap, which he would care to read. Light reading as it is called, should not be the staple literary commodity of a well conducted magazine: there can be no objection to short well written tales, or even to one prolonged through several numbers—but the rest of the matter should not be worthless, and in fact the fiction should be subsidiary merely to the solid pabulum, the food which is to nourish and sustain. The first number winds up with the first of what Mr. Thackeray terms his "*Roundabout papers,*" in which in his peculiar style, the editor, apparently conscious of the fact that the whole sum of the pretensions of his first number was in the fiction, labours to convince of its use and value. These, nobody ever thought—we don't think—of questioning; but we assert that fiction should form but a small part of the contents of any magazine which hopes to fix its foundation sure and to pursue an useful and honoured career. In this paper, Mr. Thackeray gives his readers an idea of the value of the other contributions to the number. He parades the authors of the various papers like an auctioneer vaunting his goods, or like a vulgar host who recommends his wine by telling his guests that it was purchased at a first-rate house. Surely, if the "*search for Sir John Franklin*" has its merit, (and we readily admit its merit,) the announcement that it was written by one of the seamen who sought for Franklin could add little to its interest;—of course it was—the fact is apparent from a perusal of the paper, which is in the form of a narrative. The account of China and the paper on the

Volunteer movement, neither of them remarkable for interest or ability, are we are told, the productions of real great men. "Walk up ladies and gentlemen and you will see a wonderful representation of the Battle of Waterloo, the part of Wellington being performed in an original pair of Jack boots worn by the Hero, and Napoleon being represented on the identical white horse which carried him on that great occasion."

"Curious if true," at page 208 may serve the purpose intended by its title, and induce some readers to take up the number; their disappointment at finding such positive *trash* set before them—any one who tries to peruse the paper may imagine. The editor must have been out of town and permitted some very incompetent person to take his place, when such a contribution as this was suffered to make its appearance in the Cornhill. Its perusal would excite a smile if smiles did not give place to blended sorrow and indignation. "Life among the Lighthouses," is a mere compilation of accounts of lighthouses. A far better informed, and fully as interesting, an article on the same subject will be found in one of the early volumes of the Penny Magazine, containing in a more condensed form everything in the article in question. Of "Framley Parsonage" and "Lovel the widower," we say nothing. They have long since, as we anticipated, appeared as separate books, thus depriving the buyers of the Cornhill of the value of exclusive possession. The critics will, doubtless, deal with them, devoting a paper solely to the discussion—we shall not do either the injustice of a hasty notice here, having so many things yet to speak of. "William Hogarth" is interesting and instructive, and though somewhat too much expanded, is a suitable and useful contribution. The second volume opens with Mr. Thackeray's "The four Georges" which, continued from number to number, until big enough to walk alone, has appeared as a separate volume. We don't, therefore, intend to dwell upon it. But in glancing through it we were a little struck by a passage to be found at page 13 of the second volume of the Cornhill. There is a flippancy in the tone of this passage which we are somewhat surprised to see exhibited by Mr. Thackeray; the wish to write in a peculiar, dashing, trenchant style, a style which may be always recognised, leads men very often into writing nonsense of one kind or another. And Mr. Thackeray has in this passage not

escaped the too common fate. We are not surprised to find Mr. Thackeray sneering at Mary Queen of Scots and at those insensates who regard her with respect and admiration ; but we *are* surprised, we own, to find him going out of his way to asperse that illustrious memory, and mixing up in a strange farrago the name of the unfortunate Queen with those of Helen of Greece, Bluebeard's wife !! Queen Caroline, and Madame Laffarge !!! A profane allusion to Eve, tempted by the serpent, winds up the precious passage.

"Physiological Riddles" and "Electricity," and the "Electric Telegraph," are good and readable.

At page 123, we come upon No. 5 of Mr. Thackeray's "Roundabout papers," entitled "Thorns in the cushion."

We doubt not that there are many persons who will read with interest this touching story of Editorial Grief, who will sympathise with the soft hearted autocrat of Literature, as, in the discharge of his duty, he is forced to reject where he would fain receive ; to be deaf when he would fain listen. But is this interesting to the mass of readers, is it useful, is it improving, is it even amusing ? No good sir, or madam, it is none of all these—but it fills up space, and to Mr. Thackeray it is doubtless interesting, as it is all about himself.

No one who knows anything of the matter believes that the position of an editor is a bed of roses—but if public rumour at all approximate to the truth, Mr. Thackeray reposes upon an editorial couch, which is stuffed, not with rose leaves, but with bank notes—a couch which most men would prefer. After all, what have we to do with Mr. Thackeray's private griefs and labours ? We do not speak it unkindly when we say that there is a touch of purely English selfishness in the belief evidently held by Mr. Thackeray that these matters, so interesting to himself, are equally so to the public, and so he cries and blubbers about the thorns in his editorial chair, as if he sat in it for the public good only, and endured the rack out of pure philanthropy.

That Mr. Thackeray has no great love for Ireland or for the Irish, most of his books show. His satire of Irishmen is almost always in the same shape, that of a vulgar, tippling, half-pay captain or needy schemer. His invention seems to stop here, but he seldom loses an opportunity of

flinging a contemptuous sarcasm at the nation. We have heard more than one reason given as accounting for this hostile idiosyncrasy, but we hardly think the matter worth enquiry. To one, at least, we can't help referring—and it runs, that Mr. Thackeray, on the occasion of a visit to Dublin, was so egregiously, to use the vulgar but expressive word, "humbled" by a Dublin carman, whose improbable fictions were readily swallowed by his hearer, that the wounded self-complacency of the accomplished writer has ever since shown its sense of wrong in bitter jibes at the Irish people. We are far from vouching for this story. It appears a childish reason for such persistent animosity, and we should be slow to think that a man so well aware of what British literature owes to Irish genius, could be induced to hate an entire nation on such trivial grounds. In the "Roundabout" papers now under consideration, Mr. Thackeray gives us what he describes as an affecting and piteous appeal, written to him as editor of the Cornhill, by a poor woman, who, by her own account, had seen better days, and who sends a copy of verses to the editor in the hope that, finding them suitable for insertion, he will pay for them and so enable the author to relieve a sick mother and little brothers and sisters. We shall not be guilty of the rudeness, especially as we shall have to commit that impropriety presently when offering an opinion with reference to another letter, of doubting the genuineness of this epistle. But we trust we may, without offence, express our surprise that a governess, as the writer of the letter states herself to be, should adopt so wild a device for adding to her resources as sending verses to the Cornhill Magazine. Mr. Thackeray grows poetically sentimental over this letter, tells how he heard the miserable voice of the writer crying to him day and night for help, and how on going forth from his house he expected to see the pale appealing face of the poetical governess in his hall, surrounded by the little brothers and sisters. All this may be very affecting, and doubtless is so to many readers. But this, observe, is the sweet, and pious, and filial production of some saintlike *English* girl, who dates her letter from Classic Camberwell; but the editor next gives us a couple of letters which he says he has received from two *Irish* correspondents, not asking for the insertion of poetical effusions but coarsely assailing him for alleged reflections upon the Ballet contained in "Lovel the Widower."

Now, but three letters in all, are furnished by the editor as specimens of those daily thorns that pierce his sensitive and benevolent heart—one we have already referred to, and it is of course, as we have said, a model of all that is womanly and plaintive, and it is written by an English girl—the other two are coarse, abusive, and ill-mannered, and are the *veritable* productions of Irish men or women. Both these latter, our editor tells us, are dated from Dublin; true he does not say so in as many words, but he gives us the address of each—"Theatre Royal, *Donnybrook*," such latter place he says, lying adjacent to the real address, he has substituted for it. Now, there is no place, possessing a theatre, at all near Donnybrook except Dublin, and Dublin has but two theatres, which are close to one another. Moreover, all the actors in both theatres, are probably, *without a single exception*, English, at least not Irish, so that the entire force of the contrast is lost when the facts come to be known. But for the letters themselves—we ask the reader to turn to page 127 of the second volume of the Cornhill, and to read those letters, and say if there is even a faint semblance of reality in their composition. The joke is a very dull joke indeed, and none the better for being both illnatured and untrue.

"Stranger than fiction," to be found at page 211 of vol. ii., is an article that should never have been printed in the Cornhill, nor indeed elsewhere. It is calculated to do much mischief, especially to weak and fearful minds—it can do no possible good to any.

The Cornhill was plainly falling into an extremely delicate and even alarming state of health, when—having reached about half way into its third volume—its proprietors and editor thought, it would appear, that the process known in surgery as "infusion" might be tried with advantage. The aid of Mr. Richard Doyle was called in to effect this operation, and to pour into the almost withered veins of the dwindling publication some fresh and vigorous blood.

We own that we regret that Mr. Doyle was ever prevailed on to interfere; we think he has not served his own reputation, and he has done little to invigorate his patient. This, indeed, probably, was out of his power and out of the power of any artist surgeon; the whole frame required renewing.

"Birds' Eye Views of Society" is the title adopted by

Mr. Doyle for a Series of Sketches, the first of which appeared in volume iii. Before noticing these drawings more fully we must once for all take strong exception to the adoption of such a device to render the Cornhill more attractive. A magazine should contain, as we have already stated, nothing but sterling matter, and should appeal more to the judgment and the intellect than to the fancy. Now, the introduction of these pictures is a mere delusive catch-penny, an appeal to the eye only; for with all deference to Mr. Doyle his drawings teach no lesson and illustrate no serious or useful phase of Human Life. They are essentially Cockney in their design and execution, and have the character of a mind that cannot or will not, look beyond the world of London. They are not pictures of life—not even exaggerated pictures—they are simply caricatures, as much like Hogarth as the writer is like Hercules. While a vast deal of real talent, almost of genius, is shown, in the drawing of the different faces—the absurd crowding of the figures in many of the designs completely mars the effect. Take for instance Nos. 1 and 2—the “At Home,” and “A Juvenile Party.” Some of the later efforts are better, perhaps, but *all* are, as we have said, caricatures. As for the letter-press matter accompanying each “Bird’s eye view,” we wish for his own sake Mr. Doyle had either left his pictures to tell their own story, or got some more practised hand to do the writing. We are sorry to say that the commentaries, explanations, illustrations, or whatever they should be called, accompanying Mr. Doyle’s drawings, are frequently disfigured by bad grammar and are always written in that intolerably flippant style which has been adopted by the *fast* writers of modern times.

We do not make these remarks in an unkind spirit. We recognise most fully Mr. Doyle’s talents, and we honour him for the independent spirit which induced him some years ago to sever his connection with “Punch;” we should be glad to see him adding to his well-earned fame, from which we fear these drawings will prove a detraction, and we should be the no less pleased at his success because he is a native of that land whose children the editor of the Cornhill regards with such aversion and contempt.

We know that many persons who would otherwise have discontinued the purchase of the Cornhill have been induced to continue to buy it for the sake of Mr. Doyle’s

illustrations. We own we are glad of this, and if there are people who think the Cornhill worth buying for the sake of these sketches, while we cannot envy them their judgment, we are pleased to find such power of attraction swayed by our clever countryman.

What these admirers will think and say when like "Framley Parsonage," and "Lovel the Widower," and "The four Georges," these drawings are published in a separate volume, as assuredly they will be, unencumbered by the weight, literal and figurative, of the surrounding articles, is another matter upon which we would rather not speculate.

We feel that we have been about an unpleasant task. Fault finding is unpleasant, and we have been obliged to find fault. Great things were promised when these Magazines were first announced, and nothing, absolutely nothing, has been done. We cannot find in all the different volumes one single article of that pre-eminent and striking merit which the promises first held out gave us a right to look for.

At page 50, of the fourth volume of the Cornhill will be found—"Middle Class and Primary Education." The writer begins by counting the readers of the Cornhill by millions, and assumes, as certain, that out of all that great number of readers—any who have had not the good luck to have been taught at Eton—feel, nevertheless, deep interest in that and other "*aristocratic*" seminaries. We confess that, as a very small section of the great million, we have never felt any peculiar interest in Eton, or any other "*aristocratic*" school, and we are convinced that we know many schools in Ireland very humble and by no means "*aristocratic*," which, in proportion, have turned out, and continue to turn out, a far greater number of good scholars and good men, than the "*aristocratic*" Eton or the elegant Harrow. But we refer to this paper in particular as a fair specimen of the "filling stuff" of the Cornhill. A more vapid, shallow, and purposeless production we have never read—the sum total of its meaning clad in many words, being—that to succeed in educating your sons well you must put them under competent teachers—a proposition which requires no argument and no mere "talk" to enforce. Striking, as this article is, as illustrating the art of filling pages with something that at first sight looks very sensible, and perhaps profound, we

should not have noticed it at all, but for a piece of impertinence committed by the writer who, imitating with his bray the editorial roar, thus ignorantly and foolishly writes:—

“And first of all, have a care of men with incomprehensible letters attached to their names. The B.A. or M.A. of Oxford or Cambridge, *or even of Durham or Dublin*, has cost something both in money and labour,” &c.

We are disposed to ascribe this silly impertinence to ignorance, mixed with insufferable arrogance. No man who knew anything of the matter would rank Durham and Dublin Universities together. The former, established in 1833, for the education of students in Theology, has never aimed at or gained distinction. The University of Dublin, the University of Ussher, of Berkley, of Burke, of Swift, of Goldsmith, has given as many eminent men to Literature and Science, as “*caeteris paribus*,” any University in the kingdom. But we feel shame that we should have been provoked into even a passing vindication of Trinity College, by so silly and contemptible a sneer, from so shallow a writer.

We shall pass “The struggles of Jones, Brown, and Robinson,” in merciful silence. If fiction *must* form a portion of the contents of a magazine, let it be fiction, teaching *some* lesson, possessing *some* consistency, aiming at *some* purpose, beyond such as this!

“Agnes of Sorrento” is worthy of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and unworthy of the Cornhill or any respectable magazine.

On the whole we cannot speak of the Cornhill as being much less an imposition and a sham than “All the Year Round.” We cannot conscientiously regard either as an addition of the slightest value to our literature, while both contain much matter that we must deem injurious. The illustrations in the Cornhill, which seem to become more numerous as the publication grows older and feebler, are simply meant to catch the uninformed eye, and, in plain words, to sell the book. Let the reader look at “The Excursion Train,” page 727 of vol. iv., and let him say with candour whether the letter-press is not evidently written for the illustrations as a flimsy excuse for their appearance.

“Macmillan’s Magazine” made, as we have said, its appearance almost simultaneously with the Cornhill.

There was a plain, honest, sterling look about its first number, which made a favourable impression. The name selected was simply that of the publisher, and a new feature appeared in a list of the names of the contributors. It opened with a story, as it seems to be a matter of course that all magazines should have a story continued from number to number. "Tom Brown at Oxford," is a story written with considerable spirit and displaying an intimate knowledge of college life, but we doubt that it will prove generally interesting; it is, however, good, wholesome, and, we may add, amusing reading.

We cannot like the "Colloquy of the Round Table," nor enter its spirit, if, indeed, it has any. Mr. MacTaggart occupies a good deal of the space, and his humour is Scotch, expressed in broad Scotch, and we have an unlucky prejudice against Scottish idiom, and an unfortunate dulness of appreciation of Scottish humour.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson is, we believe, the representative of the poetic genius of Britain in these days. This is not the place nor the time to examine into his pretensions to that position—but never very ardent admirers of his verse, we were not disappointed at reading at page 191 of the 1st vol. of Macmillan's Magazine "Sea dreams, an Idyl," or, as we have been accustomed to see the word spelled—an "Idyl." This is a favourite form of poem with Mr. Tennyson; at any rate, he is fond of calling his short pieces by the name, and perhaps in strict etymology any short poem may properly be called an Idyl. Nevertheless, the word has commonly been used to signify a pastoral poem, and we certainly, in this sense, do not think it applicable to "Sea Dreams." A man probably may, having achieved a reputation as an author, write almost any nonsense provided it be well wrapped up in words, and give it to the crowd as philosophic musings. This license, this power of imposing on the vulgar, is peculiarly the property of poets. Let a man but earn some poetic fame and he may write the veriest and driest every day prose, and pass it off for poetry, provided he breaks his lines into the semblance of blank verse, and calls the piece an Ode, or an Idyl. The title of "Sea Dreams" is attractive. We think of musings by the "Sounding main;"—of Byron's glorious "rapture by the lovely shore,"—we picture to ourselves some lonely sailor floating over the main, and lying upon his vessel's deck, gazing into the blue vault

of heaven, and letting his soul float away into dreams of love or of ambition—of some wrapt poet sitting on a sea girt rock, musing glorious visions as he gazes over the great ocean, visions to be soon clad in immortal verse. But when we read the first of Mr. Tennyson's lines, we come down from our elevation with a sudden and painful shock. We find that the "Sea Dreams" are two every day, or night affairs, had by a man and his wife, who, for the sake of their child's health, had come to pass some time by the sea-shore, perhaps at Margate or Ramsgate. The story is a very prose affair. The man, at the suggestion of some interested swindler, had invested his savings in a Peruvian mine—(we think of Mr. Dickens' Peruvian Bonds) which existed only in the imagination of the swindler, and has lost his earnings. Having come to the sea side, he, bemoaning his loss, dreams when in his bed, of mines and gold, as is of course quite natural, and of a fleet of glass ships (his speculations) wrecked like his hopes; and waking up, finds he has knocked down his child's physic bottle. He tells his wife, lying beside him, his dream, and she forthwith entertains him with hers, of which, as we positively cannot understand one atom, we can give no account. It ends, however, with the cry of a child, and she wakes to find her own child, "startling the dull night," with a real "Earpiercing" scream.

Thus, Mr. Tennyson opens—

"A city clerk, but gently born and bred !
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old :
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droop't in the giant factored city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea :
For which his gains were docked, however small."

This is plain business-like talk, but we must ask what is meant by a germander eye. We know that there is a British plant of that name, sometimes used in place of hops in the manufacture of beer—probably the poet has in his own eye some fanciful reference to the amber clearness of the liquor—but this doubtless is irreverent, and we should perhaps have accepted germander eye as a poetic expression too refined for vulgar minds.

"Loud lung'd Antibabylonianism," as descriptive of the bigoted rant of the preacher Surnola, is doubtless a fine

full epithet, though a coinage, for which a lesser poetical light might be justly denounced, and but for such sesquipedalean words occurring here and there, and but that the piece is broken up into lines imitative of blank verse, we should have thought we were reading plain prose. No, not *plain* prose, but prose somewhat affected and turgid. Let us take this and read it right on without observing the breaks.

" True, indeed ! One of our town, but later by an hour here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore, while you were running down the sands, and made the dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap, good man, to please the child. She brought strange news. I would not tell you them to spoil your day, but he, at whom you rail so much is dead. Dead ? Who is dead ? The man your eye pursued. A little after you had parted with him, he suddenly dropped dead of heart disease."

The little child-sing-song by the mother to her baby is sweet and simple, and relieves the rest somewhat from its prosaic character.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day ?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away."

Mr. Tennyson evidently wrote the "Sea Dreams" to order—not in that sense as regards the subject, but to supply filling matter for the magazine. The editor wants poetry—at any rate, verses—written by a poet. He can afford to pay well for what he wants, and accordingly we are favoured with "Sea Dreams."

"Spiritualistic Materialism," to be found at page forty-one of the second volume of Macmillan, is a notice of the infamous productions of Michelet. It is in every way

unsuited for a popular magazine, though in a better style and wholly different spirit, not out of place in a grave Review. Macmillan is intended for the general public, for young and old—for young women as for young men—and this notice is unfitted for the perusal of either. Mr. Ludlow, (which is the name of the writer of the article in question), tells us that he is convinced that Michelet wrote his vile "L'Amour" with the honestest intentions; and he goes on to discuss the still viler "La Femme," introducing to the notice of many of his readers books of which they may not have heard before, or, if heard, not read, and he stimulates, not purposely we believe, but surely, many an ill-regulated imagination into the perusal of this impious trash. Mr. Ludlow is kind enough to compliment the intelligence of Catholics by expressing his opinion that M. Emile Montégut had well said of "L'Amour," "that it is essentially a Romanist book, which had been unwritable and incomprehensible anywhere else than in a Roman Catholic country." And with the true Methodistic cant which indulges in indecent familiarity with sacred things, he continues: "M. Michelet has no doubt read the Bible; he is familiar with religious works, both Protestant and Romish; he has himself written 'Memoirs of Luther.' And yet it may not be too much to say that he has never seen Christ."

There are expressions, many expressions, in this article, of a character highly offensive to Catholics. True, Mr. Ludlow is an obscure writer, and his views and opinions are entitled to little weight. But Macmillan, in printing his lucubration adopts his sentiments and backs his offence. This vile small bigotry is the very curse of modern literature. Every little scribbler pours out his venom on that great creed, which has withstood unmoved the powerful attacks of the greatest minds of earth, which true genius respects however much it may dissent. It is as we have before remarked, a dereliction of duty on the part of the editor of a magazine to permit his pages to be the medium of such narrow spite, which though the judicious may despise, may wound the weaker minds, and must disgust all. Such attacks serve no purpose, do not improve or inform; but they may, and often do, foster bad passions and stir up animosity. Besides, and every argument against such, ends in this, these magazines are intended for and addressed to the public, and hope to live and pros-

per by the public. With what face then can they presume to scatter through their pages insults to the faith of those who form so large a portion of the public, and who, they hope, are to form so large a portion of their readers?

"The Fusilier's Dog" would doubtless be a respectable composition for a child of twelve or fourteen years of age; to put it forward as poetry is absurd, even though it is the production of a baronet.

We cannot admire the Rev. Charles Turner's four sonnets, notwithstanding the influence of the second of his three names—an influence which he himself evidently regards as potent—thus: "Four sonnets, by the Rev. Charles (*Tennyson*) Turner." We confess our inability to understand a good part of these sonnets including nearly the whole of "A thought for March 1860," and what we do comprehend appears to us particularly dull and wholly destitute of the least poetic unction.

"Poets' corner; or an English writer's tomb," is mere filling up stuff, a very small kernel surrounded by an immense quantity of husk.

"Thomas Hood" is a just though somewhat cold tribute to the memory of a delightful writer and a really good man. The style appears a little affected owing apparently to a desire on the part of the writer to use very plain Saxon English. We question the propriety of the following. "Well, but what is it all worth? (the writer is referring to the use and value of humorous writings)." In truth, "*I don't know; nor you don't know, nor none of us don't know; but this we all feel—that it is worth something,*" &c.

We doubt if the 'youth of England' have any occasion to thank Mr. Sydney Dobell for the verses which he puts into their mouths as an address to Garibaldi's legion. The subject of Italy is thread-bare; and though much about it has been written in the magazines, little, if any, of what has been so written is of any value. Few of the writers had any real knowledge of the subject, having taken their notions second hand from newspapers and platforms; while those who knew any thing of the truth too often belied their knowledge and wrote to please prejudice rather than to instruct or inform.

Turning back to the first article of the second volume of Macmillan we find some sensible strictures by the editor on the style of certain modern writers. His opening the

second volume with this lecture is a somewhat significant circumstance ; and, looking at many of the contributions to the first volume, suggests very forcibly that the editor intends these instructive remarks for some members of his own staff.

We think however he talks a little too fast himself at times, as when he says "What an everlasting fuss we do make about Junius and his letters! and yet there is no competent person but will admit that these letters will not stand a comparison, in any respect of real intellectual merit, with many of the leading articles which are written overnight at present by contributors to our daily newspapers and skimmed by us at breakfast next morning." We think that there is no competent person who would make any such admission.

This comparison moreover, is used, apparently, to illustrate a proposition to which it appears in no way applicable. Mr. Masson had just previously stated, and probably quite truly, that the literary era extending from the year 1789 to the present time, is as rich in literary excellence as any since the Elizabethan era and its continuation from 1580 to 1660; and he proceeds to illustrate this statement by the comparison between Junius and the press of this day, in the manner we have stated. But his illustration in truth has reference to the question which ought really to be considered, which possesses interest for us all, and which moreover is suggested by the article under consideration. What are the pretensions of the writers of the present day, including those of the past thirty years, to vie in poetry, in fiction, in history, in didactic writing in any department, in fine, of literature, with those of an equal preceding period? Is Mr. Alfred Tennyson an equivalent for Scott, for Byron, for Shelly? for Coleridge, for Campbell, for Keats, for Moore? Macaulay though a tower of strength can hardly be said to be a match for the united forces of Mitford, Mackintosh, Lingard and Hallam. Godwin, Scott, W. Irving, Theo. Hook, Grattan and Ward are surely not quite equalled by the novelists of to-day ; and rich as that department is at present in female writers—rich at least in numbers, we could probably give all our moderns without a pang for the Porters, Miss Austen, Mrs. Brunton, Lady Morgan, Miss Ferrier and Miss Mitford.

No! no! our current literature has no pretensions to

compare with that of thirty years ago, nor is it improving and thus progressing toward a position to stand such a comparison. In quantity it is superabundant but the general quality is below mediocrity. There are deeper and deadlier vices in its constitution than the three referred to by Mr. Masson. It is superficial, it is affected, it is artificial, it is crude, and its tenuity resembles that of gold leaf—a very minute quantity of metal is spread out into a glittering film, which spread upon the commonest substance passes with the ignorant for sterling gold. The entire of the matter spread out on these magazines could be condensed into a very insignificant substantial result; and with few exceptions the books that are daily printed and given to the world are of the same character. The morbid desire to say something wholly new, or to say something common in a wholly new way, the rash thinking, developed into scepticism, the affected scepticism simulated by a foolish vanity, are too general characteristics of the writers of the present day.

We should be forced to fill many pages were we to examine at any length the many magazines besides those we have glanced at that claim our notice; we shall therefore but skim as it were the surface of some of those remaining.

The 'St. James' Magazine' opens with a somewhat inconsequential apology for the name given to it by its projectors. This consists of a thin sketch of the history of St. James' palace, winding up in the good old style with the usual calling up to fancy's eye of the times when so and so discoursed with so and so, and such a one looked from a window, or over a wall, at such another. There appears to us to have been no need for this. The magazine might just as well have been called the Buckingham, or the Windsor, and have furnished an account of either of these royal residences. The name of "St. James" seems to have been selected for no particular reason, save perhaps as an intimation that its pages were peculiarly addressed to the aristocracy and were intended to be a pleasing contrast to those of the more democratically entitled magazines. *Of course* there is a story for the St. James, "Can wrong be right?" which for the reasons we have assigned with reference to the continuous stories in "All the Year Round" and the "Cornhill," we pass without notice.

Miss Nightingale is an honoured, honourable name, a name blessed by the lips of many a dying soldier, daily blessed by those of many another recalled, as it were, to life by the ministration which she organized and led. No woman of modern times has done so much good and from such worthy motives, and with such unobtrusive love for mankind;—the article headed with her name in the *St. James'*, gives a very slight and imperfect sketch of her institution for the training of nurses, in *St. Thomas' Hospital*. "A note on 'Essays and Reviews'" is unsuitable for the *St. James*, and does not grasp any part of the grave subject.

"Home at Last," is the title of a very pretty and touching bit of verse by the son of Thomas Hood. Had these lines been execrable we should have passed them over in silence, honouring even thus the memory of him to whose genial, pleasant, happy humour we owe many a smiling hour; as it is, we can speak of them with truthful pleasure, and as possessing some touch of the old pathos of him whose song is mute for ever. The burthen gives a musical modulation which sounds like the gentle chime of a peal of sweet bells.

"Sister Mary come and sit
Here beside me, in the bay
Of the window—ruby-lit
With the last gleams of the day.
Steeped in crimson through and through,
Glow the battlements of vapour,
While above them, in the blue,
Hesper lights his tiny taper.
Look! the rook flies nestward darting,
Flapping slowly over head;
See, in dusky clouds, the starling
Whirring to the willow-bed.
Through the lakes of mist that lie
Breast-deep, in the fields below;
Underneath the darkening sky,
Home the weary reapers go.
Peace and Rest at length have come,
All the long day's toil is past;
And each heart is whispering 'Home'—
Home at last!

"Mary! in your great grave eyes
I can see the long-represt

Grief, whose earnest look denies
 That to-night each heart's at rest.
 Seven years ago you parted—
 He to India went alone;
 Young and strong and hopeful-hearted—
 'Oh, he would not long be gone!
 Seven years have lingered by,
 Youth and strength and hope have fled;
 Life beneath an Indian sky,
 Withers limb and whitens head.
 But his faith has never faltered;
 Time that noble heart has spared;
 Yet dear, he is sadly altered—
 So he writes me. Be prepared!
 I have news—good news! He says—
 In this hurried note and short—
 That his ship, ere many days,
 Will be anchored safe in port.
 Courage!—soon, dear, will he come—
 Those few days will fly so fast;
 Yes—he's coming, Mary—Home—
 Home at last!

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Idle words.—Yet strangely fit!
 In a vessel, leagues away,
 In the cabin, ruby-lit,
 By the last gleams of the day,
 Calm and still the loved one lies:
 Never tear of joy or sorrow
 Shall unseal those heavy eyes—
 They will ope to no to-morrow.
 Folded hands upon a breast
 Where no feverish pulses flutter,
 Speak of an unbroken rest,
 That no earthly tongue can utter.
 And a sweet smile seems to grow—
 Seems to hover on his lip,
 As the shadows come and go
 With the motion of the ship.
 Rest and Peace at length have come—
 Rest and Peace how deep and vast!
 Weary wanderer—truly Home—
 Home at last!"

Garibaldi is too precious a subject for magazine articles to escape the St. James. We have, consequently, under the title of the "Hero of 1860," some common places

about the general, about whom, apart from his merits or demerits, we have had in magazine literature a great deal too much.

Captain Drayson favours us in "Night in July," with some astronomical information which reads like a chapter out of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*. This is doubtless meant to give an air of solidity and philosophic gravity to the volume.

The "Temple Bar" magazine would claim some notice at our hands, could we afford the time and space, but, in truth, it has no distinctive character—nothing to distinguish it from its companions. We can say the same of the "Sixpenny Magazine," and some three or four more, whose names, even just now, we can hardly call to mind.

It is perfectly plain that to ensure excellence in the contents of these numerous publications, a host of writers of ability would be required, and such a host we think these present times cannot supply. The magazines jostle one-another in the literary world, each thrusting itself forward as the worthiest of public favour, each vaunting its editor or conductor, and its list of writers. This competition in place of securing excellence has operated in an exactly contrary direction. Matter *must* be provided to fill the pages of each monthly issue. The story running through from number to number is of course always a sure supply, but in spite of Mr. Thackeray's plaintive wailings, we suspect his "Embarras" is seldom one "de richesse." It follows that, as we have seen, much worthless stuff is introduced into these magazines. The contents must be varied. Fiction, fine arts, philosophy, poetry, and essays, must be supplied, and to order, by the yard, or square foot, as it were. Writers rush forward with crude unformed notions of important subjects; poets cannot wait for the divine afflatus, but must manufacture blank verse out of prose; old books are rummaged out and their contents disinterred, dressed out a little newly, and furnished as new views of old things, and when all else fail, the rifle volunteer movement, or Garibaldi, or the American war, are ingeniously twisted into some new shape, and turned to account to fill a vacant space.

We are not sorry that our labours are near their close. We should have written this paper with some feeling of pleasure could we, with a clear conscience, have spoken more favourably of this class of literature, could we even

in the course of our examination have discovered ever so faint a glimmer of the coming light of better things; but the progress has been uniformly downward, there are no signs of improvement but many of decay, and it will, after all, be best for both authors and readers when the ferment shall have subsided, and the whole of this numerous family shall have descended into an unregretted grave.

One publication still holds the modest tenor of its way, a publication now of ripe age, but vigorous and healthy, and still as of yore, informing while it amuses, instructing while it beguiles. Many years have now passed since first we hung delighted over the pages of "*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*," and felt that the honest, able, upright brother conductors were our fast and warm friends, and that though we had never seen their faces, we could have met them with the warm grasp of that friendship which springs up often so vigorously between author and reader. There was, there *is*, a plain, healthful, practical, yet cheerful and interesting character in the article with which each number opens, which renders those articles attractive even to the young, while the tales are always spirited, the poetry either original or selected, of merit, and the biographical sketches and articles of miscellaneous information, valuable and authentic. There is no striving at effect, by "sensation" stories, original illustrations, or the parade of great names, and yet we believe most firmly that no publication of the same class has done so much to foster a taste for literature, to stimulate to exertion, and to convey solid information, as the modest, unpretending, but sterling "*Edinburgh Journal*."

Just thirty years ago the first number of this excellent publication appeared. Its cheapness was then looked upon as wonderful, and may be so regarded at present when the test of merit is applied. At that time the idea was wholly new. Those amongst the humbler classes who possessed a taste for reading had no means of gratifying that taste; their time, the property of others, was not available for visits to the public libraries, and even greatly increased facilities in this regard would have proved comparatively worthless, for the want of a directing hand. This, indeed, is a matter too often lost sight of, and guides and handbooks for the inexperienced into the wide regions of literature are as necessary and useful as those to foreign countries are to travellers. No wonder, then, that the "*Edin-*

burgh Journal" was everywhere read with delight. Three half-pence each week was a sum within the reach of even the smallest income, and never did conscientious and able men more faithfully fulfil the task they had undertaken, than did the conductors and publishers of the Journal. We have no doubt that many a thriving tradesman, and probably many an independent citizen, traces his progress and success to the humanizing and elevating influence of this excellent work. It is almost impossible for those accustomed, at the present day, to the weekly and monthly shower of magazines, to realize the state of things that then prevailed. The humbler classes were actually without the means of gratifying a taste for reading, and were driven to spend their evenings in the gross indulgences of the public houses. The Journal was a new and welcome resource, not alone indeed to those, but to the general public; and although we have, of late years, perceived in it an occasional savour of the universal anti-papal leaven of popular English literature, we are content for the sake of its comparative inoffensiveness in this particular, as well as for its general excellence to say still, with real feeling, in the words of the Eastern salutation, "May its shadow never be less." It has the merit not only of being a most excellent and useful publication, but of being the first cheap one, and of lending an example which has since been successfully followed to the public benefit. The "Penny Magazine" and "Penny Cyclopædia" first followed that Journal; the Cyclopædia necessarily coming to a conclusion when it exhausted the alphabet, as did also the Magazine from other causes. The latter was perhaps too ambitious. The wood cuts, with which it was plentifully illustrated, must have greatly increased the cost of publication and diminished its chances of pecuniary success, but it is on the whole even now a work of which we can at any time take up and peruse a volume with pleasure and profit. It contains a vast quantity of valuable information communicated in a pleasing and readable shape.

We have already, perhaps more than once, expressed our sorrow that we have been unable to write in terms of praise of our present periodical literature. We have endeavoured honestly, but perhaps not very satisfactorily, to account for the inferiority of these publications by their great number, and the necessity of providing each with matter. The number is probably the effect of the pecu-

niary success of the first one or two; what one or two had achieved, might, it was thought, be accomplished by a third—a fourth issued in the same hope, a fifth, a sixth, and so on, until the name of the class is legion. The writers sprang up much in the same way, and what the publishers with less competition would probably have declined, they were in the great demand for matter forced to accept and print. The whole movement, for it really deserves the name, is forced upon the public—it does not emanate from the public; each publisher vaunts his wares and clamours for the public favour, and the poor public, like the traveller beset by hotel touters, would gladly escape from all. The inevitable result is to produce a myriad of writers; some of these, with training and discipline, might attain a respectable position in literature, but a vast number, we may fairly say the majority, were never meant for authors. Ignorant themselves, they boldly assume the chair of the teacher, utter their crude theories with the solemnity of wisdom, and succeed in persuading themselves that they were born to reform the age. They are blinded by vanity, and incapable of improvement, because they are insensible to reproof.

These monthly publications succeeding one another like the waves of the sea, and each number peremptorily demanding its supply, induce over activity. The minds of the contributors receive no rest, have no opportunity for reflection or arrangement, and no time for enquiry; habits of hasty composition are formed which become incurable, and while the reader receives no benefit, the writer is sacrificed to expediency, and lives and dies in the cold shades of mediocrity.

We are far from desiring to discourage the pursuit of literature; we only strive to induce its young and ardent votaries to be calm and deliberate—to learn well the moral of Mr. Tennyson's song which we have quoted above, and to feel sure of the strength of their wings before attempting a distant and lofty flight. When they feel within them the conviction that they can indeed do something to improve or to inform, or even to interest their fellow men, let them come forward and be welcome; but let not a ready and specious style, a fatal facility of word spinning, or the hope of mere pecuniary gain tempt them to thrust themselves upon the great world of letters without the sincere desire to do something worthy of a man and the internal

unmistakeable conviction of a call to do it. If this principle were fully acted upon, authorship would cease to be a trade; those of the magazines which should survive would contain matter fit and profitable for perusal, and both writers and readers would derive real benefit from the change.

It is, we repeat, far from our wish to discourage the pursuit of literature, we only wish to see those who make it a pursuit impressed with a due sense of the grave responsibility they undertake, and prepared by habits of thinking and study for addressing the great assembly of the reading public. Let them above all cultivate the proud and honourable and virtuous ambition of leaving behind them names which will lie in the remembrance of mankind, as those of men who have given some addition to the great treasury of human knowledge or human intellect and thought.

Indeed of all kinds of fame, by which we understand the transmission to posterity of an honourable and glorious reputation, the highest appears to be that which is earned by literary labour.

The soldier goes out to battle followed in his career by millions of anxious eyes. He returns home crowned with laurel and loaded with spoil—the greatest in the land welcome him on the shore—shouts of triumph rend the air about him, and every voice joins in the great *Te Deum*, which rises like thankful incense on every side for his success. The poet sings his victories, and the graver Historian records his name as a glorious and inspiring lesson for posterity.

But while apparently universal exultation and praise wait upon his footsteps, and every heart seems to beat a grateful tribute of thanks for his success, how many a heart is really broken, how many a head bowed to the earth by the weight of unutterable woe—a bitter woe the offspring of those victories which, while they raise the conqueror's name and spread his glory, make desolate the homes of thousands and carry a blighting sorrow into many a young and warm heart. There are indeed scenes enacted, parts of the great tragedies constructed by warriors, which in their deep, black, hopeless bitterness of woe, outweigh whole conflagrations of joy-making fires, whole clouds of thanksgiving incense. When aged parents stretch forth their arms to welcome back the ardent youth whom they saw depart with anxious yet hopeful hearts,

and grasp, in place of his beloved form, the packet that tells them he is no more—when young wives rise with trusting souls to hail the rising sun, and meet, with a joy such as seldom smiles on earthly things, the dear and long expected husband, when, hoping on throughout the day they see the sun go down in hope, yet rising once again, are widows bereaved and desolate. O! there are curses uttered in the first wild paroxysms of grief, which, remembered in cooler moments, shock the soul of the utterer—curses on the head of him who, though but an instrument of higher directing powers, and moving perhaps in the prosecution of a glorious cause, led on to death the object once of love and now of love and sorrow.

What man would be solicitous of a fame like this—a fame the more lasting the deeper it is written in characters of blood, and which in the great Temple of the Goddess is inscribed upon a slab blotted with tears and disfigured by the burning execrations of the insanity of grief.

Almost as dearly earned, and, perhaps, as little to be prized, is the fame sometimes secured by years of political exertion.

Certain of pleasing and of securing the golden opinions of but one faction or party, and often uncertain and insecure even of that, the statesman transmits to posterity the record of a life spent in the busy turmoil of Public Life, a record too often disfigured, on the one hand, by the unjust attacks of one party, and on the other, by the fulsome adulations of another. One country dedicates altars and raises memorials to his praise, and the children of another pursue him in his grave with bitter and often merited execration, and deny not only his genius but his honesty.

But he, who by the workings of his intellect or the outpourings of his genius, contributes to the instruction, the refinement, or even the pure and healthy amusement of his fellow men;—who, no matter how humbly, adds to the store of human knowledge or human skill, will be gratefully remembered in after ages, and the sons of learning and of literature will plant flowers upon his grave.

There will be no bitterness in his remembrance, and no tongue will execrate his memory; envy will but exalt his name, and malice strengthen the sure foundations of his glory; his countrymen will think of him with a just pride, and other nations will honour and revere him. His

fame will confer honour on his children's children, through generations, and will endure while literature continues to be beloved, and genius to be appreciated.

ART. II.—1. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.*

2.—*The State in its relations with the Church*, by W. E. Gladstone, Esq. London, Murray.

A FEW days ago Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone complained in the House of Commons that the Irish Catholics did not evince sufficient gratitude for Emancipation. If Sir Charles Wood was at the time in the House, he might in reply have repeated what he said in 1835, that "he believed that the Catholics of Ireland were grateful to those who supported their just claims, but he could not admit that they fairly owed any gratitude to the Government which conceded, or the Legislature which passed the measure of Catholic Emancipation."

The Times of course echoed the complaint of Irish Catholic ingratitude, asserted that Sir R. Peel "disapproved of emancipation to the latest day of his life," and protested that "it is something startling to find out that the benefit is not only unrequited but absolutely disavowed. On this point, as on so many others, the history of England must it would seem be rewritten to suit the emergencies of the infallible Church." History *is* being rewritten by the Times *to suit itself*. The late Sir Robert Peel wrote history differently. In a letter to Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, dated 8th February, 1829, he wrote: "Can we forget, in reviewing the history of Ireland, what happened in 1782, what happened in 1793? It is easy to blame the concessions which were then made, but they were not made without an intimate conviction of their absolute necessity in order to prevent greater dangers. My firm impression is that, unless an united Government takes the whole condition of Ireland into its consideration and attempts to settle the Catholic question, we must be prepared for the necessity of settling it at some future

period in a manner neither safe to Protestant Establishments, nor consistent with the dignity of the Crown of England."

And the present Sir Robert Peel, in a letter to the Times, dated 15th April 1862, written to contradict its assertion respecting his father, says "that his father has distinctly stated that in passing Catholic Emancipation he acted on a deep conviction that the measure was not only conducive to the general welfare, but *imperatively necessary to avert from the Church* and from the interests of institutions connected with the Church *an imminent and increasing danger.*" So that in truth Emancipation was granted *in order to save the Irish Church!* What is there in this to be very grateful for? If Catholics in this kingdom had been as few in number as Protestants are in Catholic kingdoms on the continent, would Catholic Emancipation have been passed at all? Clearly not. It was avowedly granted not as a right or even as a boon, because it could not any longer, on account of the numbers and power of the Catholics, be safely resisted. This fact should lead Englishmen to reflect what kind of right they have to consider that Great Britain stands in any pre-eminent position above continental countries in the matter of Religious toleration. If Catholics here had been as few as Protestants are in those continental countries, there seems every reason to believe that the Catholics here would have remained to this day unemancipated. But the Catholics here were numerous enough to claim and insist upon Emancipation as their right, it was forced upon the Ministry as a measure of prudence, and by a prudent Ministry it was forced upon reluctant Houses of Parliament.

A bad lesson this for an excitable people, and yet a lesson which has uniformly been impressed upon Catholics by the British Government. What were the circumstances adverted to by the late Sir Robert Peel as having occurred in 1782 and 1793? At the one period the attitude of the Irish Volunteers frightened the Government into the first alleviation of the penal laws. The circumstances under which the elective franchise was granted to the Irish Catholics in 1793 are so peculiar that we prefer to quote from a protestant author in describing them. Newenham, in his "View of the Natural, Political, and Commercial circumstances of Ireland," writes, that

"The expediency of alternately raising and depressing the Roman Catholics and Protestants seems to have been at this time resorted to with the view of increasing their mutual jealousy and apprehension; and with the ulterior view of facilitating the measure of legislative union, which certainly was in contemplation. The grand juries and corporations had scarcely manifested their disapprobation of the conduct of the Roman Catholics, when the latter, after being treated with contemptuous neglect at the Castle, were authoritatively encouraged to lay their petition at the foot of the throne. They did so. Their prayer was attended to. And the Irish parliament was soon afterwards intentionally brought into disrepute, both among the Protestants and Roman Catholics, by being made to yield under the influence of the administration, to a measure which a considerable majority of its members individually deprecated, and which had before been scouted out of the House. The Roman Catholics thus, unaided by the Protestants, or rather notwithstanding their opposition, obtained that valuable right, the right of suffrage. The act which extended to them this right, viz. 33 Geo: 3. c. 21, also exempted them from penalties for educating their children in the popish religion: and enabled them to hold all places, civil and military, except a few of the more elevated and confidential ones. The conduct of the Government on this occasion, was evidently calculated to infuse additional confidence into the Roman Catholics; to alienate them from their Protestant representatives; and to sink the parliament still lower in the esteem of the nation. The Protestants, out of doors, had found in 1779 and 1780 that little national benefit could be obtained from parliament unless recourse was had to intimidation; and the Roman Catholics in 1793 found that no relief would be extended to them, unless through the interference of the Minister. The important civil right which they were now enabled to exercise, and which, as we have already seen, the more patriotic liberal and prudent of their Protestant countrymen were solicitous to procure for them, but which Government seasonably granted as a boon, to direct their gratitude to another quarter placed them necessarily in such a situation, in the community, as rendered the withholding the remaining benefits of the Constitution from them tantamount to a grievance." "It is vain to imagine," said Mr. Foster when opposing the bill alluded

to, "that admission to the elective franchise does not draw with it the right of representation ; it will follow, whether you choose it or not ; for upon what grounds can you say that men are fit to be electors and unfit to be elected?" Thus commented Mr. Newenham and Mr. Foster upon the earlier concessions ; and if the history of Ireland be carefully consulted it will be found that the penal laws were passed to help the Established Church, that their relaxation was delayed as long as possible lest the Established Church should be endangered, and that when further concessions could not be avoided they were at last granted reluctantly in order to save the Established Church.

Ireland has up to a recent period suffered from its neighbourhood to England. This neighbourhood may be the means of increased strength and happiness to both ; but, in order to that, the interests of *both* and not of one only, must be consulted. Until a period within the memory of the present generation the interests of England only have avowedly been consulted ; and not only were Irish interests neglected for the sake of England, but duties were imposed upon Irish trade and exports, and Irish improvements discouraged for the very purpose of protecting England from Irish competition. To some, such a statement may appear incredible and be deemed an Irish exaggeration, but the statement is literally true, how grievously true it is not possible here in any short compass to explain. Something may be learned from "Newenham's View of Ireland," which, though published many years ago, well deserves a reperusal.

Originally there were the antipathies of race, to which have since been added the antipathies of creed ; and to one or other or both of these antipathies may be attributed all the misgovernment and misery of Ireland. Kind-hearted and well-intentioned English men and women, looking at things as they at present appear, seeing Irish faults and Irish deficiencies, are apt to think that the Irish alone have been to blame, and that it rests with themselves alone to remedy all their complaints. There is not a fault or deficiency in either the people or the country which may not in a great measure be traced to the misgovernment of England. As was said to them by a great genius which wore out its mortal frame too soon for the welfare of his countrymen, the late Dr. Doyle, "These are your vices—the fruits of long and grinding oppression which

render many so base and vile, that the rights of man are denied to you, and less regard paid to your wants and wishes, than to the wants and wishes of any other people on earth." If they are accused of idleness, what in the ordinary course of human nature can be expected when industry and improvement have been systematically discouraged? Often have we as an English traveller, asked the Irish peasant why he neglects such and such an improvement on his land? the answer uniformly has been, "If I did it my rent would be raised."—Let the fair reward of industry be open before them, and who more industrious and patient in labour? Whence arises the acknowledged superiority of the Irish prison discipline in causing even the worst members of the Irish population voluntarily and habitually to devote themselves to steady and honest work? What is the essence of that Irish system? the certain knowledge which the men have that reward follows industry and good conduct, and in exact proportion to it, that justice is sure, and that a man's comfortable or uncomfortable state of existence depends wholly and certainly on himself. It is this feeling which makes even the Irish criminals patterns of improvement. Will not the same feelings equally influence the honest labourers of Ireland? Let them experience that industry has its reward, and that it will be meted out with certain justice, and this knowledge will create and stimulate exertion. All the other vices of which the poor Irish are accused have been the offspring of misery, neglect and destitution, which are attributable to the system upon which the country has been governed—the tendency to drink, the violence of revenge, the evasion of truth, are what human beings usually fall into when steeped in want, keenly sensible of injustice, without hope of being better, as without fear of being worse, and therefore utterly reckless. And into this condition England brought Ireland.

Davenant long ago wrote, evidently feeling that he was arguing against a prevalent English prejudice, "that the people of Ireland should increase—that their land should be drained and meliorated—that they should have trade and grow wealthy by it, may not peradventure be dangerous to England; for it is granted that their riches enter at last here in their mother country. Colonies that enjoy not only protection, but who are at their ease and flourish, will in all likelihood be less inclined to innovate and receive a

foreign yoke, than if they are harassed and *compelled to poverty through the hard usage* of the people from whom they are derived. It seems therefore a point of the highest wisdom to give the planters of Ireland all encouragement *that can possibly consist with the welfare of England*; for it is an outwork of the seat of empire here. If it should be possessed by any neighbouring power, the sum of affairs would be put in danger. It is to be preserved by a very numerous army or by its own proper strength; how far the first may affect our liberties, it is not difficult to determine. It follows then, that the safest course must be to let them thrive by industry and some trades." Even in this enlightened opinion of an intelligent English political writer it is obvious that he has no thought for the native Irish, and that even the welfare of the English planter in Ireland is only to be cared for, so far as its encouragement "can possibly consist with the welfare of England." Those therefore, and they were the majority, agreed with him in principle, and only differed as to its application, who thought that the welfare of England was to be consulted by systematically depressing and impoverishing Ireland. "Had it not been," says another able political writer, Sir William Temple, "for circumstances prejudicial to the increase of trade and riches in a country which seems natural, or at least *to have ever been incident to the government of Ireland*, the native fertility of the Irish soil and seas in so many rich commodities, improved by a multitude of people and industry, with the advantage of so many excellent havens, and a situation so commanding for foreign trade, must needs have rendered this kingdom one of the richest in Europe, and made a mighty increase both of strength and revenue to the crown of England."

And even Sir William Temple could thus qualify his recommendations: as to the improvement of Ireland, "regard must be had to those points wherein the trade of Ireland comes to interfere with any main branches of the trade of England; in which cases the encouragement of such trade ought to be either declined or moderated, and *so give way to the interest of trade in England*." And again, speaking of the wool of Ireland, he says, "the improvement of this commodity by manufacturers in this kingdom would give so great a damp to the trade of England, that it seems not fit to be encouraged here."

And thus was Ireland treated even by the enlightened politicians of England. How then must it have been dealt with by those who were ignorant as well as selfish?

And Newenham writing since the union says, "As to the blessings of the British Constitution, the people of Ireland have had little experience of them, being to this day (1808) exposed to feel the effects of a military despotism."

Had the Irish under such circumstances joined to their other faults that of dishonesty it would not have been surprising. "Give me not poverty lest I should steal: men do not despise the thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." How peculiarly sound then in this respect must be either their natural disposition or their religious training, or both, when we find from a comparison of the criminal statistics of England and Ireland, that whilst there is on the whole less crime in Ireland in proportion to population than in England, crimes of dishonesty and fraud are peculiarly few in Ireland. On this subject see article on English and Irish Crime in vol. 42, p. 142 of this Review, where the criminal returns for 1854 are quoted to show that the convictions for that year were for

	In England and Wales.	In Ireland.
Larceny from the Person	1,570	389
Simple Larceny	12,562	3,329
Frauds and attempts to defraud	676	62
Forgery	149	4
Uttering and having in possession false coin	674	4
Larceny by Servants	2,143	44

This last return is an extraordinary one, and furnishes conclusive evidence of the superior honesty of Irish servants, which may deserve the attention of those English housekeepers who have been accustomed to say "no Irish need apply."

But why, when professing to write on the Irish Church, do we thus linger on the Irish character? Because the faults of the Irish character, as indeed most if not all of the peculiar evils of Ireland, may be traced to the Irish Church as their source and origin. They were it is true born and bred of the antipathies of race, but they were nurtured and strengthened by the insane desire to force a foreign Church on an unwilling people, and are now

kept alive by the consequent antipathies of creed. Name any fault or any evil peculiar to Ireland, and reflect whether its peculiar prevalence may not in a great degree be attributed to the peculiarly anomalous condition of the Irish established Church in that country. May not, indeed, every inferiority or disadvantage which is peculiar to Ireland, as distinguished from England, be traced to the vain effort to maintain the Established Church in Ireland? Why cannot Ireland enjoy that system of voluntary Denominational Education which gives so much satisfaction in England? What stands in the way of it but the supposed interests of the Established Church? What is that creates feuds amongst Guardians of Workhouses, Visiting Justices of Prisons, and Managers of Hospitals, but the effort to maintain the Established Church of Ireland in its unnatural position? What prevents the volunteer system being allowed to extend itself in Ireland as in England, but the fear of those religious animosities engendered by the Irish Church? In fact, the Established Church of Ireland is like a seton in the flesh, which keeps a wound open and prevents it from healing.

The early English settlers hated the native Irish, whom they despoiled and injured, but the races amalgamated, the Geraldines and other the highest names in Ireland may be traced up to the English settlers; what was it that eventually prevented the complete amalgamation, and kept open the festering wound of jealousy in the social body, but the Irish Church? The people of Ireland have, even in the present day, been taunted as aliens in blood because they are aliens in religion. Whilst England and Scotland changed, Ireland adhered to the old religion, and this has ever been at the heart's core of the English illtreatment of Ireland. If Ireland had, like Scotland, adopted a Presbyterian, or indeed any other form of Protestantism, that form would, in all human probability, have become not only the popular, but with the assent of England, the established religion of Ireland. The abstract reasoning in favour of the legal adoption of Catholicism has been at least as strong as it could be in favour of the Presbyterian or any other form of Protestantism; but the English prejudices which submitted to a Presbytery in Scotland, could not endure the thought of a priesthood in Ireland; and the peace and welfare of Ireland have for the last three hundred

years been sacrificed in the vain effort to force the Protestant Established Church of England upon the people of Ireland. What might not at this moment have been the contentment and happiness, and prosperity of Ireland, if England had been content to leave the Irish to the free enjoyment of their own religious opinions! How much might contented Ireland have added to the strength of England! Nay, some will say that, if left to her own free choice, Ireland would ere this have been Protestant, and that Ireland persisted in remaining Catholic because an attempt was foolishly made to cram Protestantism down her throat.

Earl Grey declared, on the 30th of March, 1835, "that the Established Church had not only failed to propagate the Protestant religion amongst the Catholics of Ireland, but that it has been most injurious to the true interests of religion amongst the Protestants themselves."

Newenham writes, "The history of Ireland may be said to exhibit little else than a mournful series of calamities, issuing from a strict combination of religion, politics, and passion. This disastrous combination has subsisted in Ireland for near two hundred years. (He wrote in 1808.) The political events and vicissitudes which characterize the Irish annals strongly tended to confirm it. And the measures and practices consequent on these had the necessary effect of giving birth and energy to that ruthless religious enmity among the Irish people, which so powerfully operated in distracting, debilitating, and disgracing their country, in a peculiar and most deplorable manner. At the time when other European nations were seceding from the Church of Rome, there were no inducements to religious innovation in Ireland. The Irish were satisfied with the religion of their ancestors. The Protestant religion was promulgated amongst them under signal disadvantages."

It came to them from a people from whom they had never yet received any benefit, and it added the cruel penal statute to the hitherto devastating sword. We may use the words of the Protestant Newenham, to express what we would not have ventured to assert upon our own authority, that "its ministers did not dignify it in Ireland by striking instances of austerity or fortitude. They did not propagate it by superior zeal, learning, or address.

They were neither competent, nor do they appear to have been solicitous to forward its reception."

But to proceed ; Newenham thus describes the original attempt to introduce the Protestant Church into Ireland : " The Roman Catholic Irish were required to relinquish their ancient form of worship, and follow the new one of the Protestant English, without being previously alienated from the former by a perception of its errors, or allured to the latter by the virtues, talents, and examples of its ministers. They were required to renounce the religion of their forefathers, and to embrace the religion of strangers ; a religion, professed in Ireland, exclusively by the successors of those adventurers and invaders by whom the native Irish had been plundered and cruelly oppressed ; by the successors of those who, for a vast series of years, had effectually endeavoured, under the influence of despotic principles, accompanied by political improvidence, to exclude them from the operation of those equal English laws by which they ardently desired to be governed ; thus keeping them exposed, without a possibility of legal redress, to their own extortions, encroachments, and sanguinary excesses. The Roman Catholic clergy, invariably respected and loved by the laity, both on account of their sacred office and their birth, were authoritatively supplanted for adhering to their ancient faith. And the religious houses of Ireland precipitately suppressed, without any provision being made, as in England, for those multitudes of paupers who were thus bereft of their customary means of support. In the midst of such peculiarly inauspicious circumstances, the extremely limited progress which the Protestant religion made in Ireland, whilst it was rapidly gaining ground in England, can afford no matter of surprise." Warfare ensued, and the object practically aimed at was extermination ; one party had the power to add confiscation to the horrors of war ; a large colony of Protestants was planted, under circumstances of great rigour, in the northern counties, where the descendants of the ancient Irish had longest preserved the domains of their ancestors ; a code of penal laws was introduced, avowedly for the purpose of extirpating Popery, which made the worldly condition of a Catholic worse than that of a slave, which prevented a Catholic from either practising his religion or educating his children, which excluded him from paths of honourable industry, put his clergy to

death for giving him the consolations of religion, harassed him in such a variety as to make his life wretched, and by a refinement of cruelty tempted the son to abjure his father's religion in order to acquire his father's property; such an ingeniously cruel code never existed in the world before. The Irish believed that all this was for the sake of the Established Church, and they wrapped their Catholic cloak around them all the more closely the more savagely it was sought to tear it from them. How little it answered the purpose aimed at may be seen from the following note in Newenham, p. 174: "The inefficacy of this code, as far as it was directed to the suppression of the Roman Catholic religion, stands evinced by this incontrovertible fact, that the actual proportion of the Roman Catholics to the Protestants is (in 1808) much greater than at the commencement of the last century,"

Lord Macaulay said of Pitt that "He was the first English minister who entertained a really sanguine intention of benefiting Ireland by endeavouring to place the people of Ireland upon a footing of equal laws, equal rights, and equal liberties." He endeavoured, it is true, but could not then succeed. In his speech in 1785, on introducing the first commercial relaxations, he said that "the species of policy which had been exercised by the government of England in regard to Ireland, had for its object to debar the latter from the enjoyment of her own resources, and to make her completely subservient to the opulence and interests of England, that she had not been suffered to share in the bounties of nature or the industry of her citizens, and that she was shut out from every species of commerce, and restrained from sending the produce of her own soil to foreign markets."

First it was found to be unsafe thus to treat Ireland; then it was discovered that the misery of Ireland weakened England; more recently it was surmised that Irish improvement might strengthen England; and latterly it has been felt and acknowledged that the government owed a duty to the people of Ireland, and that the only true and proper touchstone of Irish measures was the welfare of the Irish people. This test, however, has not yet been practically applied to the Irish Established Church.

It is not necessary for us to enter at large into the theory of the connection between the Church and the State, because it appears to us impossible that any theory could be

suggested on the subject, which should at once justify the Establishment of the Presbyterian Kirk in Scotland and of the Protestant Church in Ireland. Let any one try to build up a theory which shall in argument warrant the former and not upset the latter. The best argument, therefore, for the Irish Established Church, is that it exists, and has existed, in a certain way, for a long time, and this indeed is the argument by which it is usually defended.

Hooker teaches that the same persons compose the Church and the commonwealth of England universally, and that there cannot therefore be more than one Church in one commonwealth; the existence therefore of the Kirk of Scotland is irreconcilable with his theory. Warburton propounds the idea of a contract between the State and the Church, in order by the aid of religion more effectually to carry out the objects of the former; and if there be more than one such religious society, or Church, the State is to contract with the largest, to which will naturally belong the greatest share of political influence. Either the Established Church of England alone should have been thus contracted with throughout the whole of the British dominions, or, if it be allowable to contract with the Kirk in Scotland, it must be equally allowable to contract with any other Church in Ireland. According to Paley, the authority of a Church establishment is founded upon its utility; its end is the preservation and communication of religious knowledge, and where the faith of the magistrate differs from that of the majority, he should establish the latter as the chances of truth are equal. It is clear that the Irish Establishment has not the foundation upon which Paley says an establishment should rest, whilst either it or that of Scotland violates the rule, according to which he would establish it. Coleridge argues from an analysis of the parts of the body politic that, in order to its well being, there must necessarily enter into its composition, an estate, whose office it shall be to supply those governing and harmonizing qualities of character, without which the remaining elements cannot advantageously cohere, and such should be the "clerisy" of a state. Has such been the harmonizing effect of the Church Established in Ireland?

Dr. Chalmers teaches that Christianity, being the sure foundation of order, and, so (he says) of prosperity, that

the efforts of individuals are insufficient to bring it within reach of the whole population; that territorial division into manageable districts with a general cure of souls over all persons within them is the most efficient mode of giving to Christianity an universal influence, and that such division cannot well be carried into effect but by a church of one given denomination. Passing by the question whether the Established Church in Ireland, with a general cure of souls over all persons in Ireland has been, or can be, the most efficient mode of giving to Christianity an universal influence there, when the majority of the souls over whom it has such general cure refuses to listen to it, let us see how the Church of one given denomination is to be selected and by whom? He contends in one place (Lect. 4, p. 115) that there should be "maintenance from the one quarter, and an unfettered theology from the other," which, giving it the best possible aspect, would seem to mean that good earnest men should be paid by the State to teach whatever they chose. And, in another part of the same Lecture (p. 119) he teaches that the Government should determine what shall be its establishment, if possible, simply by the answer to the question, "what is truth?" but if not, then with a modified view to the benefit of the population at large. He considers a state incompetent to enter upon the details of theological discussion, but abundantly qualified to decide upon certain broad and leading principles. Upon the former consideration, he holds them justified in selecting, or in adhering to the selection of, any one of the Christian denominations which, being Protestant, are also evangelical, as for example, Methodist, Independent, Baptist; he does not, however, supply any precise test for determining to what extent the epithet "evangelical" may be applicable. But upon the later consideration, he teaches that the State is competent, nay, that any man "with the ordinary schooling of a gentleman," and "by the reading of a few weeks," may qualify himself to decide the broad question between Protestantism and Catholicism, viz., whether the Scriptures be or be not the only rule of faith, and how they should be interpreted. This is the only one of the theories propounded on the subject which can be made loose enough to include Scotland, and yet tight enough to exclude Ireland, and it is evidently a theory which could not have occurred to any reasonable man unless he had

felt himself under the necessity of inventing some theory that would fit the facts. But supposing the majority of any people should happen to decide the question between Catholicism and Protestantism in a different way from Dr. Chalmers, what then? It is possible, and even probable, for the majority of Christians have already done so. Would a Catholic Establishment, under such circumstances, be justifiable? He only avoids this inevitable conclusion by declaring that his religion is the only religion possible to a reasoning being—an amount of individual assumption which is amusingly absurd. In effect he means to say that it is right to establish any form of Protestantism if it be only evangelical, but not to establish Catholicism. If he had merely said, such a thing is right because I wish it, *stet pro ratione voluntas*, we should have understood him; by attempting to give a reason for that which he merely wills, he becomes simply absurd.

Mr. Gladstone's theory we prefer to state in his peculiar Gladstonian language; "In National Societies of men generally, the governing body should, in its capacity as such, profess and maintain a religion according to its conscience, both as being composed of individuals who have individual responsibilities to discharge, and individual purposes to fulfil, and as being itself, collectively, the seat of a national personality, with national responsibilities to discharge, and national purposes to fulfil; that it must have the intrinsic, and in proportion as it is a good government, will have the intrinsic qualifications for professing and maintaining such religion; that religion offers sufficient inducements to such a policy; that as, in respect of its extension, it should, for the benefit of the state, be the *greatest* possible, and we are therefore bound to show, in considering the above mentioned national purposes, that the direct aid of the state promotes that extension; so, in respect of its quality, it should be the *purest* possible, that is to say, should be the Catholic Church of Christ;" by which he means in the British empire, the Established Church of England. He admits that, in principle, this Church ought to be established in Scotland also, and escapes this conclusion only by reference to the Act of Union with Scotland, which recites an act of the Scottish parliament, establishing the Church with its Presbyterian discipline, and makes the observance of this act a fundamental and

essential condition of the Union, upon which he observes, *fieri non debuit, factum valet*. And in accordance with his theory, Mr. Gladstone in his speech on the Appropriation Clause, in 1835, said; "At the time of the Reformation the legislature, composed of the representatives of the country, having changed the established religion, changed to the same extent the appropriation of Church property. If the Protestants should ever happen to be again in a minority, in that House, he for one, avowed his conviction that a return to the ancient appropriation would be a fair and legitimate consequence." Surely Mr. Gladstone must admit that a Protestant majority in parliament have the right to do, if they think it proper, what he admits a Catholic majority should do. And a Protestant majority may think they are best serving the cause of religion and morality by appropriating the revenues of the establishment to the general purposes of education. When Mr. Gladstone declares that the legislature is bound to employ its power to promote whatever the majority thereof may deem to be theological truth, such majority may be of opinion that in such a case as that of Ireland they are most effectually promoting what they deem theological truth, by relieving it from the odium which at present renders it peculiarly unacceptable to the majority of the people; they may be of opinion that the continued enjoyment by the Church of Ireland of its entire revenues is not at all a likely way to promote the religious tenets of that Church, and if they be of such opinion, if they think that no Church has a chance of extending itself amongst a people who regard it only as a pecuniary grievance, are they not bound to give practical effect to their opinion, by applying at least a portion of its revenues in such a way as to conciliate public feeling, and make the Church of their choice less odious in the eyes of those over whom they wish to extend its influence? A Church, humbly and gently be it spoken, does not exist for the sake merely of the ministers who live by it, but for the sake of those to whom it should be the guide in the path to heaven; and if the accident of wealth to a disproportionate amount interfere with this its main object, may not its best friends consistently endeavour to bring it into a condition more apt for the accomplishment of its special duty?

Common sense indeed rebels against the theory of Mr. Gladstone, or any other theory by which it is sought com-

pulsorily to maintain the religion of the minority as the Established Church amongst the majority; and when any one attempts to vindicate it by reverting to the terms of the Irish Union Act, which declared that the Protestant should be the Established Church of Ireland, he in effect acknowledges that it cannot be defended except by falling back upon the language of this act of parliament; and he thereby rests its defence upon a measure as atrociously corrupt and in every respect as indefensible as any transaction in recent History. We say nothing now about the general effects of the Union; but to quote the act of Union as expressing the sentiments of the Irish people on the Union, and as binding them to the Irish Church by a voluntary international compact is an outrageous perversion of well known facts—it is emphatically adding insult to injury—injury enough it was to *buy* the votes of the Irish parliament, in the shameful manner which Wellington and Cornwallis have since revealed to us; but how galling the insult to tell the Irish people that votes thus bought expressed their consent and bound them for ever to the Irish Church Establishment. The case of the Irish Protestant Church must be very bad indeed when it is felt necessary to rest it upon the Act of Irish Union.

It is difficult perhaps to furnish a stronger antithetical illustration of the miserable consequences of maintaining the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, than by shewing the effects of the contrary policy in Scotland. As Macaulay writes, “the policy observed in that country has been directly opposed to that which Mr. Gladstone recommends. And the consequence is that Scotland, having been one of the rudest, one of the poorest, one of the most turbulent countries in Europe, has become one of the most highly civilized, one of the most flourishing, one of the most tranquil. The atrocities which were of common occurrence while an unpopular church was dominant are unknown. In spite of a mutual aversion as bitter as ever separated one people from another, the two Kingdoms which compose our island have been indissolubly joined together. Of the ancient national feeling there remains just enough to be ornamental and useful; just enough to inspire the poet, and to kindle a generous and friendly emulation in the bosom of the soldier. But for all ends of Government the nations are one. And why are they so? The answer is

simple. The nations are one for all the ends of Government, because in their Union the true ends of Government alone were kept in sight. The nations are one because the Churches are two." How exactly this illustrates the source of the peculiar evils which have afflicted Ireland, whilst at the same time it both suggests and supplies a legal precedent for a perfect remedy. Let equal justice be done to Ireland as to Scotland and equal results may be secured. Why should not the wishes of the people of Ireland receive as much attention as the wishes of the people of Scotland? Ireland is a larger integral portion of the Empire both in area and in population, it contributes more than Scotland to the wealth and the defence of the nation, and if there should be any difference between them, the preponderance of Ireland entitles it to a greater consideration from the Imperial Legislature. There is every reason for conceding to Ireland whatever has been conceded to Scotland—except one—Ireland is Catholic, and Scotland is Presbyterian Protestant. But we may at once say that the Catholics of this Empire are too numerous to submit to be deprived, on account of their religion, of any right or privilege which any portion of their fellow subjects enjoy. Let Protestants think or say what they like of the Catholic Religion. We care not at this moment to defend it; we will do that at the proper time and on proper occasions. What we contend for now, is the right of the Catholics to choose their own religion as freely as the Protestants, without submitting to any deprivation whatever in consequence of their free choice. Catholic Ireland is therefore entitled to be placed in quite as good a position as Presbyterian Scotland.

We need not however dwell longer on the theory of Church Establishments as acted upon in this country, and as especially applicable to the Protestant Established Church in Ireland, because the question has already been decided in the British parliament, and the opinions of British Statesmen are already recorded upon it.

It will be recollected that in the year 1834 Mr. Ward moved his celebrated appropriation resolution, which was in these words, "That the Protestant Episcopal Establishment in Ireland exceeds the spiritual wants of the Protestant population; and that, it being the right of the state to regulate the distribution of Church property in such manner as parliament may determine, it is the opinion of

this House that the temporal possessions of the Church of Ireland, as now established by law, ought to be reduced." Lord Melbourne's ministry differed as to the mode of dealing with this resolution, and four of the members of that ministry who could not induce their colleagues to meet it with a direct negative, viz : the present Earl of Derby then Lord Stanley, and the late Sir James Graham, Earl of Ripon, and Duke of Richmond, in consequence retired from the ministry, and Lord Althorpe postponed any decision on the matters involved in this resolution by moving the appointment of a Commission of inquiry to ascertain the actual condition of the protestant Church in Ireland, both in regard to its ministers and its members. The sentiments of the Government were however sufficiently indicated, and it was clear that something would be done if they remained in office. At that time we should remark, the inhabitants of Ireland were refusing to pay tithes, the clergy, even when backed by the military, were unable to obtain them, and parliament was obliged to aid the Protestant clergy of Ireland by a loan, which afterwards resolved itself into a gift, of nearly a million of money. On the subsequent discussion in the same Session of the Irish Tithe Bill, Mr. O'Connell moved "That after any funds which should be raised in Ireland in lieu of tithes had been so appropriated as to provide suitably, considering vested interests and spiritual wants, for the Protestants of the Established Church in Ireland, the surplus that remained should be appropriated to purposes of public utility and charity." Ministers resisted this motion as too wide and undefined, but admitted the right of parliament to appropriate to other than purely church purposes the surplus revenues of the Church. That Irish Tithe Bill was afterwards lost in the Lords, and ministers then declared that a measure so favourable to the Irish clergy could not again be introduced. The Irish Church was felt to be in danger, it became a struggle between the church and the ministry, and at the close of the year Lord Melbourne's ministry was dismissed, the Duke of Wellington consulted, and under his advice the formation of a new ministry was entrusted to Sir Robert Peel, who accordingly became Premier. The question of the appropriation of the revenues of the Established Church of Ireland to purposes purely ecclesiastical or to purposes partly secular was in fact the question of the day, upon which hung the fate of

ministries, a matter really of far less consequence than its practical effect upon the people of Ireland. In the ensuing session of 1835 Sir R. Peel brought in his Irish Tithe Bill, whereupon Lord John Russell, on the 30th March, brought forward a motion "That the House do resolve itself into a committee of the whole House to consider the temporalities of the Church of Ireland." This was opposed by the ministry and led to a very important and full discussion, in which the principle of appropriating the surplus revenues of the Church of Ireland to other than strictly ecclesiastical purposes was strongly urged and resisted. The resolution was carried by a majority of 33, and we shall probably be serving the cause better by reviving the recollection of the opinions nearly thirty years ago expressed by statesmen still living and now in a position to give effect to their opinions, than by any extended expression of our own views. It will be seen that they considered such an appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church as the only mode of avoiding a repeal of the Union, that such an appropriation was both legal, just and necessary, that without it the people of Ireland would never be contented, and that in fact without it the people of Ireland never ought to be contented: if therefore that people still remain on this account discontented, they have the full sanction and approval of Lord John Russell and the present Lord Lieutenant for such their discontent.

In introducing his motion Lord John Russell said, "I am confident that *the truth and justice* of the cause will prevail, though the weakness and incompetence of the advocate should be manifest. With no farther preface therefore I shall enter upon the consideration of the subject of the Church of Ireland; and in doing so let me advert, in the first instance, to a motion made on the 22nd of April in the last year. The Honourable member for the City of Dublin (Mr. O'Connell) then introduced a motion for a Committee to enquire into the means by which the Union with Ireland had been effected, and as to the expediency of continuing it. The Honourable member was met by an amendment in the form of an address to the Crown, which was carried by a large majority, and in the minority appeared only one member for England, and no member for Scotland. The answer to the motion of the honourable and learned member, therefore, was given by the representatives of England and Scotland, supported by a

great part of those from Ireland. The address was in these terms:—

“We, your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons in parliament assembled, feel it our duty humbly to approach your Majesty’s throne, to record, in the most solemn manner, our fixed determination to maintain unimpaired and undisturbed the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, which we consider to be essential to the strength and stability of the Empire, to the continuance of the connection between the two countries, and to the peace and security and happiness of all classes of your Majesty’s subjects. We feel this, our determination, to be as much justified by our views of the general interests of the State, as by our conviction that to no other portion of your Majesty’s subjects is the maintenance of the Legislative Union more important than to the inhabitants of Ireland themselves. We humbly represent to your Majesty, that the Imperial Parliament have taken the affairs of Ireland into their most serious consideration, and that various salutary laws have been enacted since the Union, for the advancement of the most important interests of Ireland, and of the empire at large. In expressing to your Majesty our resolution to maintain the Legislative Union inviolate, we humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty, that we shall persevere in applying our best attention to the removal of all just causes of complaint, and to the promotion of all well considered measures of improvement.”

“This address was carried by the house to the foot of the throne, and His Majesty was pleased to return an answer in which he stated that he should be ‘at all times anxious to afford his best assistance in removing all just causes of complaint, and in sanctioning all well considered measures of improvement.’ This was the answer of His Majesty to the claim of the petitions of a large portion of the people of Ireland, enforced by a member of this House in whom they had the greatest confidence, and who undoubtedly possessed abilities to place his arguments in the best and strongest point of view. In pursuance of this answer, which was adopted by the House of Lords, and *thereby became, as it were a solemn compact between the Parliament of the United Kingdom and the people* given by the King, received by the Commons, and approved by the Lords, I am come before you to-day to represent to you what I consider ‘*a just cause of complaint*’ by the people of Ireland, and to induce you, if I can, to take a step to obtain a ‘*well considered measure of improvement.*’ My complaint is that nothing of that sort has been done or

attempted, and I have referred to this discussion, not only on account of its strict connection with my motion, but because I think it ought to refute any answer to it founded upon some supposed danger, some distant apprehension, that what we may do to remove a 'just cause of complaint' and to adopt a 'well considered measure of improvement' with regard to Ireland, may have an injurious effect at some distant and indefinite time on one of the Institutions of the country. I say you are not at liberty, after having agreed to that address, to put in that answer and thus to bar a remedy. One of two things must be admitted; either you are prepared to do justice to Ireland, to consider her grievances and redress her wrongs—or you are not. But if you tell us that your position is such, that any measure of that kind would be injurious to England, and dangerous to her Church Establishment, which prevents the remedy of the abuses of the Church of Ireland, you surely, then have no right to say it is fit to enforce the Legislative Union. You are not to tell us that you cannot listen to the well founded grievances of Ireland and you are not prepared to do her justice, and yet insist on an adherence to the Legislative Union." This argument is clear, and as sound as clear. You have entered into a compact that, inasmuch as you maintain the legislative union with Ireland, you will redress the grievances of Ireland. Is the Church of Ireland a grievance to Ireland? If so, you are bound to redress it or to abandon the Legislative Union. We call upon his Lordship now *to complete his own argument*, and if he will not abandon the Union, *at once to redress the grievance*. If he say or think that he cannot secure a majority of English or Scotch members in favour of a thorough redress of that grievance, let him still maintain his own character by producing and moving such a measure in parliament; we shall see who are for and who against it, the justice of the claim will be demonstrated in argument if not in numbers, it will, like every just cause, gain strength by discussion; if not passed on the first proposal, it will, if proposed and supported by those who are as we find pledged to its support, gradually win its way as other measures of Reform have done before, and eventually triumph.

Lord John Russell proceeds, "I am one of those who think, that with perfect safety to the Church of England you may remedy what is defective in the Church of

Ireland, and *remedying that*, may persist in your demand for the Legislative Union. I own I cannot understand how any members of this House can confess their inability to remove the grievances of Ireland, on account of a remote and contingent apprehension; and yet can maintain, as absolutely as I do, that the Legislative Union ought not to be disturbed. The state of Ireland has long been, and is now, a source of great embarrassment to every statesman of this country." We trust he would not now seek to evade the fulfilment of his argument by the consideration that the embarrassment is not now so great as it was then, for that would lead to the inference that, it is not so much the grievances as the embarrassment which he is anxious to remove. The Church grievance still remains unalleviated; the remedy he proposed was an appropriation of its surplus revenues to general education. He is now in a condition to propose such a remedy in a calm state of affairs, when the measure cannot be attributed to instant apprehensions; let him then propose it now, and not wait till another man or another conjuncture of affairs arise to rouse the people into indignant clamour for the redress of this monster grievance, and let him not postpone the remedy till it has lost all spontaneous merit, and until some new necessity of England furnish a fresh opportunity for Ireland. After explaining the poverty and distress and propensity to violence which then prevailed, he adds,

"If we look to the causes, although no doubt many might be named, yet we cannot help being struck by the fact, that there has been no time in the history of Ireland *since this country obtained footing and dominion there*, in which there was not some dreadful contest, something amounting to civil war and a state of law which induced the people to consider themselves rather as the victims of tyranny than the subjects of just government. It has happened by a kind of fatality, that those periods most remarkable and most glorious in English history, have been marked by indications of some new distinction, some new calamity in Ireland,"

This, and the converse remark that no just concessions have been made to Ireland except during periods of difficulty to England are so true as to have become trite, and, with the following illustrations of their truth, deserve quotation only because they are from the mouth of Lord John Russell.

“ While we justly boast of the statutes passed in our first Edward, an epoch remarkable in our civil history, for Edward has been called the English Justinian, the inhabitants of Ireland vainly petitioned for a removal of those invidious distinctions which deprived them of the benefit of English laws. A similar remark applies to the reign of Edward the Fourth. Throughout the reign of Elizabeth when the Reformation was so prosperously completed, and when the glory of England was so resplendent, not only in arms but in arts and literature, the Irish suffered the most grievous oppressions and a new distinction was introduced, viz. that distinction of which I shall have so much to say to-day, brought about by changing the faith of the great body of the clergy, without the faith of the people undergoing the same change. Passing over the period of the Commonwealth, the great event of the Revolution, to which we look back with such proud and just satisfaction, when a new family was placed upon the throne, which led to the establishment of the House of Brunswick in these realms, was attended with new calamities to Ireland. New distinctions were made to the disadvantage of that unhappy people; and on the score of their religion they were suspected of an attachment to the monarch whom England had banished. They were accordingly visited by laws which Mr. Burke truly designated as a barbarous code—they were proscribed, humiliated and degraded, and treated as enemies both to the throne and the altar. At the same time our ingenuity was tormented to discover modes of restricting the trade of Ireland with our colonies, and the progress of her internal improvement was industriously impeded. Such were the circumstances which in Ireland corresponded with the most glorious events of English history. Towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century a better era seemed promised to Ireland: many odious restrictions were removed and she freed herself from bonds which had previously most unjustly confined her. The power of legislation was restored to her, and about this period some religious distinctions were removed, and she approached nearer to the enjoyment of equal laws and to the possession of civil rights. The conviction of a long course of injustice and suffering which naturally impressed the minds of the people, induced them even in this dawn of a happier day, to look a little into the cause of improvement in their prospects and condition. It was said by a statesman of no democratic turn, no lover of popular innovation, the late Lord Granville—that *concession to Ireland was always the result, not of kindness, but of necessity*. Such was the case when in the midst of the American war with 80,000 volunteers in arms, England was obliged to make an appeal to Ireland. Such was the case in 1792 when the elective franchise, first obstinately denied, was at length conceded, *because a French war was impending*. Such was the case I am sorry to add, since the period when Lord Granville spoke, when Catholic Emancipation was reluctantly granted. *That concession arose out of no*

admission of the justice of the claim on the part of those who proposed it, but proceeded merely and avowedly from the fear of civil war. The point having been yielded in this manner, it cannot be expected that the minds of the people of Ireland should be so changed as to be reconciled to their remaining disadvantages; ancient hatred and former animosities still necessarily prevail, and it seems to have been too often thought by them that what force once extorted force could again compel. I now come to you and ask you to legislate in a different and liberal spirit. In considering the state of the Church of Ireland, I am obliged to look back and consider a question that has been of late a good deal mooted, viz. the utility and object of a Church Establishment. I am one of those fully concurring in the defence set up last year by one of our Prelates, that an Establishment tends to promote religion, to maintain good order, and I further agree with him as to the fact that it is agreeable to the sentiments of the majority of the people of this part of the empire. But as a friend of the United Kingdom, I call upon you to consider whether with respect to the Church of Ireland you can set up the same defence? Does it tend to promote religion, or to maintain good order? On this part of the subject I will take the liberty of reading a passage from archdeacon Paley, where he speaks of a Church Establishment. 'The authority of a Church Establishment is founded on its utility; and whenever upon this principle, we deliberate concerning the form, propriety or comparative excellence of different establishments, the single view under which we ought to consider any of them is that of a scheme of instruction, the single end we ought to propose by them is the preservation and communication of religious knowledge. Every other idea and every other end, that have been mixed with this, as the making the Church an engine, or even an ally of the state; converting it into the means of strengthening or diffusing influence; or regarding it as a support of regal, in opposition to popular form of government; have only served to debase the institution, and to introduce into it numerous abuses and corruptions.' I agree also with a Right Rev. Prelate who stated in one of his charges last year, that 'the avowed object for which the Church is established is the spiritual instruction of all classes of the people.' He adds elsewhere that the whole controversy is reduced to this—'Whether the religious instruction of a nation is not more effectually carried on by means of an endowed and an established Church?' That is precisely the question I propose to apply to the state of Ireland, and I ask whether this great object has been advanced by the mode in which the Church revenues are at present appropriated in Ireland—whether the religious institution of the people has been promoted by the establishment of the Protestant Church?'

He quotes from a letter of Archbishop King in 1716 shewing that there were then not more than 600 benefices in

Ireland and that the total revenue of the Church then, including £50,000 for lay impropriations, was not more than £110,000; and proceeds, now “the total number of benefices is 1456, of which 74 range from £800 to £1000 a year, 75 from £1000 to £1500, 17 from £1500 to £2000, and 10 from £2000 to £2800,” and states the total thus:—

Tithe Composition	534,433
Episcopal revenues inclusive of tithes	141,896
Dean and Chapters, and Economy Estates ..	5,399
Minor Canons, and Vicars Choral	5,183
Dignitaries, Prebendaries, and Canons	6,560
Glebelands	68,250 at 15s
Perpetuity purchase fund	30,000

Total £791,721

“We therefore (he says) come to the question whether this large sum has really been applied to the religious instruction of the people, or to whose benefit it has been applied?—whether, while during the last century there has been this enormous increase in the revenues of the Church, there has been a corresponding increase in the number of conversions to the Protestant religion?—whether the activity and zeal of the clergy have been such, and whether such has been their success, that the greater portion of the inhabitants of Ireland have become attached to the Protestant Church, and whether this beneficial change has been owing to the instructions of its ministers? I am sorry to say, that the result has been too much the reverse.”

After quoting various authorities to shew that the proportion of Protestants to Catholics had diminished and was diminishing, and that a very large part of the £800,000 was “raised for the spiritual instruction of a small class of the people, while all the rest of the people derived no benefit whatever from that expenditure,” he thus proceeds:—

“What then is the state of the Church of Ireland? You in the first place are unable to diffuse its spiritual and religious doctrines amongst the great mass of the people and you have, in the second place, by your system of tithes, been brought constantly into collision with them. You have been constantly producing a state of things which, while it has led to the disturbance of this country, was irreconcilable with those spiritual objects for which the Bishop of London has said a Church Establishment alone ought to exist. Allow me to call the attention of the House to the principle which

the great authority I have quoted lays down. That authority states, that Church Establishments should be considered, as the means of moral and spiritual instructions and nothing else; the great object in establishing them was to be essentially useful. Bearing in mind what has occurred at Graigne and Rathcormac, *I would ask whether the great and permanent objects of a Church Establishment can ever be secured by your determining that funds shall be demanded for the purpose of enforcing the doctrines of the Church of England, and for no other purpose whatever.* Well then what do I propose to do in this case? I propose that there should be instituted such a reform of the Church of Ireland, as would enable us to adapt the Establishment to the spiritual instruction of those who belong to the Church, and that there should be no unnecessary surplus. *If you adopt this principle, you cannot do otherwise than greatly reduce the Church of Ireland.* I propose therefore that you should undertake this object, and that *you should apply what shall appear to be the surplus in some way by which the moral and religious improvement of the people of Ireland may be advanced, by which their interests may be considered, and by which they may hereafter believe that the funds which are raised nominally for their benefit are used for their benefit in reality.* It is with this view, then, that I mean to propose this resolution to the House:—‘That this House resolve itself into a committee of the whole House to consider the temporalities of the Church of Ireland.’ The House having resolved itself into a committee I shall move, ‘That it is the opinion of this committee that any surplus which may remain after fully providing for the spiritual instruction of the members of the Established Church in Ireland, ought to be applied locally to the general education of all classes of Christians.’ In proposing this course I feel that I am doing no more than the case requires.”

He then quotes the declared opinion of Sir Robert Peel, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the effect that “he was not averse to any new distribution of the revenues of the Church which would promote the interest and extend the influence of the Church, but any measure to which he consented must be confined in its object to the promotion of the doctrines of the Church,” and he states the distinct question to be determined by the House between himself and the ministry to be, “whether the House be determined to confine the revenues of the Church to purposes strictly ecclesiastical, or whether the appropriation of the revenue of the Church of Ireland, or any part of it, to uses by which the people of Ireland generally can be benefited, will secure the sanction of the House. The other night an Honourable Gentleman asked me whether I

proposed that any part of the money should go for the purpose of affording religious education to the Roman Catholics, or the principles of the Roman Catholic religion; my answer is, that I propose to adopt the principle acted on by the National Board of Education for Ireland."—"I cannot conceive that funds intended for the religious instruction of the people can be misapplied when devoted to objects likely to make them good subjects of the state and religious and moral."

He then proceeds to consider the objections to his proposal, and we cannot perhaps do better than remind our readers how Lord John Russell met those objections.

"The first is the assertion of the principle that the property of the Church ought not to be diverted from the uses of the Church to which it belongs. I do not hold the opinion that this is private property, and that we can no more interfere with the revenues of a bishop than with the estate of an earl. Mine, however, is not the doctrine of right honourable gentlemen opposite. If they made their stand on the question of private right—if they said that ecclesiastical property shall not be disposed of otherwise than as it was originally desired or distributed, I could easily understand them; but this is not their argument. They hold that the state may distribute Church property otherwise than as at present; that the state, for example, can take from a bishop and give to a rector or curate. Does that doctrine, then, I ask, bear any resemblance whatever to the law which recognises private property? Does parliament ever proceed on that principle in the latter case, and say, 'There are one hundred or two hundred great proprietors in this country, and it is expedient that wealth should be more equally distributed?' If Church property be private property, we cannot for a moment stop to enquire whether the Bishop of Durham has too much. We are satisfied it is private, and we cannot touch it. On what principle, then, do we proceed, and to what conclusion does our principle necessarily lead? Lord Stanley proposed a bill which was passed into a law, and which diminished the number of bishops in Ireland. The number was too great, and the funds were to be distributed—in what manner? To those next in order—to deans and chapters. But supposing there was enough for them, and still a surplus, what then? Why, it was to be applied to rectors, to churches, to glebe-houses. But it might also happen that the bishops had too great a revenue still, so that there would be a surplus after all these objects had been accomplished. How is it possible to say that we can redistribute this property and yet not carry out the principle to its legitimate length, and distribute the surplus in a manner in which it may be most useful? On what principle do we go? Upon no other than this—that it is useful for the purpose of religious in-

struction that there should be a redistribution. And what do we come to next? To a principle totally distinct from and at variance with every law by which private property is affected. I maintain, we can only do that on the grounds of public expediency, of public right, and of public advantage. If, then, I show that public right, public expediency, and public advantage require the application of some portion of these revenues to works of religious education and charity, where, I would ask, is the distinction between them? and how can the Right Honourable gentleman pretend that he holds that property more sacred than I do? I confess, that to my mind, the Right Honourable gentleman and his colleagues have no ground to stand upon. On the one hand they may stand on the notion of private property, and maintain the ecclesiastical revenues intact and inviolate to their original destination; or, on the other hand, admitting the right of parliament to interfere, they must hold that for the benefit of the subjects of the realm, for their religious instruction, for the well-being and harmony of the state, it may so interfere. But there is no resting between the two propositions; to say that it should be partly distributed and partly kept sacred, partly interfered with for public objects, and partly considered private property, does seem to me to couple in one proposition, the utmost absurdity with the utmost inefficiency."

He thus argues that the actual course of legislation in this country, has determined that Church property is not private property, but liable to be disposed of by the legislature so as to become more useful; and if so, that there is no possible stoppage on the edge of ecclesiastical purposes, and that public utility alone must be the object aimed at by the legislature in the redistribution. Lord John Russell established his abstract principle by a vote of the House, let him now give it a practical application—the only practical effect it has hitherto had has been to substitute his government for that of Sir Robert Peel—surely it cannot be that it was *intended to have that effect only*—it will be seen that such a taunt as this was thrown out against him by the government—hitherto certainly events seem to verify the taunt; let him now redeem his character by giving practical effect to his principle.

He proceeds to the second objection or argument "in defence of the present mode of applying Church property in Ireland—that the greatest number—fifteen to one is said—of the owners of the land in fee—are members of that Church. If I could fancy that any one could hold such a doctrine as this—that a Church Establishment was intended originally for the exclu-

sive benefit of the rich—that spiritual instruction should be given only to men who had an estate of inheritance, that none but a man who possessed a freehold estate should be entitled to the comforts and consolations of religion, I could then understand the argument to which I have alluded; but when I refer to any of the great authors I have quoted, who cannot be questioned or repudiated, and when I find it laid down that a Church Establishment is intended for the benefit of all classes, and more especially for the benefit, the instruction, and consolation of the poor, it is not enough to tell me, that those who originally contributed the sums which constitute the revenues of the Church, are protestants, and members of that Church; for I am bound to look at the effect of the payment of tithe, on the whole, as a system. Besides, on whomsoever the charge of maintaining the Establishment may ultimately fall, it is perfectly notorious that those on whom for the most the tithe is levied, and on whom it first falls, are members of the Roman Catholic faith. On these grounds, and unaffected by those objections I have noticed, I am prepared to move the resolution which I call on the House to sanction and affirm. I do think that if, without adopting some such course as that which I venture to recommend, we pass the Tithe Bill in the shape in which it has been proposed, appropriating solely to the benefit of the Irish Church all its existing revenues, we shall neither obtain peace, nor act ultimately for the harmony and advantage of Ireland. We have now the power of acting free from fear, free from any compulsion; there is no fear of foreign war before us, nor of civil war in Ireland. It is in our power at length to settle and gain the affections of that country, to silence the question of the Repeal of the Union, to gain the tribute of grateful homage from a people so warmhearted, so eminently brave and loyal; while we shall, at the same time, have the satisfaction of reflecting that in doing justice to Ireland we shall have contributed *more than by any other means we can adopt*, to the future prosperity of the empire, making her unconquerable by her enemies, and an example of religious liberality to the rest of the world.” But what if parliament do *not* thus do justice to Ireland and gain the affections of the Irish people? what if parliament pass his Lordship’s resolutions, but the only practical result should be to substitute his Lordship’s government for that of Sir Robert

Peel, without any such measure of justice as Lord John Russell here recommends, ever reaching the Irish people? The Irish people have since that time behaved better than Lord John Russell thought it possible that men could do, if unrelieved from such a Church; they have manifested, whatever they may feel, less dissatisfaction than might under such circumstances be expected, and it remains still for his Lordship to maintain his political reputation by carrying out his argument in a quiet time like the present, to its legitimate conclusion, and thus to prove, though late, that he sincerely aimed at the welfare of the people, and not a mere change of ministry.

Sir Edward Knatchbull, on behalf of the government, in reply, "wished the House to judge whether the motion had for its object only distinctly and openly the settlement of the question which it professed, or whether he had not rather availed himself of an opportunity for the purpose of trying what was a much more important matter in the noble Lord's view, the relative strength of the two parties in that House?" Here the taunt is thrown directly in Lord John Russell's teeth; and what has he ever yet done but to verify the taunt? It is not even now too late to establish an imperishable name for sincere statesmanship by doing this justice to Ireland. Sir Edward Knatchbull certainly took the bull by the horns—"To the proposition of the noble Lord he must withhold his consent on this distinct ground—he was not prepared to give his assent to the application of Church property to other than Protestant Church purposes. Such was his decided conviction; he would take issue on that point, and he was prepared to stand or fall by it." And he did fall by it, and the noble Lord rose by it; but for any other practical result it might as well have been a *point* on which some unascertained number of spirits were dancing. And, again, Sir Edward Knatchbull said he would "call the attention of the House to the ultimate" (he might rather have called it the immediate) "object of the noble Lord's proposition. That object evidently was to remove from their situation his majesty's present ministers."

Mr. H. G. Ward during the debate thus simply and justly stated the question at issue: "The principle of Sir Robert Peel was the total inalienability of Church property to other than ecclesiastical purposes; the principle laid down by Lord John Russell was that Church property

was applicable to all such purposes of general utility as parliament in its wisdom might determine." And in order to illustrate more distinctly the question upon which the House of Commons then voted, we may quote another remark of Mr. Ward—"That although redistribution might, and no doubt would, be effectual in England—although it might satisfy every honest reformer in this country, still he thought the distinction between Ireland and England to consist in this, 'that in Ireland redistribution would not be of the slightest use; it would not remove one fraction of the burden which pressed now on the people; it would not allay in any degree the irritation now subsisting.'"

One of our objects being to remind those who are now in a position of authority, of the opinions to which they then pledged themselves, and by which they attained their present position, and to call upon them to redeem their pledges, and give effect to their opinions, we may quote a few sentences from the speech of Mr. now Sir Charles Wood, in the same debate. Recollecting what had been not very consistently objected, as to the mere abstract nature of the proposition, and as to the practical results which might flow from it, he thus declared that he accepted the consequences, and was anxious to arrive at them; "it was because he believed that the decision of this most important question depended upon the decision of the resolution, which, if it were not in itself practical, would, if acceded to, be followed by the most practical results, that he did not hesitate to express his concurrence in and approval of the motion which the noble lord had introduced. It had been their misfortune to postpone measures having for their object the benefit of the people of Ireland, especially those connected with the Church Establishment, and the religious feelings of the people, beyond the time when it would have been politic to adopt them. As a proof of the justness of this observation, he would refer to the signal instance of concession to the Roman Catholics by the grant of Catholic Emancipation; and whilst upon this point he would say that he would not concur in the opinion pronounced by Sir James Graham with respect to the ingratitude which he asserted had been exhibited on the part of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, notwithstanding that they had been released by the parliament of Great Britain from the religious disabilities under which they had so long

laboured. He believed that the Catholics of Ireland were grateful to those who then supported their just claims ; but he could not admit that the Roman Catholics fairly owed any gratitude to the government which conceded, or the legislature which passed the measure of Catholic Emancipation. He did not wish to be considered as maintaining unnecessarily any opinions with respect to a past measure, but this he would say, that in the agitation which now prevailed in Ireland with respect to tithes, they were reaping the bitter fruits of the lesson which had been taught the people of Ireland, namely, that having appealed in vain to our reason and justice, they owed their success to our fears."

We now appeal to the reasons which Sir Charles Wood then urged and ask for that justice to Ireland which he then claimed, and address our appeal to Sir Charles Wood himself, as a minister of the crown—now is the calm time of reason apt for voluntary justice—will Sir Charles Wood repeat the error against which he then warned the House, and leave the grievance of the Church of Ireland undressed until some sweeping measure has hastily to be passed under the influence of fear? "Where," he proceeded, "could they find any country under any system of Church Establishments, be they Catholic or Protestant, where a rich Church, with a small congregation, was maintained at the expense of an overwhelming majority belonging to a different persuasion? But their feelings were no less outraged than their property was taxed in the maintenance of one Church established by law, and in the support of another to whose ministry they contributed through inclination. What, he would ask, would be their feelings, if two such establishments were supported at the expense of the people of England? Would they not be filled with a just indignation at such an unwarrantable infliction upon their consciences and resources? And could they expect that when they, with all their superior notions of what was just and lawful, were unwilling to submit to the hardship, that the ignorant peasantry of Ireland should not give way to violence and outrage, when such a system was attempted to be forced upon them? If this, then, were a correct view of the case, if reason and judgment pointed out the course to be adopted, why should they not at once strike at the root of the evil, and determine upon a different appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church?"

Let Earl Russell and Sir Charles Wood rise in their respective Houses of the legislature, and as ministers of the crown, speak and act now as they spoke and argued then. Perhaps it may be said that they would be left in a minority, and soon cease to be ministers; each, however, might at once console himself with the fiat *justitia ruat cœlum*, and the battle of Justice, like that of freedom, though often lost, would eventually be won. Statesmen who have seen the Catholic Emancipation passed, reform of parliament accomplished, and the Corn Laws repealed, need not despair of seeing a thorough reform of the Established Church of Ireland attained, and its revenues applied to the religious and moral improvement of the Irish people, if they only throw themselves with determination into the struggle, and act in parliament according to their recorded opinions.

In the course of his reply, Sir R. Inglis stated, as a sort of argument, in favour of the Irish Established Church, that "in the year 1762 there were only 542 Protestant Churches in Ireland, they soon after reached the number of 643; in the year 1800 they were 689, and since 1800 not less than 312 new Churches were erected, and sixty-four more were in progress;" and this he mentioned as a proof of "the great advancement of the Protestant religion," when contemporaneously with it the proportion of Protestants to Catholics in Ireland was diminishing, and as these new Protestant churches and others since have been either wholly or partly built *with public money*, the fact of such their erection is in reality an additional grievance to the country. Often have we, in recently passing through Ireland, seen a good new Protestant church, a neat nice building, towards the construction of which, as we understood, a grant of public money had been obtained, whilst near it the Catholic chapel, which the people frequented, was in comparatively poor condition; the church did not by its trimness win, or the chapel by its scantiness lose an attendant, and the Protestant religion really gained nothing but an increase of popular ill-will from this its architectural increase.

Mr. Poulter in support of the motion used some arguments which deserve quotation in his own language. "It was now contended by a Church, whose sole title was a parliamentary title, who claimed by the dispossession on the part of the state of another Church, without the

slightest regard to vested interests, that that state had not the power in the most extreme case to apportion or reduce that Church even under a distinct recognition of all vested rights. Who could doubt what the title of the Church was who had read the Stat. 2 and 3 Ed. 6, by which the clergy were bound to the use of the Common Prayer under the penalty of deprivation? Who could doubt what the title was who could read the Stat. 13 Eliz., by which all benefices were taken from those who refused to subscribe to the articles of the Church of England? If this extreme severity of legislation was adopted in this country, what must have been the course of things in Ireland where there was not the slightest pretence for a reformation? Here, then, were the title deeds, here was the commencement of the title of the Protestant Church, to the use and support of which, by the will of the nation, a vast property, granted principally by private Catholic individuals, to the ministers of their own persuasion, was forcibly, and contrary to the intent of the grantors, applied and converted. If this statutable disposition had been for a year only, and had been from that time down to the present annually renewed, the case would have stood in principle precisely as it does at this moment. It was most important to consider that the national transfer of which he had spoken was for life only, and this interest alone, had passed from time to time to the actual and living members of the Church, the fee-simple remaining in abeyance, and in the guardianship and custody of the nation. He put his support of this motion entirely on the distinction between the principles of the two establishments. Both stood in need of great changes, but while a better administration and distribution is sufficient for the one, diminution is absolutely required for the other. No appeal to the rights of property, beyond existing lives, could ever be maintained where such rights were never united with the real and religious interests of a nation."

Mr. Gladstone the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, argued in the following remarkable manner; "He thought Church property was as sacred as private property, but between private property and Church property he saw a difference. He should say that the former were sacred in person and the latter to purposes. Did the Reformation violate the sacredness of Church property? The sacredness could not in all cases be strictly maintained; but it

was always desirable to keep the property as sacred as circumstances would permit. Such was the case at the Reformation ; but would such be the case if the motion of the noble Lord opposite was carried ? At the time of the Reformation, the legislature, composed of the representatives of the country, having changed the established religion changed to the same extent the appropriation of Church property. If the Protestants should ever happen to be again in a minority in that House, he for one, avowed his conviction that a return of the ancient appropriation would be a fair and legitimate consequence."

Does not this argument of Mr. Gladstone necessarily involve the right of passing the motion of Lord John Russell and altering the appropriation of the Church property, if the majority of the House should think proper ? If a Catholic majority could reapply the property to Catholic Church purposes, a majority partly Protestant and partly Catholic, or even wholly Protestant, could re-apply it to purposes partly Protestant and partly Catholic, to the education of the people, whether Protestant or Catholic ; and if, as admitted by Mr. Gladstone, the sacredness could not always be strictly maintained, though it was always desirable to keep the property as sacred as circumstances would permit, could a case arise, or be imagined where the sacredness to protestant ecclesiastical purposes would be less possible or more inexpedient than in the case of the Established Church of Ireland, and would not an application to the general moral and religious education of the Irish people be an appropriation as sacred as the existing circumstances of Ireland really do permit ? It appears to us that Lord John Russell's motion may be maintained upon Mr. Gladstone's argument.

The same result might be arrived at by following to its legitimate consequences the following remarks of Sir William Follet in the same debate, "The property of the Church was held on certain trusts, and if it could be shewn to him that any resolution for altering the mode of distribution could better effect the purpose for which it was held, then he was ready to admit that the legislature not only had a right but was bound to interfere to effect that alteration ;" for it may be found, on referring back to the fourfold purposes for which tithes were previously held, that the education of the poor was one of them, and any

redistribution which included this object would only so far secure a better fulfilment of the original trust.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse (now Lord Broughton) made in support of the motion a very important statement, viz., that it was the intention of Lord Melbourne's ministry, if they had not been dismissed, to have brought forward a measure to deal with the revenues of the Church of Ireland even to the extent of what Sir W. Follet might call "Confiscation." Sir J. Hobhouse's words were: "I can only say that which is known to my late Colleagues, that we were determined, had his majesty been pleased to continue us in his service, to have come down to parliament with a measure on this great principle: Let the learned gentleman call it Confiscation if he likes—I call it a measure of justice; the country will deem it such. The parliament will by their vote tomorrow confirm it to be such, and at least justice will be done, I hope and believe, to that cabinet, and to that government who, with motives unsullied and unquestionable, as far as I know, intended to bring forward, for the relief of the people of Ireland, a proposition for the settlement of this great question." Let his colleagues follow up that language and that conduct now.

Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle) entered into a detailed argument to show that the proposed appropriation, so far from being a breach of trust, was in express conformity with one purpose to which the revenues of the Church of Ireland were by law expressly liable. He said, "I support my noble friend's proposition, not on mere general grounds, but upon peculiar grounds, arising out of Irish Ecclesiastical law. In the 28th of Henry VIII—at a period when in point of faith Ireland was still a Roman Catholic country—an Act was passed by which every incumbent was bound by oath at his ordination to keep or cause to be kept in his parish, a school for the instruction of the parishioners, taking for the same the accustomed stipend. This does not rest upon a naked enactment, but progressive penalties were enforced. I will not stop to enquire whether that act was faithfully adhered to. There are authorities to show that to a certain extent it was partially enforced; and in late times these parochial schools were considerably extended. I shall be able to show that upon the authority of this statute, at various times both in Ireland and England the property of the Irish Church was held to be a trust capable of

enforcement and of extension at the will of the legislature ; and this, not for the education of any exclusive class, but for the general education of all classes of the people."

He quotes a resolution moved by Mr. Secretary Ord and adopted unanimously in the Irish parliament on 6th April 1778, "That it is expedient to revise the act 28th Henry 8th for the establishment of parish schools, and to make provision for ascertaining a new scheme and rate of contribution towards their more effectual support and improvement." Subsequently the 11th Report on Education in Ireland signed by the Primate and other orthodox authorities, concludes by recommending that "It is highly expedient that the contributions of the clergy should be paid with more regularity and to a greater extent than heretofore usual. It might not, it is submitted, be deemed unreasonable that they should be rated at a sum not exceeding 10½ per cent of their respective incomes to be ascertained by the Bishops." "In these words," says Mr. Spring Rice, "are involved the very principle for which we contend." He then refers to the report of the Royal Commissioners in 1825, and the evidence of Archbishop Magee before a committee of the House, and quotes the following passage from a speech of Lord Maryborough (the Duke of Wellington's brother,) then Secretary for Ireland, "The parish schools were established in the reign of Henry VIII. for the purpose of teaching the inhabitants of Ireland the English language; and the law directs that they should be kept by or at the expense of the clergyman of the parish. From that circumstance it appears at one period to have been inferred that the children brought up in parish schools were to be educated exclusively in the Protestant religion. But that opinion is exploded, and in point of fact, children of every religious persuasion were eligible to be educated in these parish schools. Every clergyman took an oath to cause to be kept or to keep such a school;" and thence he argues that it is quite in accordance with established ecclesiastical law in Ireland that a part of the revenues of the Irish Church should be applied by parliament, towards the education of the people according to the system introduced by Lord Stanley, or according to any other system that might be thought preferable for the general education of the people.

During the course of the debate in the Commons a con-

versation arose in the House of Lords in which the late Lord Plunkett declared his opinion "that the rights already existing should be respected, he was equally ready to affirm; but he did not scruple to say that if there should be a surplus after providing for all the legal services of the Church, that surplus was applicable to purposes at the will of the state connected with the education of the subjects of the country. When he spoke of the country, he spoke not of one sect alone in it, not of the education of Protestants or Catholics, but of both; for their education was a public object—an object for which these funds were originally intended and to which they ought to be applied," and Lord Brougham followed him endorsing the same opinion.

Sir John Campbell (the late Lord Campbell) said "When he came to Ireland, if the question were entirely *res integra* he should have hesitated long before he thought it right that a Protestant Establishment should be introduced into that country, because the vast majority of the people were of an opposite faith; but finding the Protestant Church established, he would decidedly say, let it at least be accommodated to the religious wants of the Protestant population. He maintained that the funds of that Establishment were excessive and ought to be reduced and applied to a more beneficial purpose."

"With regard to the increase of churches in Ireland he would state to the House that about a year and a half ago he visited that beautiful and hospitable country, where there were pointed out to him, upon the most undoubted evidence, various instances of churches erected where there were no Protestant congregations at all, but merely as a job to the builder and carpenter; he remembered one instance where it was proved to him that so miserably had the job been done that the church had fallen several times, and that they were actually increasing the rates for the purpose of rebuilding it again." And yet such building of new churches was quoted by Sir R. Inglis and may be quoted again now as a proof of the extension of the Protestant faith amongst the Irish people.

"There had been," continued Sir J. Campbell, "a legislative Union; we were now one great united empire, and he hoped we should continue so for many ages; but would it be said there must be uniformity of religious feeling—that there must be one religion for the majority of those who formed the Legislative Union? He

knew of no such law ; it was contrary to anything that could ever have been contemplated by the population of Ireland. Then, what was there in the Articles of Union that forbade the proper and adequate reduction of the Church Establishment to the wants of the people? He apprehended that all the articles of the treaty of Union were to be interpreted and construed or modified according to what the public good might require."

Mr. Richards, "although he desired to see the abuses of the Established Church remedied, and its income applied to the best advantage," could not agree in the proposal of Lord John Russell, but "would himself lay before them a plan which he thought would meet the occasion—he would revert to the original design of tithes. They were, as it was well known, chiefly intended for the benefit of the poor, and the mass of the people of Ireland came under the description of poor. By more than one statute of Henry VIII, the claims of the poor were fully admitted; and Dr. Doyle, in his celebrated letter to Mr. Spring Rice, said 'there is little doubt that in the more ancient and pure times of the Church, all its revenue was the patrimony of the poor,' and Selden stated that between the years 800 and 1200 tithes were called *patrimonia pauperum* and *stipendia pauperum*—they belonged to the poor and were granted to the clergy in trust *non quasi suis, sed quasi commendatis*. He could not be brought to believe that if there were any surplus it ought to be given to education—it ought to be given to assist the aged and the infirm, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and provide generally for the wants of those who could not provide for themselves. By every motive of humanity, by every consideration of a prudent policy, he entreated the House to look to the origin of tithes and pay some respect to the wishes of those by whom they had been granted."

Serjeant Wilde (late Lord Truro) said—"The principle on which the proposed interference with the property of the Church Establishment proceeded had been recognized by the law over and over again. At various times statutes had been passed, applying the surplus revenues of the Church to other purposes. At various times, after the reign of Henry VIII., and the suppression of monasteries, statutes had passed taxing the Church revenue in some cases a tenth, in other cases a twentieth, and applying the proceeds sometimes to ecclesiastical, and sometimes to

secular purposes. What, he should like to know, was to become of the titles of lay impropriators if parliament had not the power to apply the revenues of the Church to any but ecclesiastical purposes? The property under consideration belonged originally to the Catholic establishment. It was beyond all doubt originally the property of Catholics, whether by donations of private individuals, or by gifts of the crown. But he had never heard that the property had been transferred by the Catholics. The property was not taken from them, but they were taken from the property, and after the Reformation was established certain oaths were ordered to be taken which excluded those who were conscientious adherents to the Catholic religion, from having any share in or dominion over Church property. Thus the followers of that religion, which certainly had done more acts of piety and benevolence than any other, were driven from the ownership of that property which, by various titles, they once possessed. The argument of those who opposed any interference with the grants of the Church, went to the declaration that the character of that Church was wholly unimportant. As if those grants were made only to the professors of a religion, and not to the professors of that particular religion which had with it the hearts and affections of the people. They had now a Church Establishment in Ireland supported by property originally directed to the support of the Catholic religion. When the Catholic religion ceased to be the religion of the state, that property could not in many instances be applied according to the intentions of the donors. What then was to be done with it? It could not be returned to the donors. The state seized and took possession of it, and applied it as public property for the support of religion. Let them see what had been the consequence of its present application—what had been the result of the revenues originally devoted to the support of the Catholic religion, being for so many years in the hands of Protestants? Had not Protestantism declined? Had those funds been applied, then, in the most beneficial manner for the purposes to which they were originally destined? For whom was it that the Church Establishment had been instituted? Was it for the ministers of the Church or for the congregation? The question had been argued as though the Establishment had been erected merely for the purpose of supporting so many clergymen. Would they maintain

that this property was held in trust solely for the ministers of the Church without any reference to the fact of whether or not they had congregations? If they did, he would only observe, that there were still some, who while they got rid of schedule A in politics as a disgrace, consented to retain it in religion. It was not proposed to draw from the Protestant Establishment one shilling that was necessary for it—it was not proposed to meddle with the interests of any person living; all that was sought was to apply the surplus revenue, if any, of the Irish Church to the purposes of general education.”

Lord John Russell, in his reply, thus dealt with the mode in which the examples of Scotland and Canada had been endeavoured to be explained away;—“ Lord Stanley said that although he will not consent to anything of this sort being done in Ireland, yet he might be induced to consent to its being done in Canada, because you have entered into treaties with Canada, and it is quite right that there should be a different establishment in Scotland because the Scotch established their own Church. Now, when my noble friend talks in this way, surely he does a little forget that we in this house are bound to attend to the interests of Ireland as much as to those of the people of England. We sit here owing a solemn duty to the people of Ireland; and if it can be shown that any plan of this kind will be as useful to the people of Ireland as the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion was to the people of Canada, or the Presbyterian religion was to the people of Scotland, I do not think we should be fairly entitled to say, ‘ We are not bound by the letters of treaties, and therefore we will disregard your cries, and refuse to listen to your complaints.’ ”

The appropriation resolution, as proposed by Lord John Russell, and as carried by the House of Commons, was—“ That this house resolve itself into a committee of the whole House in order to consider the present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland, with the view of applying any surplus of the revenues not required for the spiritual care of its members, to the general education of the people, without distinction of religious persuasion.” And on being carried, Lord John followed it up by a second resolution—“ that it is the opinion of this House that no measure upon the subject of tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final adjustment which does not

embody the principle contained in the foregoing resolution ; in moving which he quoted the following declaration of opinion by Lord Althorpe, from a speech by him during the previous year—" Most undoubtedly the government did think, and he was prepared, as a member of the Protestant Church, to assert, that it would be most advantageous to the Protestant religion in both parts of the empire, not to continue in Ireland that irritation, which was consequent upon the present distribution of Church property in that country. It was impossible for any man, who looked with reasonable feelings upon the present system of distribution, not to say that so large an appropriation of property for the ministers of so comparatively small a part of the population was calculated to diminish instead of increase the number of Protestants in that part of the realm, because it was manifested that much dissatisfaction among the other sects was inevitable. With respect to the right of interference, he could not conceive on what grounds honourable gentlemen opposite, who were opposed to the government on this occasion, but who had conceded the right of parliament to deprive one corporation of a portion of its property to confer it upon another, should urge that the legislature had no right to apply the Church revenues to other purposes—he meant moral and religious purposes."

The motion was carried by a majority of twenty-seven, and on the following day the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel announced in their respective houses the dissolution of the ministry on the ground that the vote was " tantamount to a declaration on the part of the House that it had not that confidence in his majesty's government which entitled that government to submit to the consideration of the House the measures of which they had given notice."

The ministry of Lord Melbourne ensued, and a few days afterwards the Duke of Buckingham " asked the noble Viscount emphatically whether he was prepared, acting, as he said, in the interests of true religion, to bring forward a measure for the regulation of tithes in Ireland connected with that resolution, " that the surplus, if any, should be applied to other than religious purposes ? " to which Lord Melbourne contented himself with " stating distinctly that he was bound by, and considered himself pledged to, act upon that resolution."

And accordingly, in moving on behalf of the government for leave to bring in a bill to carry out the foregoing resolutions, Lord Morpeth, then Irish secretary, (now Lord Carlisle), remarked, "There is one consideration that alone tends to lighten the pressure of difficulty, which I gather from all retrospect of the subject, and this is that for the first time, it devolves upon me to suggest a solution of the tithe question, accompanied by the assertion of a principle based, as it seems to me, on grounds of most just policy, of most honest conciliation—such as I believe to be almost indispensable to reconcile the parties concerned—in other words the nation at large—to the embarrassments and sacrifices which any settlement must in some degree entail." He stated the annual amount of the Irish tithes to be £665,000, of which £555,000 was in ecclesiastical, and £110,000 in lay hands.

In consequence of the impossibility of collecting tithes in 1832, 3, and 4, the sum of £1,000,000 was advanced by parliament for the aid of the destitute clergy of the Established Church of Ireland—a great part of this was lent to them, and Lord Morpeth announced that it should now be given to them. In proposing this, Lord Morpeth remarked, 'But it has been contended by many who sit on the same side of the house with myself, that they were not prepared to consent to so large a free gift on the part of this country, to relieve the enbarrassments of the Irish clergy, or to prop up the tottering condition of the Irish Church, without receiving as an equivalent, such an alteration in the appropriation of its future disposable funds, as might be more consistent with the justice of the case—more congenial with the feelings of the country—more conducive to the real object of any settlement—the maintenance of civil and religious peace. Such an appropriation we propose to engraft in our Bill." The gift, therefore, was consented to on that condition; the gift was retained, but the condition remains to this day unfulfilled.

He afterwards observed—"We have to deal with a state of things in Ireland, which in the present state of public opinion would have precluded any sane man from dreaming to found in that country, if everything had now to begin afresh, a Protestant Episcopal Church. Yet, finding it there, with its long prescription, interwoven with so much of the every day working of our civil policy, we are not prepared to uproot its foundations or destroy its frame-

work. At the same time I feel so sensibly the anomalous and precarious ground on which it now, upon the clearest evidence, is found to rest, that of nothing am I more convinced than that, if you refuse to modify it, you will find it beyond the power of man, at least, to preserve it." The modification he referred to, was the appropriation of part of its revenues to general education; that modification was refused; we accept the opinion of my Lord Carlisle, that, under such circumstances it is impossible to preserve the Irish Church Establishment permanently.

And after stating the provision which the Bill proposed to make for the Established Clergy in Ireland so as not to leave a single Protestant soul there uncared for, or unprovided with spiritual ministrations paid by the state, he adds, "after all such purposes shall have been satisfied, all the further sums that accrue in each year will be applied by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland to the religious and moral instruction of all classes of the people, without distinction of religious persuasion."

He then states that there are in Ireland altogether 2405 parishes, of which he supplies a list of 151 without a single Protestant in them, and a list of 860 of which no Parish contains more than 50 Protestants, the far greater part of them being under 30 each. And he furnishes another statement shewing that the reserve fund which he proposed to establish for the purpose of general education might be calculated at once to yield the very moderate sum of £58000 a year.

He declares that "in introducing a measure which is to regulate the future constitution of a religious establishment now in existence, and in endeavouring to adapt it to the state of society in which it is found, he will not hang back or shrink from any limitation of its privileges or diminution of its revenues which seems to be prescribed by the circumstances of the case and a sense of fairness and justice towards other parties; while he will be scared by no names of confiscation, spoliation, and sacrilege, when he thinks himself justified on the plainest grounds of policy and truth." And in conclusion he states the main object of the bill to be "that when you are calling upon the country to ratify and secure, at considerable cost and sacrifice, the future maintenance of a Church Establishment, which alone ought to exist on the plea of the national good, you are called upon to give it such a decent conformity with the

tenure of its existence, and with the extent of its duties as may render it an object of enforced esteem and respectful forbearance, instead of an unfailing source of contemptuous reproach and angry resistance."

Mr. Shaw, in opposing the bill said, "If it was the noble Lord's intention to destroy the Protestant Church in Ireland, let him do so in a more noble, a more manly, a more honest, and a more humane manner than the one he now proposed to adopt. Let him bring in a bill expressly and directly for the abolition of the Irish Church, and let not the extinction of the church depend upon the extinction of its friends and adherents." We certainly fail to recognise the peculiar hardship of the extinction of a church being made to depend upon the extinction of its friends and adherents.

The Bill, was carried through the Commons but rejected in the Lords, and the same thing occurred again in the two following years; the opposition became emboldened, and in 1838 when Lord John Russell again moved that the House resolve itself into a Committee to take into consideration the resolutions respecting Irish tithes, he was met by a special motion of Sir Thos. Acland to rescind the appropriation clause; the House however negatived this motion. In addressing the House on this occasion, Lord John Russell, after referring to Warburton's theory or system of union between Church and State, observed that "if we compare this system with the present condition of the Church of Ireland, we must see that while on the one side every condition required by the Church is complied with by the state, on the other side the Church is unable to comply with the requisitions of the state. It cannot enforce among the people the doctrines of morality and the precepts of religion, because the great majority of the people of Ireland are unwilling to receive them from such hands."—"The condition of Ireland furnishes a singular example of an Established Church in a country in three parts out of four of which that Established Church is in a small minority, and that under such circumstances, it is impossible the lessons given by the ministers of that Established Church can reach the heart or influence the conduct of the great body of the people"—by "means of education you may supply in some degree the defect of not having an Established Church connected with the majority of the people"—he began to perceive that

the longer the delay and the larger must be the measure of justice when eventually attained ; and he told the House "that this adopted some time since, would have been a final and perpetual settlement. But it is out of my power to say that this or any measure which can be proposed, and is likely to pass through parliament, can have that effect now, whatever might have been the case long ago ;" and again still more emphatically after expressing his belief that a plan which embodied the principle of appropriation would have been final and satisfactory, in 1835, he adds, "I cannot say that any plan even embodying the principle of the resolution of 1835 would now be final and satisfactory to the people of Ireland." Let the friends of the Church persist in resistance till a stormy period and they will be reminded of this remark of Lord John Russell. The present Lord Carlisle thus summed up the argument, "It is as one country saying to its sister and co-ordinate country, 'You are a conquered nation and my religion shall be yours'—it is as one man saying to his fellow creature, 'my opinion is sounder than yours, and you shall either profess it or starve.'"

The Ministry, then, seeing no immediate chance of carrying their Bill through the Lords if it included the appropriation clause, and yet wishing to do something towards the pacification of Ireland, introduced and carried their tithe commutation act without such a clause.

Mr. Ward reminded them that Lord John Russell had declared that not even to keep the ministry in office would he consent to forego the principle of appropriation, and that Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill and the Test Act were all carried although they had all been thrown out in the House of Lords.

Lord Carlisle, in endeavouring to justify the then policy of the Government, declared that "He considered the case of the Church of Ireland to be then what he had always considered it, and had never shrunk from describing it. In his opinion the substantial justice of the question remained where it was when they adopted the resolutions of 1835, and when recently they refused to rescind them ; but his opinion also was that a period had now come in 1838, after the experience of the unsuccessful attempts of three successive years, when it became a matter of paramount expediency, or in other words of paramount duty, to terminate, at least to do the best to terminate, to leave

no step untried, by which they might hope to terminate the excitement, the agitation, the collisions, the litigation, the increasing dissensions between the clergy and laity, the biting exasperations between Catholics and Protestants, and the increasing risk of bloodshed which were the result and consequence of the tithe question in Ireland." And Mr. Hume briefly but emphatically declared his conviction "that until the principle of appropriation was recognized by act of parliament Ireland would never be quiet; and if he were an Irishman he should not be satisfied till that was done."

The Bill, however, was passed in the form recommended by Government, and the appropriation clause, after having answered its temporary purpose of determining the fate of ministries, has yet to yield its fruit to the people of Ireland.

Can a system, respecting which a nobleman who, going to Ireland as the Duke of Wellington's Viceroy, felt compelled to write as follows, ever endure in an enlightened country? The Marquis of Anglesey thus wrote home to his Government: "If the present system be persevered in, the king's Government will soon be left in Ireland without any other party than the king's troops. The Establishment which at all times exceeded the wants of the Protestant congregations, has hitherto been upheld by the state, mainly on the ground that it served the temporal use of consolidating the connection between the two countries. But this service it no longer performs. Instead of strengthening the connection it weakens it. Any Government henceforth pledged to maintain the Establishment must be brought into constant and permanent collision with public opinion and with the prejudices and passions of the Irish people." And again, "a strong impression has been forced upon me that no measure of adjustment, however satisfactory in other respects, will perfectly meet the emergency, which does not include such a gradual reduction of superfluous members as shall finally bring down the numbers of its dignitaries and officiating ministers to a scale commensurate with the religious wants of the Protestant Community."

That grievance which was described in such terms as we have quoted, thirty years ago, still afflicts Ireland and enfeebles Great Britain.

Is there indeed such a grievance as this Established Church of Ireland in any part of Europe or in any part of the

civilized world? A Church established against the will of the people, and enjoying great revenues amongst a people the majority of whom differ from it? It is an anomaly which shocks all our notions of propriety and decency. There is nothing else like it in existence; and if it did not actually exist, so gross is the absurdity of it, that we should be ready to declare that it could not by any possibility come into existence. Yet there it is, the great cause why millions of our fellow subjects have for years been treated by us as aliens, which has been felt by them to be so, and has been therefore the radical cause of their disaffection towards us, (we write according to the fact as an Englishman,) and which is now almost the only thing which stands in the way of a perfect cordial union between the two countries. And yet because we find it there we look complacently or indifferently upon it. We have great sympathy for the real or fancied wrongs of other people. Our moral aid is given to the Italians and the Hungarians, and every other complaining race. Yet what have the Hungarians or the Italians, or any other race of people to complain of like the Irish Established Church? Even the serfs of Russia have not to maintain a church which is alien to them. And if it were sought to make them do so, is there anything more likely to bring the power of Russia crashing down? This Irish Church it is which makes us the laughing-stock of Europe when we talk of our liberality, whilst France, Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, Austria are in this respect far in advance of us.* Our journals teem with sympathy for foreign wrongs, our platforms and public halls resound with our cry of indignation against old abuses—provided only they be distant;—and of sympathy for oppressed nationalities—if only* they are foreign; let the statesmen and the people of England cure the abuses of the Established Church of Ireland, and *then* they may perhaps hold out clean hands to the help of others. We do not feel the grievance in its real enormity because we have grown accustomed to it; let us try to realise it to our minds, by applying it to England and to English Protestants. How would English Protestants feel and how would they act, if, the relative numbers of Protes-

* See letters by the Times Commissioner on the state of Ireland, p. 501.

tants and Catholics being still what they are now in England, all the churches in England, all the tithes, glebes &c., and other revenues of the Established Church of England belonged to the small number of English Catholics, and they, the English Protestants, the great majority of the people, had perforce to pay tithes or composition to the Catholic priests, besides voluntarily maintaining their own clergy. Let any English Protestant think whether he, or whether the English Protestants generally, would stand this—let him imagine what their feelings would be if they perforce submitted to it, and whether they would be likely ever to rest contented under it? The feelings of the Irish are what the feelings of the English would be, under such circumstances, and in addition to the recollection of hundreds of other injuries, they still have the indignant sense of this monstrous injustice. Is it prudent to let such a state of feeling endure? Is it possible that it can endure without serious mischief?

Will then the English Protestants do as they would be done by? Will they grant now to the Irish Catholics what, under similar circumstances they would demand as an act of justice for themselves? We do not now address ourselves to the bigots who would refuse a chaplain to the Catholic soldier, or the consolations of his own religion to the Catholic pauper or Catholic prisoner; we know well that the men who rant most about Catholic persecution are the very men who would persecute Catholics now if they could; and, taking into account the altered circumstances of the times, we believe that a persecutor in heart in the nineteenth century is worse than a persecutor in fact in the twelfth century; we do not address ourselves to those bigots who, with the accents of liberality on their lips, are incapable of acting, and cannot even be shamed into acting with common fairness towards their Catholic fellow subjects, and whatever they are made to do for them, do it reluctantly and grudgingly, and with as much ill-language at the same time as they can manage to utter, and who, if they pour any wine (or soup) down the throats, apply vinegar instead of oil to the bruised backs of the Irish Catholics.

But we appeal to the Protestant statesmen whose recorded opinions we have quoted, we appeal to the genuine liberal minded Protestants of this kingdom, for some, and indeed many such there are, to recommence their efforts

with a determination to give practical effect to their opinions on the subject of the Irish Church. It may be politically or officially inconvenient, but we give the statesmen to whom we refer credit for higher motives than merely those of place or of party. If any party obstacles intervene to embarrass Earl Russell in attempting to carry a measure of appropriation, let him be as prepared to disregard all such considerations as he expressed himself in 1835. He then in his reply said—"In the course of last year, when the Tithe Bill was discussed, I declared to the House of Commons that I felt so strongly on the subject of appropriation, and that the complaint of the members for Ireland was so just, that even at the sacrifice of a dissolution of my political connection with those with whom I had so long acted, I was determined to sacrifice this consideration, and preferred acting according to what I thought to be my duty to my country. A little later I declared that upon the principle of appropriation, I, for one, had made up my mind, and that I would much rather cease to be a minister than continue a system which I thought was founded upon bigotry and prejudice." And again—"I am quite convinced that the principle itself is of so much importance, that it contains so much within itself that concerns future peace and future good government in Ireland, that I would not delay its assertion and its proposition for one instant, even if I were told that the effect of my urging it forward might be to destroy or relax any ministry which might exist or retard any measures which they might contemplate for the public welfare."

Let Earl Russell and his colleagues act upon the feeling here exhibited, and the time may come when the satisfactory settlement of this vital question may prove to have been their greatest contribution to the welfare of their country. And however inconvenient the expressed determination to carry an Appropriation Bill may be in the House of Commons, we believe that throughout the kingdom it would be a rallying cry for all sensible and practical reformers,* and that, though perhaps excluding from office for a few years to come those who were active in its support, it would ad-

* "Appropriation" Ward was invited on that very account by a large English constituency to whom he was a perfect stranger to represent, and he continued to represent them without one farthing of outlay as long as he remained in England.

vance, amid struggles and rebuffs, but steadily and certainly, like the Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, to that success which must in this country be the certain result of any determined effort to remedy flagrant injustice, and give contentment to the people, increased strength to the kingdom, and to the Irish Church more hold upon the hearts of its own adherents, and for the first time a fair chance of converting the Irish Catholics.

To Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants we recommend that they make this question of the Established Church in Ireland the main question to which they direct their combined energies. Let it be the test of every political candidate, and let no Irish constituency return a member to parliament who does not distinctly pledge himself to support, and if necessary, to reintroduce at least so much of appropriation as was contained in the bill of 1835. In all local associations let this be the primary article of the political creed. Some may wish to go further—we only recommend that a stand be taken on the ground which was occupied in 1835 by Lord John Russell and Lord Carlisle.

But we may be told, that our arguments, if good for anything, go to the extent of altogether destroying the Established Church of Ireland, or at least of secularizing its revenues. We will not attempt to conceal that our argument does go to this extent, and it will be perceived from the opinion of Protestant Statesmen which we have quoted, they admit that, if the thing were now to be done for the first time, the Protestant Church could not now be established in Ireland; but as they find it there, they are content to maintain it there. The more they clear it of abuses, the more strong must this inclination and the ability also to retain it become; whilst on the contrary, if left in its present condition, it is only a question of time when the day for its thorough reform will arrive; and if that day be delayed, and its arrival be obstructed in every possible way, when the accounting day does come, it will not be in calmness or deliberation that the change will be made, but it will in all probability be made by a sudden resolve, under the pressure of circumstances; more will be conceded than might be required now, and yet the concession, however large, made under such circumstances, will not give the satisfaction that might be secured now by a smaller but more voluntary measure. The present is indeed a time of peace and order. But it is at such a time

that fools are most thoughtless, and wise men most thoughtful.

The question really is whether the revenues of the Protestant Established Church in Ireland shall now be appropriated in such a manner as most effectually to promote the welfare of the people of Ireland, or whether the change shall be put off until some period of convulsion, of excitement and of danger, when the wishes of the people wrought up to angry determination, must, as a matter of necessity, be satisfied by a less conditional surrender, or perhaps even not be satisfied without an unconditional surrender. The question is now in the phase in which English Church-rates were some few years ago; a favourable arrangement of them might have been effected then. What kind of arrangement is or ever will be possible now? This is but a weak illustration—the argument for English Church-rates being stronger than for the Established Church in Ireland, and the former being but a trifle compared with the latter. A great grievance and a great injustice like the Protestant Established Church in Ireland, cannot, in a country of free discussion, last for ever, or last very long. And it is not in human nature that six millions of people, who feel themselves as much entitled to justice as any other of Her Majesty's subjects, should very long submit to such an injustice.

ART. III.—*Annals of Ireland. Three Fragments, copied from ancient sources by Dubhaltach Mac Fírbisigh; and edited with a translation and notes from a manuscript preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, by John O'Donovan, LL.D., M.R.I.A.* Dublin: Printed for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, 1860.

JOHN O'DONOVAN, born at Atateemore, in the County of Kilkenny, on the 9th of July 1809, was one of the nine children of Edmund O'Donovan, a farmer in moderate circumstances, whose ancestor was traditionally said to have removed from the County of Cork to Kilkenny, early in the seventeenth century. The death of Edmund O'Donovan in 1817 caused the dispersion of his family; and John O'Donovan was brought to Dublin by his elder brother Michael, who, although in an humble position, contrived to procure for him the rudiments of a sound

education. His taste for historical pursuits was ascribed by him to the impressions made on his youthful mind by the narrations of his paternal uncle Patrick O'Donovan, who was regarded as the great depository of the legendary lore of Kilkenny and the adjacent counties. In 1826, John O'Donovan commenced to apply himself to the study of archæology and philosophical grammar, to which his attention was directed by James Scurry, (*O' Scoraíde*) who had come from Waterford to seek literary employment in Dublin. Through Scurry, O'Donovan became acquainted with James Hardiman, then a sub-commissioner of Irish Records, who, forming a high estimate of his capacity, engaged him to transcribe legal and historical documents. This employment, together with the assistance received from his brother Michael, enabled O'Donovan to subsist till he obtained a situation on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, which had been commenced in 1825. The general direction of the arrangements of the Surveys of England and Ireland had been committed to Colonel Thomas Colby, of the Royal Engineers, who finding it inconvenient to devote his time to the local charge of the Irish Survey office, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, entrusted that duty to Lieutenant Thomas A. Larcom, whom he brought with him from the English Survey.

The Maps executed under the Survey being required to be made on a scale sufficiently large to exhibit the boundaries of townlands, the Engineers soon found that the English modes of spelling the local names were embarrassingly vague and unsettled; it was consequently considered desirable to endeavour to identify the several places with the appellations by which they had been originally called, and thus establish, for future reference, a standard orthography on the Maps about to be published.* For this purpose Edward O'Reilly, compiler of the Irish Dictionary, was employed by the Government at a miserably low rate of remuneration, at the Survey

* Upwards of a hundred and fifty years before the commencement of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, this matter had engaged the attention of the acute Sir William Petty who made the following observations, in 1672: "But now all the lands are geometrically divided, and that without abolishing the ancient denominations and divisions. So that it is yet wanting to prevent the various spelling of names not understood, that some both com-

Office, Phoenix Park. As the townland and other divisions under various denominations had existed over the whole of Ireland from very early times, it soon became apparent that a sufficient extension of the original orthographic inquiries, so as to trace all the mutations of each name, would be, in fact, to pass in review the local history of the whole country. A historical section of the Survey was consequently formed by Lieutenant Larcom, and placed under the care of George Petrie; in this department O'Donovan obtained an engagement at a very humble salary after Edward O'Reilly's death in the year 1829, having been recommended to Lieutenant Larcom, as a young Irish scholar of great promise.

No accurate knowledge existed, at this period, of the ancient literature and language of Ireland; the latter, in its colloquial and modern form, was preserved mainly among the natives of the humbler ranks, the wealthier classes of the country being, for the most part low English either in race or sentiment. With the distinguished exception of the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Connor, no man of learning and independent position had been found to devote himself systematically to studies so unremunerative and so difficult. Many individual meritorious efforts on a small scale in this direction had to be abandoned from want of adequate support before approaching to maturity, and, having produced no important fruits, they have sunk into comparative oblivion. The labours of the Irish "Record Commission" would have thrown a flood of light upon early Anglo-Irish history, but the Commission was

prehending the names of all public denominations according as they are spelled in the latest grants, should be set out by authority to determine the name for the time to come. And that where the same land hath other names, or hath been spelled with other conscriptions of letters or syllables, that the same be mentioned with an *alias*. Where the public and new authenticated denomination is part of a greater antiquated denomination, that it be so expressed, as by being called the East, West, South, or North part thereof. And if the said denomination comprehend several obsolete or inconsiderable parcels, that the same be expressed likewise. The last clause of the Explanatory Act," added Petty, "enabled men to put new names on their respective lands, instead of those uncouth, unintelligible ones yet upon them. And it would not be amiss if the significant part of the Irish names were interpreted, where they are not, or cannot be abolished."

suddenly dissolved by Government when it had advanced far enough to be prepared to give to the public the results of much valuable labour. Of the native history documents and monuments of the Irish race a profound ignorance prevailed, coupled with theories and ideas of the most absurd and fantastic character, pompously put forward by pretentious and shallow literary charlatans.

In the historical department of the Ordnance Survey was commenced a careful examination of printed books and manuscripts, with the object of extracting all the local information which they contained. The examination of the ancient manuscripts in the Irish language in the possession of the Irish Academy was undertaken by O'Donovan, the results of whose early labours were systematized by Petrie, in whom the acquirements of an artist were combined with logical and skilful antiquarian discernment in the department of native monuments and inscriptions—a science which may be said to have been uncultivated by Irish scholars before his time.

At the commencement of these researches O'Donovan was acquainted only with the modern Irish tongue, but, in the course of his labours, he by intense application gradually acquired a knowledge of the language in its ancient and obsolete forms. His first printed Essays appeared in 1832 in the "Dublin Penny Journal." That periodical was projected by a Scotch working printer named Francis Ross, then in the employment of Mr. John S. Folds, of Great Strand Street, Dublin, and to its early numbers the Rev. Cæsar Otway was the chief contributor. Its success was so great at the commencement that of some numbers upwards of seventy thousand copies were sold, and the publisher was obliged for a time to keep several of the hand printing presses then in use, constantly working to supply the demand. Francis Ross possessed an extraordinary faculty for extemporizing articles, which he composed as he proceeded with the arrangement of the type, without the assistance of any copy, and in this mode he frequently contributed to the "Christian Examiner," on which he worked as a compositor in Mr. Folds' office.

To the "Dublin Penny Journal" in 1832, O'Donovan made the following contributions: Translation of Prince Aldfrid's Irish Poem; Translation of the Irish Charter of Newry; On the Antiquity of Corn in Ireland; The Battle of Clontarf; Irish Proverbs translated; Annals of Dublin

from the Four Masters ; The Instructions of Cormac Mac Art ; On the Antiquity of Mills in Ireland. These articles, written with an avowed desire of attaining to the truth in the subjects treated on, were replete with extracts from old documents in the Irish language which gave them an incontestible authority, and demonstrated that copious written materials existed for illustrating the history and antiquities of the country.

O'Donovan established his character as an historic topographer by the Essay which he contributed to the Dublin Penny Journal, in May 1833, on Dunseverick Castle, the ruins of which stand on an insulated rock near the centre of a small bay, three miles east of the Giant's Causeway. Various Irish writers of high repute had set down *Dunsobarky* as the ancient name of Carrickfergus ; while others assumed it to be the old appellation of Downpatrick ; and as a specimen of the state of Irish learning in the year 1823 we may here quote the following etymology of the name given by Mac Skimin in the second edition of his History of Carrickfergus :

"Until about the beginning of the second century we have no document that notices Carrickfergus, when we find it first distinguished by the name of *Dunsobarky*.—The above name appears to be a compound of two words purely Celtic ; the *dun*, *din*, *dune*, or *don*, primarily signifying a mount, hill, high ground, or insulated rock, and *sobhar*, or *sobarky* strong, powerful, or the like."

In direct opposition to such pretentious writers, O'Donovan demonstrated from documents of unimpeachable authenticity, that *Dunsobarky* was neither Carrickfergus nor Downpatrick, but the insulated Dunseverick, the erection of which is especially recorded by the old native chroniclers, who state that it was called *Dun Sobhairce*, or the Fort of Sobhairce, from having been built by a Chief of the latter name ; and under this appellation it is noticed in the oldest Irish manuscript now extant in Ireland. O'Donovan concluded this remarkable Essay on Dunseverick Castle with the following observations :

"I should not have troubled the reader with so many quotations and minute references, had I not felt myself called upon to correct this gross mistake in the geography of ancient Ireland—a mistake which it has been the custom of every writer who has treated of the subject to copy from his predecessors, without examining the grounds on which the statement rested. I am also fully convinced,

that unless we quote original and authentic MSS. for the proof of Irish history, our arguments are baseless, and we leave the history of Ireland the same muddy thing which it has always been justly styled."

O'Donovan's last contributions to the "Dublin Penny Journal" were three articles on Cormac's Glossary, the third of which appeared in August 1833.

The first portion of the proposed "Memoirs" to accompany the Ordnance Maps of Ireland was laid before the British Association on the occasion of its meeting at Dublin in the year 1835. The same work considerably enlarged and amended was published in 1837 under the title of "Memoir of the City and North-western liberties of Londonderry—Parish of Templemore." The historical department of this volume, treating of the ancient buildings and other monuments, together with the annals of the locality was the work of Petrie and O'Donovan; and here, for the first time, for the illustration of Irish history were brought together the combination of artistic and scientific knowledge, with a collation and an examination of every accessible ancient writing having reference to the places under consideration; all the existing vestiges being likewise closely examined and compared with the notices of them discovered in the old manuscripts.

In November 1835, Eugene O'Curry was engaged upon the Historical Department of the Ordnance Survey, for the purpose of extracting topographical information from ancient Gaelic documents, and, in the course of these investigations, a thorough knowledge was acquired of the contents of all the accessible historical manuscripts in the Irish language. The Office of the Historical Department of the Survey was located at the house of Petrie, in Great Charles Street, Dublin, where, in addition to O'Donovan and O'Curry, Thomas O'Connor, Patrick O'Keefe, and, for a time, James Clarence Mangan were engaged—"without any work but learning"*—collecting materials, making transcripts and investigating records; the total number of labourers in this department amounted at one period to thirteen. It may be here observed that literary works, somewhat analogous to that thus undertaken by the Government, had been carried on, even in times of great

* "Cen ar, cen buain, cen tirad,
Cen gnimrad achtmad leigeand."

Felire Aengus.

national prostration, by the private munificence of natives of Ireland, to the individual liberality of some of whom we are indebted for many important compilations and transcripts of various historic documents, the originals of which have since disappeared.

The labours of the Historical Department of the Ordnance Survey were not confined to the study. After the name of every important place in a county had been tabulated in the various forms in which it was found in old writings, O'Donovan and others of the staff, during the summer months, proceeded to these localities, inspected the existing remains of monuments, learned from the old Irish-speaking people the vernacular name of each town-land, and carefully noted down all the local traditions and legends. If they met with a monument of any kind apparently historic, such as a church with the name of a Saint connected with it, not noticed in the collections supplied from the Office in Dublin, a further search was made in the historic department for information bearing upon that particular place. A clue to such further inquiry was often supplied from the information acquired on the spot; for, although it was frequently impossible at first to discern to which place or church the historical authorities referred, as the same names of places, Saints, and founders of churches commonly occurred in different localities, yet when the Patron day of the Saint or founder was ascertained in the locality itself, as preserved by tradition, a key was given to the examiners of the manuscripts, and all the information these documents supplied was forwarded to the local investigators. Thus very many ancient remains were identified, which otherwise would have been lost to history: much valuable ancillary information was also derived from the traditions and legends of the natives, since obliterated by famine, eviction and emigration:

“Such tales Momonia's peasant tells no more.”

The results of these local investigations were reduced to writing, and transmitted regularly in the form of official letters to Lieutenant Larcom, the Director of the Survey. In this mode was collected a large body of historic information relative to every part of Ireland, and records made of the various forms of spelling, at different periods, the name of each of the existing 62,000 town-lands. Of the entire 144,000 names on the maps every one was made the

subject of more or less investigation ; the name finally adopted being that among the modern modes of spelling most consistent with the ancient orthography, and approaching as near to correctness as practicable, without restoring the original and often obsolete appellation.

The energy, scholarship, and acumen, exhibited by O'Donovan throughout these labours, made a remarkable impression on all those with whom he came into contact : while his amiable nature and total want of pedantic assumption, gained him the friendship even of many who had been taught to entertain strong prejudices against his race and creed.

To add to the completeness of the Survey, skilled draughtsmen were dispatched to draw the chief existing remains of interest ; and thus was produced the series of sketches by W. F. Wakeman, and G. V. Du Noyer, now preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy ; many of these objects were noted on the maps, which were thus, to some extent, rendered serviceable to historic investigators, without diminishing their value for every-day utilitarian purposes.

In 1836, O'Donovan commenced the compilation of an analytical catalogue of the Irish manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, which work he subsequently resumed at various intervals. The result of these investigations of original ancient Irish documents, commenced and carried on by O'Donovan and his assistants, satisfied all conversant with their work, that the productions of those who had been considered authorities on native Irish History for the previous half century were worse than useless. The Royal Irish Academy in 1837 consequently presented a memorial to Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, for a grant of money to be applied to the translation and publication of Irish historical documents. This application although favourably received was not acceded to ; on the pretext that the low state of the public revenue would not permit the Minister to allocate the funds requisite for such an object.

O'Donovan contributed a series of essays to the Irish Penny Journal in 1841, in which year, mainly through the exertions of the Rev. J. H. Todd, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, the "Irish Archæological Society" was founded, for the purpose of publishing original documents illustrative of Irish history, totally eschewing conjectural essays, which

had proved so prejudicial to the advancement of accurate historical knowledge. The first publication of this Society was an Irish poem, written A. D. 942, by the bard Cormacan surnamed *Eigeas*, or the Sage; describing the circuit made round Ireland in the preceding year by Murkertach Prince of Aileach, in Ulster, for the purpose of exacting hostages from the Chiefs whom he supposed might oppose his claim to the Irish monarchy.

This production was edited by O'Donovan on the plan laid down by the Society for such works, which may be briefly described as follows. First a dissertation on the work itself, the historical events which it chronicles, with notices of the age and comparative merits of the various known copies of the manuscripts from which it is taken: after this the Irish text from a collation of the best extant versions, with a literal English translation, illustrated by copious notes, elucidating obscure passages, identifying places referred to, and giving the etymologies of their names; finally, appendices of original documents, genealogical tables, and maps exhibiting the ancient localities and their occupiers, the whole accompanied with elaborate indices. In 1842, the Irish Archæological Society issued the ancient Gaelic historic tale of the "Banquet of Dun na n-Gedh and the Battle of Magh Rath," from a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, with a translation and notes by O'Donovan. This tale founded on more ancient documents relative to the battle of Magh Rath A. D. 637, although not purely historical, is highly valuable as a genuine specimen of an ancient Irish Story based on history, and written when the Gaelic language was in its greatest purity, containing many curious references to ancient territories, tribes, customs and superstitions of the native Irish before the introduction of English manners; it also preserves a number of military and technical terms and ancient Gaelic idioms which have been obsolete for some centuries.

Government in 1842 unexpectedly stopped the grant for the Historic Department of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, the specially educated and disciplined labourers in which were thus dispersed and left to seek other employments, just at the time when they had attained to the high state of efficiency qualifying them to methodize and give to the world in a satisfactory form the results of years of combined study and investigation.

In 1843, O'Donovan edited from the Book of Lecan the Gaelic account of the Tribes and Customs of Ua Maine (Hy Many) commonly called O'Kelly's Country in the counties of Roscommon and Galway. This work details the ancient territories, rights and privileges of the O'Kellys and their sub-chiefs the O'Maddens, Mac Eochada or Keoghs, O'Mannins, Mac Egans, O'Neachtains or Nortons, O'Maelalaidh and others.

In 1844, appeared "The Genealogies, Tribes and Customs of Hy. Fiachrach," commonly known as O'Dowda's Country, edited by O'Donovan from the Book of Lecan and from the genealogical manuscript of Duaid Mac Firbis, treating of the history and topography of the portions of the Counties of Sligo and Mayo styled Tir Fiachra (Tireragh) or the land of Fiachra, from a King of Connacht of that name in the fourth century. Of the works edited by O'Donovan for the Irish Archæological Society, this volume may be selected as displaying most conspicuously the amount of erudition which he had accumulated for illustrating copiously the topographical and genealogical history of districts comparatively remote and obscure.

O'Donovan, in 1845, published a "Grammar of the Irish language," which had engaged his attention at various intervals during the preceding seventeen years. All previous compilers of Irish Grammars had, with the exception of William Haliday, (1808) restricted their labours to the modern vernacular Gaelic tongue, but O'Donovan undertook to treat of both new and old Irish, on a scale much more extensive than had been before attempted. From ancient inscriptions and manuscripts extant in Ireland he drew illustrations of the highest value in exhibiting the original forms and inflections on the language, noting also the more remarkable characteristics of the modern Irish dialects, when they seemed to throw light upon the rules of Irish Grammar; his visits, under the Ordnance Survey to every County in Ireland, having afforded him opportunities of becoming acquainted with their linguistic peculiarities. To Mr. O'Curry he was indebted for many examples from ancient manuscripts, and from the living Irish language as spoken in the west of Thomond: the work however would probably never have appeared but for the influence of the Rev. J. H. Todd, from whom O'Donovan derived much assistance in its composition and arrangement. This gram-

mar, forming an octavo volume of about five hundred pages with fac-similes of ancient Irish alphabets, was received with much satisfaction by those interested in Celtic studies, and, although not marked by profound philosophical or philological dissertations, it gained for O'Donovan a very high character, in the estimation of Bopp, Grimm, and other eminent Continental scholars.

In 1846, O'Donovan made four valuable contributions to the "Miscellany" of the Irish Archæological Society, namely, an Irish Poem, ascribed to St. Colum-Cille; the Irish Charters from the Book of Kells; the Covenant between MacGeoghegan and Fox, in Irish with English translation, and the Annals of Ireland from 1443 to 1468 by Duald Mac Firbis. O'Donovan was called to the Irish Bar in 1847, in which year appeared his edition of the *Leabhar-na g-Ceart*, or the "Book of Rights," a document which had been frequently referred to by writers, who knew little more of it than the name.

The Irish text for this edition was transcribed by O'Curry from the Books of Ballymote and Lecan, while the English version, annotations and preliminary dissertations were contributed by O'Donovan, the supervision of the whole as it passed through the press being in the hands of the late William Elliot Hudson.

The "Book of Rights," is, with the exception of the Brehon laws, the most valuable extant document illustrative of the clan government of the ancient Irish. As edited by O'Donovan, it was at once recognized as a work of the first importance in its class, and this position it continues deservedly to maintain.

After the dissolution of the historical department of the Ordnance Survey, O'Donovan devoted much of his time to preparing an edition of the Annals of Ireland, compiled in the early part of the seventeenth century by the writers usually styled "The Four Masters." A holograph copy of these Annals from 1172 to 1616 was procured for the Royal Irish Academy by George Petrie, in 1832, from which year O'Donovan kept their publication steadily in view, and during the work on the Ordnance Survey he omitted no opportunity of collecting matter for their illustration, especially in the department of topography. The publication of O'Donovan's edition of these Annals was undertaken by Mr. George Smith, who evinced much interest in the progress of Irish historic

literature, and to whose exertions the Royal Irish Academy owes many antiquities and manuscripts now preserved in its Museum and Library.

Three volumes of the *Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters* from 1172 to 1616 appeared in 1848. For this work and for his contributions to the Irish Archæological Society's publications, the Royal Irish Academy presented to O'Donovan the gold "Cunningham medal," the highest distinction in their power to award, and shortly after he received an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Trinity College, Dublin. That institution would have advanced its own character had it followed up this step by liberally endowing a Chair for Irish Archæology, and nominating O'Donovan its first Professor. The Protestant University of Dublin might thus have relieved itself from presenting the extraordinary anomaly, of being without a Professor of the archæology and history of the people, by whose money it is maintained, and of whose country it affects to be the representative in the world of learning.

To the Rev. Matthew Kelly's edition of "*Cambrensis Eversus*," the first volume of which appeared in 1848, O'Donovan contributed many valuable annotations, mainly on topography and family history. In 1849 he edited the "*Miscellany*" of the Celtic Society, containing a series of Irish documents on the portion of the County of Cork formerly styled *Corca Laidhe*; ancient Irish poems on the Battle of Downpatrick, A.D. 1260; Sir Richard Bingham's account of his services in Connacht in the reign of Elizabeth; and Sir Henry Docwra's narration of his transactions in Ulster in the time of James I.

To complete the edition of the "*Four Masters*," Mr. Smith in 1851 published the earlier part of the *Annals* terminating at the year 1171, where the volumes already issued had commenced.

O'Donovan's edition of the *Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters*, is too well known as the thesaurus of native Irish history to require further notice here from us than the mere mention that it extends to above four thousand large quarto pages, containing the Irish text, English translation, copious illustrative notes from every accessible source, elaborate genealogical tables of the more important Irish families, and an index of eight hundred columns, the entire forming the largest and most elabo-

rate historical work ever executed by an individual in these countries.

A Government pension of fifty pounds per annum was about this time conferred upon O'Donovan, and his limited pecuniary resources induced him, at the instance of his friends, to accept the Professorship of the Irish language in the new Queen's College at Belfast.

Not to expose themselves to the charge of attempting to ignore the Gaelic language still spoken by a large number of the people of Ireland, the founders of the Queen's Colleges established in each of these institutions a Professorship of Irish, afterwards pretentiously styled the "chair of Celtic languages." When however it became generally known that these Professors were in point of salary placed almost on a level with the College servants, the people concluded that the object was to bring Irish learning into contempt, and to divert from the study of the national history and language that attention which a proper and respectable provision for their teachers would have ensured.

So strongly was this felt that none of the arrangements of the Catholic University of Ireland were hailed with more gratification by the Irish people of all classes, than the establishment of a Chair of national Archæology and History, on a basis eminently meriting their confidence, and at the same time highly advancing the reputation of the institution in an important branch of learning, so contemptuously treated in the Queen's Colleges, and so thoroughly set at nought in the wealthy Protestant University of Dublin.

After the termination of his employment in the "Annals of the Four Masters," O'Donovan looked forward with the most gloomy apprehension towards the future of himself and his numerous children. Seeing no prospect of being able to gain an adequate livelihood by labouring in the department of learning to which he had been devoted, he entertained the project of emigrating to America or Australia, where he hoped to subsist by teaching, for which he considered himself to possess a peculiar aptitude, and this course he would probably have adopted but for the establishment of the Commission for translating and publishing the ancient laws of Ireland. To the study of the "Brehon laws," written in archaic Irish replete with technical words and phrases Mr. O'Curry had given much time, and as he had succeeded in mastering their chief difficulties to an extent which could scarcely have been anti-

icipated, it became generally felt by scholars that those laws could never be accurately published if not now undertaken by him in conjunction with O'Donovan. Guizot, Bunsen, Grimm, Hallam and other eminent writers having expressed their opinions upon the high importance of the ancient Irish laws both in philological and historical points of view, the Government in 1852 consented to make a small grant for their publication, under the superintendence of a Commission.

The transcription, collation, and translation of the Brehon laws from all accessible manuscripts existing in Dublin, London, and Oxford was commenced in January 1853 by O'Donovan and O'Curry, and continued by them regularly daily from 10. a.m. to 4. p.m. at a scale of remuneration quite inadequate for the work, which no other living scholars had qualified themselves to execute.

During this year, the learned world was surprized by the unexpected appearance at Leipsic of the "*Grammatica Celtica*," in which J. C. Zeuss, by a triumph of comparative philology, established the Japhetic origin of the Celts, demonstrating that the Irish and Welsh languages are one in their origin, and that the Celtic tongue is, in the full and complete sense of the term, one of the great Indo-European branches of human speech. It has been observed as a curious fact, that the "*Grammatica Celtica*," the most important contribution ever made to the science of the Gaelic language, was the work of a man who never set foot on Irish soil; yet it must be admitted that no Irishman could have achieved so splendid a result with the materials existing in Ireland, the deductions of Zeuss having been drawn from the archaisms discovered by him in Irish writings preserved on the Continent, of much greater age than the oldest Gaelic Manuscripts extant in Great Britain or Ireland.

O'Donovan was the first to bring the great work of the Bavarian Philosopher under the notice of general readers in Ireland; and in his exposition of it he generously alluded as follows to the premature death of Zeuss:

"Germany regrets in him one of those men who have raised to its present height her position among learned nations in this age; and Ireland ought not to think of him without gratitude; for the Irish nation has had no nobler gift bestowed upon them by any Continental author for centuries back than the work which he has written on their language."

The want of a trustworthy Dictionary of the Irish language having been long seriously felt, a project was devised for having such a work executed in an elaborate manner, by O'Donovan and O'Curry under the auspices of a Committee comprising most of the persons in Ireland interested in such an undertaking. The comparative philologists of Europe were eager to possess an accurate Irish Lexicon, having been repeatedly misled by relying on the two extant Dictionaries of the Irish language, compiled, it should be remembered, under great difficulties and disadvantages by O'Brien (1768) and O'Reilly (1821.) The learned Adolphe Pictet in a letter from Geneva, after observing that Ireland does not possess a single Dictionary of her language, such as the science of philology at present requires, wrote as follows on this subject :—

“It is not possible for the linguist who compares languages to take upon himself the task of proving the authenticity of every word in a particular language. His business commences where that of special philologists ends; and it is these last who must prepare for him the materials he is to work on. Now, Ireland, it must be confessed, is far in arrear in this respect; and she must take immediate steps to supply the deficiency, or see herself excluded for a long time to come from the field of study which is now beginning to fix the attention of Europe. And what do you wait for? Is there any want of means? With such men as Curry, O'Donovan, Stokes, Siegfried, &c., you have all that is necessary for the work. The Royal Irish Academy is surely in a good position to give the impulse.* I cannot believe that the question of money can be any obstacle; an appeal to Irish patriotism would surely provide the necessary funds. All further delays are injurious. The old relics of your language are disappearing year after year, from accidents, carelessness, fire or damp. How many irreparable losses have taken place during the last two or three centuries! Preserve at least what still remains, by condensing the substance of them in a Thesaurus, if the means are not forthcoming for publishing them in a complete form. Even if not for the sake of national self-love, you are called on to do so lest you should be anticipated by some foreigner. Zeuss, a German, has already snatched from the hands

* As it might be supposed that this, the National Institute of Ireland, receives Government funds proportionately with the British Museum, we may here mention that the Royal Irish Academy has hitherto been enabled to allocate only thirty pounds per annum to its department of Irish Antiquities and Archaeology! For the acquisition of Irish MSS. or books it is totally unprovided with any Government grant.

of your scholars the glory of having raised Celtic philology to the level of modern science. But Zeuss, as far as the ancient Gaelic is concerned, has only explored Continental sources of information; and it will be for you to complete his work by the aid of those rich native stores which you still possess. To work, then! the honour of Ireland is concerned. Take example by the Highland Society, which, with fewer resources than you have, was able to publish a good Lexicon of the Scottish Gaelic. Commence an agitation in Ireland, which, for once, will not be political. If necessary, open a subscription list, and I feel assured it will before long be filled. Although a foreigner, I," added Pictet, "would myself gladly be the first to subscribe for such a purpose."

Although it was known that during the progress of the labours on the Brehon laws an amount of valuable matter had been collected for an Irish Dictionary greater in extent and importance than could have been expected, the appeal for contributions to the preliminary expenses of the work met with no adequate response nor Government aid, and the movement remained in abeyance. From this discreditable apathy it is gratifying to be able to except two Irish gentlemen who unostentatiously subscribed four hundred pounds, to preserve, and put upon permanent record, the remains of the ancient language of their country.

The summer of 1859 was passed by O'Donovan and O'Curry in transcribing and collating the Brehon law manuscripts at the British Museum and in the Bodleian library. In 1860, O'Donovan edited for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, from a manuscript belonging to the Library of the Dukes of Burgundy, at Brussels, *Three Fragments of Annals of Ireland*, written in the Irish language, and transcribed in 1643 by Duaid MacFirbis for the author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*." These fragments extend from A.D. 573 to A.D. 913; the lengthened stories and details which they contain afford curious specimens of Irish composition apparently abstracted from bardic accounts of the events to which they refer not now accessible. In them we also find many important references to the affairs of England and Wales not elsewhere noticed. As the original *Fragments* seldom gave the years, and almost always inaccurately, the rectification of their chronology imposed a laborious task upon the editor. To Duffy's "*Hibernian Magazine*," in 1860-61, O'Donovan contributed a series of articles on "*The O'Donnells in exile; The O'Reillys at Home and*

Abroad; and The Maguires of Fermanagh." He was also the author of many of the most valuable papers published by the Kilkenny Archæological Society and in the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*.

The *Topographical Poems* of O'Dubbagain and O'Huidhrin, were edited by O'Donovan for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society in 1861. These poems, written in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, enumerate the principal native Irish families and territories at the time of their composition, and have always been regarded as of the highest authority on the topography of ancient Ireland, of which this volume with O'Donovan's annotations forms an invaluable repertory. To the *Topographical Poems* O'Donovan prefixed a series of essays on ancient Irish names of persons, tribes, and territories, embodying many curious and interesting particulars relative to them and their modernized forms, with which subjects he was pre-eminently conversant. Early in this year (1861) he completed an English version of the calendar of native Irish saints, usually styled the "*Martyrology of Donegal*," compiled in the Irish language in the seventeenth century by Friar Michael O'Clerigh, of the Order of St. Francis; the printing of this work is now proceeding for the Irish Archæological and Celtic society.

To the education of his children and to the works mentioned as undertaken by him from the year 1853, O'Donovan devoted himself unremittingly after the termination of his irksome and brain-wearying daily labours on the Brehon laws. From the latter he was never allowed a day's relaxation except at the cost of having payment for it deducted from his humble stipend, even when his absence was occasioned by sickness, domestic affairs, or by his being required to deliver lectures in Belfast College. Such was the position and such the reward accorded under the British Government for Ireland to the man whom the Grimms and the other highest authorities on the Continent elected an honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, in recognition of his being in their estimation the most eminent Irish or Celtic scholar that ever lived.

O'Donovan had begun life full of hope in the resurgence of true Irish learning, trusting that the results of his exertions while advancing the reputation of his country would gain for himself somewhat of national gratitude and esti-

mation; but as years passed on he found that Ireland, as at present governed, offers neither a recognized place nor solid appreciation to scholars devoting themselves to studies which hold the first rank in independent and self-respecting States; he thus gradually fell into a condition of fixed depression and despondency, taking an interest only in the education of his children, and in preserving and elucidating the historic records of the ancient Irish.

Many of O'Donovan's nights were occupied chiefly in correspondence, which he carried on to an almost incredible extent, replying to constant inquiries from members of the old Irish race, both in these and other countries, who regarded him as the highest authority on all questions connected with the genealogies and family history of the "sea-divided Gaels." Although these inquiries were entirely gratuitous, and often unreasonably exacting, we believe that they were never allowed to remain unanswered. His accumulated resources were ever cheerfully placed at the disposal of writers engaged on works connected with the history of Ireland. The extent of his services in this line may be estimated when we mention that every important work on any portion of native Irish history published from 1830 to our own time, has been indebted to him for much valuable Gaelic documentary matter; whilst his experience and knowledge were always gratuitously available to rectify mistaken views, or to correct inaccuracies, into which other writers would inevitably have fallen but for his kind offices.

Having finished the translation of the Donegal Calendar of Saints, O'Donovan, about September 1861, contemplated the preparation of an edition of O'Clerigh's *Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell*, which he laid aside to begin an English version of the narrative of the Flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell, A.D. 1608; facsimiles of the original Irish of which documents had, after many unsuccessful attempts, been at length obtained from Rome. About the middle of November the result of his unrenitting application manifested itself on his overstrained system, and although obliged to confine himself, he could not refrain altogether from pursuing his customary labours. After some days he was attacked by rheumatic fever, and despairing of recovery, he received the last sacraments of the Catholic Church. He was generally believed to have rallied from the fever, but being unexpectedly attacked by rheumatism in

the heart, he expired at midnight on the ninth of December. On the twelfth of the same month, most of those who in Dublin honoured O'Donovan,* accompanied his remains to the cemetery at Glasnevin; and a subscription was initiated by the council of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, to raise a fund for his widow and six young children.

It would be difficult to decide whether O'Donovan's acquirements were more extensive in Irish topography, family history, or in the grammatic knowledge of the Gaelic language; to the two former he was peculiarly devoted. The ancient Irish were adepts in genealogical learning, which was necessitated under their system of government; and of their proficiency in this department we have many elaborate specimens preserved in manuscript. These old native genealogists, however, carried on their labours while the Irish were still existing in their ancient territories; but O'Donovan had to treat of tribes and families scattered over the world, and in many cases to contend with and expose the false pedigrees which had been ingeniously fabricated for some of them by mercenary Heralds, with the object of concealing their origin, or of supporting their pretensions to an antiquity and importance to which they had no real claim. Although profoundly interested in the progress of comparative philology, he did not devote himself deeply to that study, more especially as it had been entered upon with great energy by others to whom he unostentatiously rendered much valuable assistance; thus, his published works in this department scarcely entitle him to rank higher than a Grammarist.

O'Donovan may be said to have been the first historic topographer that Ireland ever produced, and in this department he will in all probability never be equalled, as a combination of circumstances similar to those under which he acquired his knowledge is not likely to arise again. Irish writers in former times had treated of certain districts with which they were themselves connected, or, as in the case of O'Dugan and O'Heerin, recorded little more than the names of tribes and territories; but O'Donovan


* An excellent portrait of O'Donovan was executed in water colours early in 1861, by B. Mulrenin, Esq., R.H.A., Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, in whose collection it is now preserved.

possessed a knowledge of almost every town-land in the island, and could on the moment explain the various forms of its name, recur to its local peculiarities, and detail any important historical events connected with it. Of his skill in reconstructing the topography of ancient Irish districts, he has left specimens in the maps prefixed to his works on *Hy Many* and *Hy Fiachrach*.

O'Donovan's great natural talents and extensive knowledge placed him pre-eminently at the head of the true school of native learning in Ireland, the foundation and honourable progress of which were mainly the results of his labour and influence. The vast amount of work which he executed under most depressing circumstances demonstrates how much further the world might have been enlightened by his labours had he been enabled to pursue them with the encouragements and facilities which independent States are proud to render to scholars of so high a stamp—such as Mabillon experienced from Colbert, Muratori from the Duke D'Este, and Pascal Gayangos from the O'Donnell Government of Spain.

Although the productions of men of letters can seldom be impartially judged by their contemporaries, we may confidently predict that time will but tend to augment the value of O'Donovan's labours, and that his works will eventually become text-books of the history and language of the ancient Irish. Future investigators may amplify the materials left to us by O'Donovan, and ingenious hypercritics may perhaps hereafter succeed in discovering some comparatively unimportant oversights in his writings; but, on the whole, the truly learned will ever rank him among the greatest of European scholars.

The Irish race should hold O'Donovan's memory in special reverence, because he rescued their ancient historic monuments from ignorance and charlatanism; and by the labours of his life was mainly instrumental in obtaining for native Irish learning a recognized and important position in the estimation of the world.




ART. IV.—*Collections on Irish Church History*, from the Manuscripts of the late Laurence F. Renehan, D.D. President of Maynooth College, edited by the Rev. Daniel McCarthy. Warren, Dublin, 1861.

MANY years must elapse before the Ecclesiastical Historian, especially when dealing with the period between the Reformation and the present time, can have materials ready to hand for a work so great and so varied as the history of the Irish Church. The materials exist no doubt and in greater abundance than would be perhaps believed; but they are found in distant places and in precious collections, to which access cannot be had always through industry, and sometimes not even by favour. Every year opens up new sources of information, and every eminence which at first bounds the view of the explorer and seems to mark the end of his journey, discloses when gained a new horizon, a richer field of discovery, and other summits to be reached. Nor is it only in great libraries to which the well applied wealth of National exchequers, or of large private fortunes, has drawn treasures of information from whatsoever source, that the events of Irish Church History are to be sought. Stray manuscripts preserved, God knows how, find their way into faithful hands by chances savouring of miracle; and lost clues are recovered with apparent simplicity, but under favour of a real Providence. The peculiar circumstances of the Irish Nation during the three centuries and a half which followed the change of religion in England, have rendered the Church History of Ireland a more laborious study than that of any Church in Europe. It would serve no purpose to speculate upon the causes which led to the comparatively easy subversion of the English, Scottish, and Scandinavian Churches. The preservation or change of religion in Germany ascribable in the first instance to the divine protection, permission, or judgment, seems referable, humanly speaking, to the policy of Emperors and Electors. For it is quite certain that although Germany was desolated by what are called religious wars, whole Churches held or renounced their religion at the bidding of their temporal masters; and, that while in the now Protestant States of Germany there must have been

some faithful Catholics, and consequently some victims, these good men are little known to history, and were in no sense the representatives of a national martyrdom. Church after Church fell in like the storeys of a burning house, with sharp and speedy sufferings for some; but then was the end of the Churches, and their history had been written once for all. In France, the religious struggle can hardly be said to belong to Church history: it was carried on almost entirely in the field. The cruelties and crimes of both Catholics and Huguenots were the same as are found in all civil wars, and although they may occasion some disgust to the Historian, cannot cost him much trouble to verify or to record. The persecutions by which the Church of England was all but extinguished were very cruel and devoured very many victims; but after a short time indeed the great bulk of the nation took part with the persecutors against the helpless, even if somewhat large minority of their countrymen. The Church of England may be said to have perished in the reign of Elizabeth; and although her Stuart successors were not idle in the work of persecution, they came in but as gleaners after the harvest. In other countries of Europe where religion either had been preserved or finally triumphed, controversies and struggles of great interest detain the attention of the historian. Strange doctrines make their appearance, are debated, condemned and disappear. The State stretches out its hand to afflict the Church either with small and vexatious tyranny as in many a country that we know; or exterminates by massacre and exile, as in the great French revolution, the entire clergy of the nation. Sometimes reforms are needed and effected in spiritual corporations or even in entire Churches; but the Church and nation of Ireland amongst all Churches and nations have alone endured and outlived a persecution hardly interrupted for three hundred years, and an oppression which even now does not promise soon to end. The same persecutions that scattered the Irish race, and more especially the Irish clergy during so long a period, served to scatter materials for the history of their Church over every country in Europe. When education clerical or secular was unattainable by Catholics here, those seminaries were established on the Continent without which the preservation of religion would seem to have been impossible in England and Ireland. In relation to the former country their duty although pious was not cheered:

by promise or rewarded for the time with apparent fruit. The utmost that the seminary priest could hope for in ministering to the thin and scattered remnant of the English Catholics, would be to save a very little seed for the distant future. He staked his life upon every mass and every baptism, and never put on stole before a servant of the house where he officiated without a consciousness, or at least a well grounded apprehension, that he was supplying evidence to an informer. He so staked, and often so lost his life for this Catholic lord, or that Catholic gentleman; but however his trust in God, or a hopeful cast of mind might teach him to look for the restoration of religion, he was too well acquainted with the state of England not to know that his own mission was not to a people but to individuals.

The continental seminaries and other institutions which Popes and Kings had established for the Irish service, were engaged in ministering to an entire people. The Church of Ireland was liable as a matter of course to some of those failings from which the oldest and most faithful Churches have not been exempt. The sturdy controversies in which she engaged so early upon minute points of discipline would seem to mark that flush of blood and almost excess of life on which she had to draw in her after history. The political condition too, of Ireland from the very introduction of Christianity to the reign of Henry VIII. when it was further complicated by the English schism, was of itself sufficient to try the strength of any Church. From the days of St. Patrick to those of Archbishop Plunket, war either virtuous and patriotic, or immoral and cut-throat, was as much the occupation of the Irish tribes, as hunting is that of the American Indians. It would probably be no exaggeration to say that every Irishman of the fighting age, excepting priests and monks, was under arms for more than half the year in line or in guerillas, way-laying, surprising, slaughtering, burning and plundering, whether in wars of defence, ambition, revenge or pure wantonness. We have all heard of the Theban legion and of other bodies of Christian warriors; but it may be said of the holiest wars ever inspired by patriotism or religion, that, as a rule, they do not conduce to the practice either of the evangelical counsels, or of the theological virtues, or in truth to the observance of any one of the ten commandments. It is



therefore perfectly consistent with the great fertility of Ireland in Saints, that irregularities, to call them by no harsher name, should be found amongst clergy and laity throughout her early history; but whatever may have been the nature or extent of those scandals, the Irish Church never showed symptoms of dissolution or even of faintness, and least of all when her three centuries of persecution began in the reign of Henry VIII. Though bruised and broken in every limb, though stripped of all beauty and comeliness, and bleeding from countless wounds, she had a palpitating life in every nerve and every vein, and seemed to have been endued with supernatural strength for the express purpose of suffering. She needed comfort, sustainment and medicine, but she always had a strength and constitution upon which to work. She had never to be revived, much less to be created anew. The English government after having emptied the religious houses, and dispersed the clergy, set up a mock hierarchy with whom the Church of Ireland, lay or clerical, Celtic or Norman, within the pale or without, had no more communion than with the spiritual emperor of Japan. Even at the present day the English Church establishment in Ireland has no representatives worth mentioning amongst the old inhabitants of either race. Wexford, the oldest and most purely English county of the Pale, is now as Catholic as Cork or Galway; and if we except the comparatively small number who have been recruited to the Church establishment in Dublin and in other large cities from the foundling hospitals and charter schools, or who had been attracted thither by accidental circumstances, the Irish Protestants, whether of the established or of dissenting forms, will be found to come from the various English plantations subsequent to the reign of Elizabeth. No one therefore can pretend that the slightest inroad was made by English power upon the Church that found favour with the Irish people. The English Government did certainly plant new colonies and with them new churches, but that is the full measure of its success. Some may account for this by the political circumstances of the country, others will refer it to higher agencies; but the fact is undisputed that for three hundred years the entire strength of the English monarchy was applied without result to effect a change in the religion of the Irish. The laws that were devised for this purpose and the means by which they were enforced are familiar

to most educated men in those countries. As for the laws although they describe themselves sufficiently well without any commentary, they have the benefit of Edmund Burke's readings, and few would care to attempt a reading after his. We have also good reason to know in what way those laws were executed, at the cost of how much blood and human suffering of every kind, how often the Irish stood in arms for their religion, how it fared with them when defeated, how faith was kept with them, what became of their lands, and how lately any change took place in the rule by which it was sought to impose the new religion upon the natives, and to preserve it amongst the colonists. It is also very sensibly felt, that although the execution of the old laws was relaxed many years ago, for what reasons, or under what influences we are not now to inquire; and that although many of those laws have been expressly cancelled or have fallen into disuse, under what compulsion again we are not particularly concerned to state; the same spirit that prompted the penal code is alive in our modern legislation; and the substitution of one religion for another in Ireland, is the apparent and logical even if not the avowed intent of our statutes in religious matters. Nor should it be left out of view that side by side with the penal laws, grew up the system of seduction which is always the twin sister of persecution, and which has acted with more torturing effect, although with smaller numerical results in Ireland than in any country exposed to influences of a like description. And last of all we know that the seduction referred too, is even now practised with a skill and vigour unsurpassed at any period of its existence. This being so, nothing can be easier than to sum the results of three hundred years of English effort occasionally relaxed but not intermitted, to effect a change of religion in Ireland. The descendants of the hostile races who occupied Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII., are in belief exactly what their fathers were before the protest of Spire, with this additional advantage, that their unity of belief and unity of suffering, have jointed them fast into the same nationality. This is the short result stated in the driest way and having reference to the island of Ireland merely; but it would look much more wonderful if we should first carry back our minds to the time when the churches of Ireland were invaded, her monasteries sacked and dismantled, her charitable institutions and church

property all confiscated or perverted; her clergy of all orders dispersed or exterminated, and her laity crushed beyond the hope of resurrection; we then carry our minds forward to her present complete organization. We shall find that out of her own resources she has renewed every thing of which she had been deprived; churches, monasteries, colleges and charitable foundations of every kind; with Bishops, Clergy, and religious men and women; hardly in proportion to her wants, but numerous if we have regard to her poverty. More wonderful still is the Church of Ireland if considered in relation to the churches, in both hemispheres of which she is the parent, and to whom she furnishes not only children but Patriarchs and Pastors with inexhaustible fertility. If then, without pausing to describe any of those things in detail, or even to enumerate the great countries, cradles of great empires studded with Irish Churches, and some of them including a majority of Irish Catholics in their population; if without indulging in any of the more usual reflections suggested by this study, we apply our minds to the consideration, how it was that the Irish Church has outlived all the sufferings that we know, and has accomplished all the things that we have seen, we can then realize in some measure what it must be to write the history of such a church, and to unfold the ways, as far as it is allowed to see them, in which Providence has wrought for its preservation and extension.

Shortly after the period with which Dr. Renehan's collections begin, and thence with some intervals for at least one hundred and fifty years, the Church history of Ireland has to deal not merely with the ordinary relations existing between a national Church and the See of Rome, but with relations growing out of the political circumstances of Ireland, between her Church and all the Catholic nations of Europe. The Irish Church may be said, in fact, to have existed during this period almost as much upon the Continent of Europe, in Rome, in Salamanca, in Lisbon, in Paris, in Louvain, as within the island of Ireland. An occasional bishop, and a few hunted priests, were at all times to be found in Ireland, and their number was largely increased at favourable junctures; but commonly speaking, the laity of Ireland remained in strict communion with clergy and hierarchy which it could not see, but through a few representatives. In this respect the small portion of

the English people adhering to the Roman See, was in like case with the entire Irish nation. The policy, however, of scattering and expelling the Catholic clergy, which so greatly favoured the change of religion in England, was a total failure in Ireland. The clergy, indeed, were effectually banished from both countries, or driven into concealment incompatible with the general exercise of their functions. In England the bulk of the laity accepted, after a time, without much question, the teaching of the intruded, or of the old but conforming pastors. The latter class had hardly any representatives in Ireland. In many districts in Ireland the king's writ did not run; but even where it did, notwithstanding some defections among the higher clergy, the people were as sturdily Catholic as ever. There is nothing in the political state of Ireland to account for this, as far, at all events, as the inhabitants of English blood and tongue were concerned. Their allegiance to the English crown, even if somewhat loose in smaller particulars, was never doubtful when appealed to against the Irish enemy. The Common Prayer was perfectly intelligible to the Anglo-Irish, and there was no reason why it should be more distasteful to them than to the bulk of their fellow subjects in England. If anything, it might have expected a welcome, as the zealous adherence of the native Irish to Rome might be supposed to give to the English colonists a bend in the opposite direction. As is well known, however, nothing of the kind took place. Again, it is a generally accepted, and not improbable theory, even amongst Protestants, that although the reformed doctrines found eager partizans and propagandists in the towns, the rural inhabitants of England adopted them languidly and stupidly, as far as they could be said to adopt anything, being at the time almost as unintelligent and untaught a set of people as they are at present. No one, however, will say that in respect of education, the Irish of either race were superior to their brethren of the same class in England, nor is it likely, everything considered, that they were much more strait-laced in their morals, although we can have no reason to doubt, that they were then, as now, a brighter and more quick-witted race. Apart, therefore, from a special intervention of Providence, there was very little special in the Irish people, as compared with the English and Scotch, to exempt them from the inroads of the new Gospel. Although Protestantism has within the

last century taken something of a geographical, and perhaps of an ethnical character, it was not so in the beginning. It followed no law of race or country, but suddenly appeared and made progress, almost at the same time amongst races differing completely in blood and in character;—the quiet, but speculative German, the practical Dutch, the English, concealing vast enthusiasm under a cold and formal exterior, the greatly differing families of French who dwelt by the Seine, the Loire, the Rhone, and the Garonne, the Germanic mountaineers of the Alps, the Celtiberians of Navarre, the tribes of the Hungarian plain, as far as the Carpathian, the Slavonians by the Vistula and the Norwegians by the Scagger-rack:—all were visited by, and gave welcome to the reformed doctrines. There was nothing to prevent an Irish student in any of the foreign universities, to which the Irish then resorted, from contracting the taint and spreading it, as did Knox for Scotland, among his countrymen. Other nations, as well as Ireland, were firm in their adherence to Rome; but it may be said of Ireland, that she was the only country to whose door the Reformation was brought, and into whose homes and churches it was thrust, without receiving the smallest acceptance from the people. Much, however, as the preservation of religion in Ireland amidst so many adverse circumstances, may savour of miracle, it was not effected without that play of secondary causes by which great things are done, in the usual course of Providence. Ireland was preserved to the Catholic Church not more by the attachment thereto of her entire people, than by the anxious study, the unwearied strain, the unsleeping vigilance of great minds amongst her children or amongst her friends, and by the uninterrupted activity and uncalculating sacrifice of her clergy at home and abroad. During two-thirds of the period with which the Collections before us are conversant, the state of Ireland in relation to her Church, was literally that of a country under hostile occupation, with an army of friends in view, and ever upon the alert to throw in succour. The history of the Irish Church is, therefore, two-fold, as we have already said, including first its administration, its conflicts, and its victories within the island; and secondly, its administration from beyond seas and the measures there taken for its comfort and support, through wise counsel, profuse bounty, and skilful action. The first branch of the subject, or that which concerns the internal

government of the Irish Church, is the portion of our history during the times of persecution least known, and to which it is likely that fewest additions will be made by research. The duties of the Irish priest, who had forced the lines, were different, as we before had occasion to remark, from those of the English missionary, but they were identical in this respect, that they were performed in secret, and that in many instances all the heroism of their performance is lost to history. The course of the Irish priest or bishop from Louvain, or Paris, to Ireland and thence to the Brimingham Tower, or the Tower of London, although not marked in log or journal, may be tracked without any effort of imagination, and yet with sufficient certainty. Having escaped the English cruisers, and the still more alert and dangerous spies who swarmed in the foreign and Irish ports, he reached his diocese under favour of a secret understanding and difficult correspondence with friends too numerous for perfect safety or discretion, through a country beset with enemies, vigilant, bloodthirsty, and keen-scented. Being at length at home, his labours, his dangers, and his unrest, seemed only to begin. A new lodging every night, a new disguise every day, a new congregation every Sunday, high treason to be committed in every cabin by absolving the sinner or anointing the sick, a correspondence to be kept up with Rome, with Spain, with the Irish colleges everywhere upon the Continent, relations to be preserved with influential Catholics at home differing in judgment, in feeling, and in interests, provision to be made for succession in the ministry, a learned controversy perhaps to be maintained with clever disputants at a distance from books of reference and other appliances of study, and all this with no other resources at his command, than the alms of a poverty-stricken people, and with hourly chances of capture and its inevitable consequences; such were the duties well understood, coolly undertaken, and resolutely performed by the bishop who could set foot in Ireland. In the great majority of cases, the historical details of much that we know to have taken place are for the present wanting, and we can learn nothing more of many great and laborious bishops or priests, than that they reached Ireland, lived there for a time, and died. But there can be no doubt, from what we know of others, concerning whom something is preserved to us, and from the condition of the times, that the life of every Irish priest and bishop

worthy of the name, must have been something very nearly resembling what has been described. The attempt to establish Protestantism in Ireland prolonged through more than three hundred years, is marked off into periods by short intervals of rest from persecution. The first period includes the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., from the commencement of the schism by the former prince, and ends with the accession of Mary. The second includes the long and dreary reigns of Elizabeth and James I. It stretches far into the reign of Charles I., and ends shortly before the formation of the Catholic league, and what is called the rebellion of 1641. The third begins with the Cromwellian invasion, and extends through the time of the Common Wealth and the reign of Charles II. The short reign of James II. lasting not quite five years, makes the third interval of repose afforded to the Irish Catholics. The fourth persecution begins with the revolution of 1688, and may be said to extend to the date of the first Catholic relief bill in 1794. Thenceforward although the term persecution could not in strictness be applied to the government of Ireland for the English, yet during nearly forty years from the date referred to the social disparagement and political disabilities of Catholics, constituted a state of things, just short of persecution; and even now the existence of the foreign Church Establishment, and the sacrifice thereto of the highest political and social interests of Ireland keep up the detestable tradition of all that has been vainly done to impose that institution upon the Irish people. The Collections upon Irish Church history, which we owe to the industry and learning of the late Dr. Renehan, are carried forward to the year 1800. His materials, no doubt, would have enabled him to bring them on to our own time; but in the exercise of prudent discretion he forbore to do so, as many occurrences within the memory of living men would, if now reviewed, provoke useless discussion, and worse than useless heats; although in more distant times they may become profitable matter of history, full of instruction and of warning. Had Dr. Renehan lived, he would doubtless have presented those Collections to the public in a different shape from that which they have necessarily taken under the hand of the learned editor, Mr. M'Carthy. Dr. Renehan's design was probably that of a Church history from the period of the Reformation. In dealing with so vast a subject, he

could not do better or otherwise than advance by stages, nor could he assume for that purpose any more convenient periods than the lives of successive archbishops and bishops. This was a convenient limit to his researches as he advanced, and it may be supposed that he had in his mind the plan as well as the means for bringing these separate biographies into a connected narrative. The duty, however, cast upon an editor of posthumous papers, is not by any means to carry out in their fulness the plans of the author in the absence of express directions to that effect. It does not appear from Mr. M'Carthy's preface that Dr. Renehan communicated to any one the exact nature of his plans, with reference to what, if completed, would have been a great work indeed, and the materials for which are a monument of industry and learning, such as we rarely meet with at the present day. The taste of the age does not favour the publication of voluminous works. The public seem to take more pleasure in accurate and elaborate readings of difficult or dark passages in history than in the compilation of complete histories themselves. Carlyle's *Frederick*, Guizot's *Richard Cromwell*, Froude's *Henry VIII.*, or similar historical studies, whatever be their real merit, are certainly much relished; and the favour with which Lord Macaulay's elegant production, known as the *History of England*, is universally received, will hardly be quoted in opposition to this view. The book is a model of style, but not of historical style, and recommends itself most to those who know least of history. If there yet exist such a being as a pure Whig, not even he would regard Macaulay as an authority for any fact recorded in the "*History of England*." Whatever be your politics, you read Macaulay's "*History*" as you read the *Cyropædia*, the *Travels of Anacharsis the Younger*, or the *Adventures of Telemachus*; and Mr. Clinton would as readily quote from "*Troilus and Cressida*" in his *Fasti Hellenici*, as a serious writer would recur to Macaulay's *History of England* for an authoritative statement of fact. Macaulay's *History* is nothing more than an expansion of several of his essays, with a connecting narrative, in which imagination plays a sparkling part, and the English language is brought to a perfection, of which it was hardly deemed capable. Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Scottish and English Queens*, and Alison's volumes of the *History of Europe* make their appearance

almost as serial publications. Of the former set we could not have too many, nor of the latter too few, but the volumes of each set includes short periods, and might easily range (especially Miss Strickland's) within the class of historical essays, to which we have referred.

It requires no small courage in a writer of the present day to attempt a great historical work, in which success must be purchased by incalculable labour, and when attained will be understood and valued by few. Doctor Renehan must have possessed this rare courage; but his heart must also have been in his work, and his studies have had an attraction for him much beyond that which belongs to any prospect of success. Strange to say, it seldom happens that men favoured with leisure, even when of cultivated mind and sound judgment, apply themselves earnestly or perseveringly to study. Too many waste their abundant time in lounging and gossiping, to speak of nothing worse; and from wanting that best element of genius, steadiness, live through their day as fribbles, though endowed with qualities which if properly ballasted would have carried them on to greatness. In almost every instance the men whose hours of relaxation and repose are least liberally measured have time to spare from that scanty measure for great and difficult works. Laborious advocates, toil-worn priests, physicians whose minutes are literally worth gold, professors in universities and colleges whose daily work would seem quite sufficient to absorb their strength of mind and body: such are the men who work most for us, when we are asleep or taking our ease. Bossuet after his pastoral and literary labour of the day, snatched a couple of hours sleep, rose at midnight and wrote until four o'clock in the morning. D'Aguesseau wrote one of the most valuable treatises known to jurisprudence in occasional quarters of an hour, or even in shorter spaces of time which he contrived to save from his official receptions or levees. Familiar instances of the same kind might be multiplied; and if we take into account the nature of Dr. Renehan's official duties as disclosed to us in the short notice of his life prefixed to this volume of the collections, it will appear wonderful how any one so engaged should have found time to draw together, from so many sources, the mass of information upon subjects connected upon Irish Church history, which we meet with in his book. The same remark applies

of course in a very great degree to his editor Mr. M'Carthy, a professor in the same college, and one whose ordinary duties in the chair which he fills require unintermitting labour and attention. The office of an editor in a case like the present, however useful, is extremely modest and sufficiently ungrateful. He is held strictly responsible for any changes of arrangement in the original work, and if he forbear to make any, he is in some way or another brought to account for the original arrangement. Should he venture to write much out of his own head, he is treated as a second Bentley, and suspected of making his author say what he had never meant. Should he deal neither in amplification nor in comment he receives no praise of learning; and should he discharge his duty in the very best, because in the most faithful and accurate way, his merit which really is of a rare kind, is seldom perfectly understood. Mr. M'Carthy's treatment of Dr. Renehan's manuscripts, is in our opinion very judicious. In whatever shape it may have been the author's intention to present his "Collections" to the public, they now come before it in the only shape which it was competent for an editor to give to them. Slips of the pen have been corrected here and there, verbal omissions have been supplied, and references have been made out and verified by the editor. Valuable notes too are supplied from his own reading; in many cases, extensive and independent additions to the materials of the work, and even in some instances entirely new documents as well as original biographies; but upon the whole the collections are as they ought to be, the work of Dr. Renehan, and are presented to us in the early form in which the interruption of his labours has suffered them to reach us, that, namely, of materials upon which the future historian of the Irish Church can work. Little need be said of the style of the short but pregnant chapters into which the "Collections" are divided. Had their learned author been spared, he would have given to it a finish with which it could be no part of an editor's duty to concern himself. As the work is here presented to us, it may be said that the author has well, and perhaps quite unconsciously, earned the praise of perfect clearness and accuracy, doubtless the most valuable qualities that can belong to the historian, but which, however much they may be improved by training and habit, are not to be created and introduced where they did not exist previously.

It is evident on the other hand, that Dr. Renehan thought clearly and calmly, and wrote as he thought without effort or ambition. He does occasionally express himself in language of very sufficient strength, as who that writes Irish history, civil or ecclesiastical, will not? This however is a different thing from what is commonly understood by strong writing, a kind of composition which flows rather from impetuosity of feeling and impatience of what we dislike, than from a severely correct appreciation of what is right or wrong in morals. However well certified are Dr. Renehan's facts, and how strongly soever, most of his conclusions command assent, we cannot think that his estimate of the character and conduct of Charles I, and Charles II. is to be justified by the history of those princes. Charity it is true thinketh no evil, but at the same time the present generation would be greatly misinformed, regarding the acts and counsels of the two Stuart princes in question, if history called them to no stricter account than that which apparently they would have to render to the leniency and tenderness of Dr. Renehan. Wherever he has occasion to mention Charles I, that unfortunate king is treated as a virtuous man, whose strong leanings in favour of his Catholic subjects in Ireland were overborne by irresistible circumstances. You would take him for a kind of Henry VI, well meaning, saintly even, but soft, yielding, and irresolute. You would never suppose that he knew how to be obstinate, and had no particular regard for his royal word, or that if he were sincerely well intentioned towards his Irish subjects he might not have given them, with some profit to himself, the benefit of a little of that obstinacy which cost him his life and crown in England. In the narrow sense of the word, Charles I, (it must be admitted) was a virtuous man; and the truly royal endurance, which he displayed towards the close of his misfortunes and at his death, do in some degree, so hide and even redeem the follies and injustice of his reign, that a little tenderness for his memory is not altogether inexcusable. How little of all this can be said for his successor. There was nothing to have hindered Charles II. from reinstating in their honors and properties those of his Irish subjects, who had forfeited both in defence of his father. There was nothing to prevent him, if not from repealing the penal laws in Ireland, at least from paralyzing their effects, All this which at a somewhat late period of his reign might

have been somewhat difficult, would have been easy, blameless, and perfectly unchallenged at the moment of the restoration ; if Charles was indeed a Catholic at heart, (supposing him to have had any such organ) you would not imagine from the necessarily casual mention made of him by Dr. Renehan, that his Catholic heart never had one beat, and never made one effort for the servant or the friend, whom his Protestant advisers thought it right to hang and embowel. You never would believe that Charles II. was the perfectly unconcerned witness of all the wickedness that was done in his name, and that he never once interposed to do an act of justice or of mercy. You would say that he too was the helpless, though not unresisting victim of circumstances. Every one knows that this is not history, and certainly Dr. Renehan would not in terms have so described the character of either of the princes mentioned; but making every allowance for the difficulties with which both had to deal, and which the succeeding reign proved to be so powerful, we have no reason to believe, that either Charles made the smallest effort to overcome those difficulties either in England or in Ireland.

The legal grounds upon which the English Church Establishment in Ireland claims to hold the property of the Irish Church, would seem to be the supposed adoption of the Reformation by the Irish bishops, whatever became of the other orders of the Clergy. The first four or five biographies in Dr. Renehan's collections would dispose pretty summarily of that pretence if it were necessary to do so. But even though we had to admit to the fullest extent, that the whole Irish episcopacy conformed to Henryism or Elizabethism, or to whatever kind of doctrine it was sought to impose upon them ; and even admitting the present bishops of the Establishment to be the canonical successors of those, who first conformed, it is not at all apparent how this would mend the claim of the establishment to hold the property of the Irish Church, so long as the people and clergy of that country, for whom the bishops were mere trustees, insisted that the original trusts should be upheld. If the entire English Church, meaning thereby the clerical portion of it, were to conform to Catholicity tomorrow, while the laity remained Protestant, would any man give sixpence for the title to his living, of a bishop, or of a minister, amongst them all? For any one however, who has the least curiosity on the subject, it would be worth while to

glance at the following extract from the collections, as showing what are the claims of the Church Establishment in Ireland to nationality, and to what kind of spiritual ancestors the present bishops of that institution derive title.

"This was the general character of the Protestant clergy. In 1630, but two, at most three, Irishmen, occupied seats on the Irish Protestant bench, and, indeed, such was also the case during almost the entire of the seventeenth century. Seven of the sees were possessed by Scotchmen, and the remaining twenty were held by natives of England. 'The parishes,' says Stuart, 'were either filled with careless and immoral pastors, or sequestered by avaricious bishops in commendam. Divine service was not performed except in great towns and cities.' The dignitaries were taken from these men, and continued to deserve the same character.' 'The ecclesiastical courts,' says Bishop Burnet, 'were often managed by a chancellor that bought his place, and so thought he had a right to all the profits he could make out of it. And their whole business seemed to be nothing but oppression and extortion; the solemnest, the sacredest of all Church censures, which was excommunication, went about in so sordid and base a manner, that all regard to it, as a spiritual censure, was lost.....The officers of the court thought they had a sort of right to oppress the natives, and that all was well got that was wrung from them.' Bishop Bedel tells us in one of his letters, that a system of grossly shameful simony prevailed through all the dioceses in Ireland, but in his own, and that even the primate Ussher's was as deeply criminal as any other, and 'some,' says he, 'say it is worse.' By the journals of the Irish parliament, it appears that this system continued up to the eve of what is called the Irish rebellion. In 1640 the House of Commons despatched a 'humble remonstrance' to the king, against the clergy, complaining of 'many grievous exactions, pressures, and other vexatious proceedings.....against the laity, and especially the poorer sort,' and petitioning that at least 'some thereof being most exorbitant and barbarous should be abolished, being repugnant to law and reason.' Whenever the Catholic priest was called upon to christen, to marry, to anoint, to say mass for the dead, &c., the Protestant parson or bishop, exacted the dues. Thus, among the exactions of which the Commons complain, are 'money for holy water, clerk, anointing money, mortuary, mary-gallons, St. Patrick's ridges, soul money,' &c. And to avarice and simony were added sacrilege, defrauding of the poor, and bribery. 'Great sums of money,' says the remonstrance, 'are received by several bishops, for commutation of penances, which money, by the king's instructions, should be converted to pious uses, not observed, but made a private profit.' And in another remonstrance presented the same year to the English Parliament, all these charges are confirmed. 'This com-

mutation money,' it says, 'which' should either not at all be exacted, or if exacted, should be set apart for the poor and other pious uses, came either to the prelate's kitchen, or the commissary's purse, or to both. And that though they pretended themselves to be the advancers of virtue, and the punishers of vice, yet they usually, without further satisfaction, absolved the most scandalous persons for a sum of money, and often questioned not at all such, from whom they privately beforehand had received such sum.' And Bishop Burnet tells us that, 'in these (the bishops') courts, bribes went about almost barefaced; and the exchange they made of penance for money, was the worst sort of simony.' Nay, the Irish bishops themselves did not deny these statements, at least among themselves. For Primate Ussher confidentially informs his brother primate of England (Laud) that 'such was then the venality of all things sacred in Ireland, that he was afraid to mention anything about them.'

"Such is the picture, drawn by their friends, of these very bishops, who hypocritically affected to think it 'a grievous sin to grant any toleration,' however limited, to their Catholic countrymen, and who under the pretence of scrupling that 'it would be setting religion to sale,' but really with the view of enriching themselves with the fines and exactions from the Catholics, deprived the king of the services of a brave army of 5,500 men, gave courage and energy to the Scotch rebels and their sympathizing Irish brethren, and eventually caused, perhaps unintentionally, the murder of the king.

"But the truth is, that many of the prelates, as well as officers of state, of English birth, were puritanically affected. It is notorious, that the Scotch Presbyterians who publicly professed their hostility to the Establishment, then possessed the greater portion of the tithes and the churches in Ulster, and were promoted to dignities, and sat in the convocation of 1634. And it is equally well known, that in order to conform to the Presbyterian ritual, the bishops were in the habit of discarding their lawn and pontificals, of omitting the whole essence of the form of ordination, and taking their place as mere Presbyters in the Calvinistic presbytery, whenever persons presented themselves for ordination.

"Nor was this all. The Rev. Mr. Leland acknowledges that ignorance, negligence, and corruption of manners prevailed among the established clergy, 'and that some of them were scandalously profligate.' Carte, another friend, observes, 'as scandalous livings make scandalous ministers, the clergy of the Established Church were negligent of their cures.....were generally ignorant and unlearned, and loose and irregular in their lives and conversations.' 'They are,' says their great patron, Lord Deputy Wentworth, 'an unlearned clergy, who have not so much as the outward form of Churchmen to cover themselves withal, nor their persons any way revered; the Churches unbuilt.....the people untaught through the non-

residence of the clergy, occasioned by unlimited shameful numbers of spiritual promotions, with care of souls, which they hold by commendams, the rites and ceremonies of the Church run over without decency of habit, order, or gravity, in the course of their service, the bishops alienating their very principal houses and demesnes to their children, to strangers, and farming out their jurisdiction to mean and unworthy persons.' In another letter, he says, to Archbishop Laud, of the Irish clergy, 'keep the bishops from their sacrilegious alienations;' and again, 'here are diverse of the clergy whose wives and children are recusants,' &c. No wonder, then, that he should have ridiculed the selfish plan, suggested by the bishops and their partizans, in lieu of a contribution to the state, of making up the same amount by penalties on the Catholics, and thus, at the same time, bringing them to see the light of Protestantism.

"Such brain-sick zeal," says Lord Wentworth, 'would work a goodly reformation surely, to force conformity to a religion, where there was hardly to be found a church to receive, or a minister able to teach the people.' No wonder, also, that Laud should lament that the 'Irish ecclesiastical disease is spread so universally over the body, that a very wise physician can scarce tell where to begin the cure.' For the same archbishop tells us on another occasion, that six benefices were not able to find the minister clothes (in consequence of 'their sacrilegious alienations,') and that in six parishes there were hardly six to come to church.'

"But, besides this universal leprosy, there were other enormities which could not possibly be so common. The clergy, it is true, 'were scandalously profligate and immoral,' but the episcopal bench was defiled with crimes that disgrace human nature, with a horrific licentiousness of lust, at which the Pagan worshippers of Priapus, or the prostitutes of Venus would shudder with horror. I will not pollute this page with the detailed narrative of bishops discarding their wives and taking their housemaids, then loathing the servant and taking back the wife, and finally, by virtue of a deliberate compact, introducing together both wife and servant into the same licentious bed. Suffice it to observe, by way of example, that in a single diocese, and in the short compass of sixty years, there sat in the chair of its sainted patrons, not less than three reforming bishops publicly convicted of crime, one of whom was deposed for outrageous sedition, or treason; the second for forgery; and the third, after a life devoted to the most excessive libertinism and promiscuous lust, was publicly hanged for an unnatural unmentionable crime, surpassing in its shocking enormity even that monstrous guilt which changed Gomorrah into a pool of sulphurous fire."

' This is pretty well by way of sample, and it would be wrong to suppose that the state of things here described did not extend beyond the period to which it is limited in

the extract. Many years indeed elapsed even after the revolution of 1688, before the gentry above referred to began to live decently; and it is very well known in Ireland that some of the most disgusting traditions of the disgusting period with which the extract is conversant have been brought down to a time within the memory of man. If we were to judge too, from the speeches delivered at April meetings and similar gatherings in Ireland by persons whom it is the courtesy of the day to call "Reverend," "Very Reverend," "Venerable," and "Right Reverend," we should be tempted to say, that, however much they may have improved upon the morals of their predecessors, they have not much reason to boast of mended manners. Now side by side with the foregoing extract, suppose we place another giving some idea of the condition of *the* Irish Church about the same time or a little later.

"At this time the Catholic Church of Ireland was reduced to a most deplorable condition. 'Neither the Israelites,' says Morrison, 'were more cruelly persecuted by Pharaoh, nor the infants by Herod, nor the Christians by Nero, Diocletian, or any other Pagan tyrant, than were the Roman Catholics of Ireland at that juncture.' Never did the hosts of hell put forth half such violence, even in Ireland, never did any religion in any country survive so bloody a persecution, or withstand such infernal machinery as were then levelled against the Irish Church. The clergy of every grade and order were driven by the law into perpetual banishment; and if they dared to remain in the kingdom, or return to it again, after the 1st February, 1653, they were condemned to be hanged till half dead, then cut down alive, and beheaded, their heads put upon poles on the highways, and their hearts and entrails publicly burned. A price was set upon their heads; it was the price of a wolf's, and the money was paid when the bloody evidence of murder was delivered. 'It was then high treason for a Catholic priest to breathe within the realms,' as Lord Mansfield expressed himself when expounding the boasted English law, a century afterwards. To harbour a priest, to speak to him, not to betray him, nay to exercise, no matter how privately, the Catholic religion, was each a capital crime for which the laity were to be punished with death, and total confiscation of property. By these and many other such hellish laws, and the still more diabolical machinery that was invented to enforce them, the churches were widowed of their bishops, the people deprived of comfort, instruction, and sacraments, and religion so nearly extirpated from the island that the despairing tongue faltered while it said 'if God be with us, who can prevail against us? There is no counsel against the Lord.'

"In 1649, and for some years before, the Irish hierarchy was in a much more flourishing condition than at any period since the English schism. The sees were all filled up, except Derry and Kildare, the parishes were supplied with zealous and learned pastors, the convents were re-established, and their crowded choirs poured forth in unceasing peals, the canticle of praise and benediction to the Lord. The prelacy consisted of four archbishops, and twenty-three suffragans, viz. :—eight in the province of Armagh, and as many more in Cashel, three in Dublin, and four in Connaught. All of these resided in their dioceses with undisturbed security, and publicly performed the rites of religion; many enjoyed the cathedrals and lands with which their Catholic ancestors endowed the sees, for the support of Catholic bishops. The parochial churches and glebes were restored to the Catholic clergy, the male and female religious recovered their convents and a remnant of their ancient inheritance, and the peace of 1648, with Ormond and the King, stipulated that the Catholic Church should permanently enjoy at least what it then possessed. Such was the state of the Church, 1649. The Catholic religion was not only what it always continued, the religion of the nation, but also what it on that account ought ever to have been, the national, the established religion. But how reversed was the scene 1664, when Dr. O'Reilly was consecrated. Three of the Bishops, and more than three hundred of the clergy, had already been put to death for the faith; all the surviving bishops but one, and upwards of one thousand priests were banished for ever from their country, some were allowed to seek exile in the kingdoms of Europe, but many hundreds were stowed in crazy ships, treated with ignominious cruelty, and transported to Barbadoes and other isles of the West Indies. The friars were expelled from their convents, and obliged to fly; of six hundred Dominicans scarcely one remained; the more numerous Franciscans, the Augustinians, &c., were also gone, nay, even the nuns were turned out into the woods, or banished to some distant land. But one bishop remained, and he was old, decrepit, and bedridden, and to his inability alone to discharge any episcopal function he owed the privilege of dying in the land of his fathers. There remained also a portion of the parochial clergy, who whenever their functions were to be exercised, nobly braved the axe and the gibbet; and who, when the sinner was reconciled to God or the departing soul prepared for heaven, sought a hiding place in the forest, or sheltered themselves in caverns and morasses from the bloodscent of spies and priestcatchers. They did not, however, always escape. Even after the restoration of Charles II, when persecution relaxed its fury, not less than 120 of these heroic confessors were sometimes crowded into the same loathsome gaol to pine away and starve together. In this state did things continue till 1661, and with very little variation till 1669. The old bishop of Kilmore still continued to struggle in the arms of death; the archbishop of Tuam returned in 1662, to die along with him, being then

eighty years of age, and disabled by repeated attacks of paralysis. The provinces of Leinster and Munster were totally bereft of their bishops for sixteen years, and, like Connaught, had each, for the latter half of the time but one prelate surviving, even in banishment. From the year 1652, to the year 1665, neither the sacrament of confirmation nor of holy orders was conferred in Ireland, yet there were in the latter year about 1100 secular priests on the Irish mission, but the bishop of Ardagh having returned in 1665, the number of priests was doubled in the course of six or seven years, although until the year 1669, the period of Dr. O'Reilly's death, the Irish prelacy could count only three bishops in Ireland, and three in voluntary exile."

The judicial murder of Archbishop Plunket, as his execution is universally admitted to have been, brings us near to the close of the third Irish persecution, which ended with the reign of Charles II. We are excused by our late notice of Dr. Moran's life of Primate Plunket, from dwelling as we should otherwise have done upon that part of the Collections, which deals with this, perhaps the most melancholy chapter of them all.

The reign of James II., which afforded a short interval of rest to the Irish Catholics, does not supply much in the way of material for Church history, and we are ushered by its close, into the most dismal age of Irish persecution beginning with the reign of William III., at its height in 1745, and gradually relaxing from that date, to the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act in 1852, when a Protestant reaction may be considered to have set in.

In 1745, the falling of a loft in Cook Street, beneath its weight of Catholic worshippers, who were crushed in the ruins, upon a Sunday morning, brought about a relaxation of the penal code, in virtue of which Catholics were permitted to have places of worship, provided their chapels should not show a front to the street. This, however it may appear to us who live in different times, was no unimportant relaxation of those penal laws, in the framing of which, not only human, but superhuman ingenuity would seem to have been exhausted, and to the defence of which no one would now commit himself, although many would desire their return. Even after the colonization of Ulster, by James I., the Catholics of Ireland at large, and of Ulster itself, were still powerful, although their clergy, when persecuted in one city, might fly into another, and although, as we have seen, they were scattered not only

throughout Ireland, but over Europe. Notwithstanding all this, the laity had never been reduced to complete subjection, even by the victories and massacres of Cromwell, until after the treaty of Limerick. The Irish, much as they might feel the want of their pastors, had been too long obliged to live by the sword, and to lead the life of those who live by the sword, to be easily depressed in spirit, or greatly reduced in strength by any reverses short of those which overtook them during the Jacobite wars. The slightest lull in the storm, the merest gleam of sunshine, was sufficient to bring them together disciplined and armed, no matter how adverse their previous fortunes, or how apparently powerful their oppressors. But, after the final defeat of James, the Catholic Irish of both races, seemed to be for ever, and were, in fact, for more than a century, completely at the mercy of enemies who knew no mercy. To these the Irish nation was handed over bound hand and foot. Bad as were the laws at the accession of William and Mary, and sweeping as had been the confiscations resulting from the defeat of James, coming after the unreversed Cromwellian confiscations, a large proportion of the land of Ireland was still in the possession of Catholics, and what with the imperfect execution of the penal laws and the occasional intervals of toleration, both branches of the legal profession were crowded with Catholics. Had the articles of the treaty of Limerick been observed, there can be no doubt that without violence or revolution of any kind, the constitutional power of the Catholics would have been predominant in Ireland. Every one knows what became of the treaty of Limerick, and we are only too familiar with the history of the penal laws. With the accession of William and Mary began the tyranny of the most ignoble race to whom the destinies of a country ever were committed. The Norman invaders of Ireland were usually gentlemen, possibly of ruined fortunes, but of good blood, and though sufficiently profligate in life, and cruel in their dealings with the native Irish, did nevertheless, after a time, enter into kindly relations with their immediate dependants; and although always ready, and in arms, to hold Ireland for the English crown, did feel themselves in some sort to be Irishmen notwithstanding, and to constitute a nation upon however small a scale. The second race of English colonists was of a different description. Unlike the first, they had not a common religion with the

Irish. Unlike the first also, they were meanly derived, troopers, drummers, suttlers, or men with a little money and of desperate adventure. To them was Ireland handed over from the accession of William and Mary; and their direct rule in Ireland lasted some hundred and twelve years, that is until the period of the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, during which time their meanness, servility, corruption and cruelty, stand perfectly unmatched in history. Their legislation, so far as they were allowed to legislate, was mainly directed to the extinction of the old religion; and to this object they applied their vile ingenuity after the manner which is still on record in the Irish statute book. Not content with vulgar punishments of ecclesiastics, sated with hanging and quartering, and not putting much faith in the efficacy of those Gospel agencies, they found in their own mean hearts more cruel, and therefore more congenial means of proselytism. They forbade all education, believing that by this intellectual famine the people would be starved into surrender. They invited profligate sons to denounce their own fathers, and by so doing practically to antedate their succession to their father's estate. They put enmity between husband and wife, they set aside all the laws of nature, they held out bribes to every passion, and put penalties upon every virtue, and thus expended all their ingenuity upon almost the only kind of legislation, which had the entire sanction and approval of their English masters. To these they had in a certain sense become sufficiently Irish to be contemptible, and it is certainly not to the discredit of English statesmen that they so well understood what their colonial Irish were fit for, and so accurately measured the strength of their bluster, when they played at patriotism.

It is not to be denied, indeed, that these colonial Irish did conform to some of the habits of their new country. Exaggerating all the grosser vices ascribed to the English character, they adopted the grossest of those belonging to the Irish. The very virtues of the natives grew degenerate in the colonists: their hospitality was the merest waste, and their courage the merest brutality. It is not, we believe, upon record, that venality was a vice at all peculiar to the native Irish. They may have had their weaknesses as well as other people, but the corruption of the colonial Irish, after the revolution of 1688, makes all profligacy,

ancient or modern, virtuous by comparison. A few great and good men, of whom Grattan was the type and the spokesman, succeeded in giving to that most ignoble of assemblies, the Irish Parliament, an unnatural dignity and independence, which quite destroyed it in the course of eighteen years. After a short and riotous patriotism which had even less kindred with the real thing than high life below stairs has with high life above stairs, the Irish Parliament representing the Irish Church Establishment, contracted for the sale of Ireland at a figure greatly advanced, by the simplicity of Grattan and the Volunteers. None, perhaps, had such excellent reason to appreciate the services of Grattan, as the majority of the Irish parliament who voted the Union. Had the Union been proposed before his achievement of legislative independence in 1782, Ireland would have been knocked down a dead bargain. It was Grattan who gave to the Irish parliament a country to sell, and every one knows to what advantage it was sold by that assembly. It is in place to notice these circumstances here, because the government of Ireland by the colonists, and their treatment of the Catholic Irish during their long and weary day of power, was in keeping with their entire character and attitude. Their cruelties were mean, and every relaxation of their cruelties was small and mean. They were corrupt in their tyranny, and corrupt in their slavishness; they bought their proselytes as they sold themselves, and what was called their country. This was the age of protestant charter schools and foundling hospitals, those nurseries of whatever of scrofula and reformed doctrines are to be found amongst the lower and middle orders of at least three provinces in Ireland. This was the time when Trinity College wrought most of its conversions amongst the educated classes for valuable consideration, and when a miracle more wonderful than that which protected the Church of Ireland through the earlier persecutions, interposed to save her from the more skilfully contrived and carefully managed influences of the fourth persecution.

As has been already mentioned, the falling of the old loft in Cook Street may be considered to mark the spring tide as well as the ebb of persecution. From the moment that Catholic worship was licensed in Ireland, however the enemy might affect to thrust it into corners, the extinction of that worship was abandoned as a theory and principle of

law. Notwithstanding the dictum of a judge, very many years afterwards, it had thenceforward a legal existence. The extension of the parliamentary franchise to the Irish Catholics in 1794, involved all the consequences of the emancipation act in 1829: and the matter of the greatest interest in the history of the Irish Church between these two periods is the attempt of the English government to obtain a voice in the nomination of the Irish bishops, or to speak more correctly, perhaps a check upon their nomination in the form of what was called the veto. Dr. Renehan does not follow the discussion of this question beyond the year 1800. The thought which forces itself most constantly upon a reader of those Collections, at all familiar with earlier publications, upon Church history in Ireland, is the scantiness of the information which he has hitherto picked up in books, the highways and thoroughfares of history. When the student has gone carefully through Dr. Lanigan's four volumes, what does he know of the real history of the Irish Church? Suppose him able to name all the saints in our annals, what they have written, and where they have preached, at home or abroad.—Take him to have mastered the entire controversy about the celebration of Easter, and the form of the tonsure. Let him be able to grapple with Ussher, or equally learned pretenders, if any there be. Suppose him able to tell off upon his fingers, the lay usurpers of the see of Armagh.—In a word, suppose him completely made up (as is the slang but adopted phrase) upon the entire of Lanigan's really learned work,—what has he learned after all? A valuable collection of facts, certainly, but facts which are little more than a thin outline of the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. Dr. Lanigan's work has hardly more claim to be considered a Church history, as Irish Church history might be written, than has the Roman martyrology to be treated, as the lives of the saints. Many such collections as those of Dr. Renehan, or as Dr. Moran's life of Archbishop Plunket, must be accumulated before the history of the Irish Church can be written. Many an obscure hint must be followed up, many a fading tradition caught and saved. Unpublished letters, family papers not yet known to exist, and books quite forgotten, must be brought to light. The archives of convents, universities, and even cities must be examined; foreign patent rolls, in Spain, France, and Austria, must be unrolled and deci-

phered ; and vastly more still be accomplished than occurs to the mind, or lies within the means of any individual, before all the sufferings and triumphs of the Irish Church can be made known. Meanwhile, great beginnings have been made, broad and lightsome avenues have been opened, and distant views have been disclosed through the labours of Dr. Renehan and of the few who have wrought with him. We trust, that, to the other fruits of those labours, may be added an encouragement to men of the same stamp as Renehan and Kelly, to take up the pious task from which those were called away, and to follow to a prosperous end the collection of materials for the history of the Irish Church.

ART. V.—*History of Friederich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle. In IV. vols. Vol. III. London : Chapman and Hall. 1862.

IN a former number of this Review we shortly noticed the first two volumes of this, not the least strange of Mr. Carlyle's strange productions. Frederick II., called Frederick the Great, is for the present the Jove of the Carlyle Olympus, as Cromwell was in days gone by, and as some other equally damaged character will be, we may presume, in days to come. It is hardly necessary to say, that criticism finds itself as much at fault in dealing with this last of Mr. Carlyle's works as it did in dealing with the first and all the others. The biographer of Frederick II. cannot be measured, as regards his style, by any standard, and cannot be judged according to any canon known. What he calls a history or a biography, is perhaps the thing he calls it, but its shapes and proportions, have no more relation to the shapes and proportions of what we are familiar with as history, than the architecture of Bangkok or Pekin has to that of London. We believe it to be quite impossible to convey, by criticism, any idea whatever of Mr. Carlyle's strain of thought or manner of dealing with a subject. You must have his

style bodily before you in order to realize what it is. To a reader unacquainted with German, or, indeed, we should say, to a reader not perfectly well acquainted with it, a chapter from any of Mr. Carlyle's works, looks singularly like English gone mad, although undoubtedly with a good deal of method in its madness. It will be evident enough to a German scholar, that Mr. Carlyle thinks in German, but that will by no means altogether account for the strangeness of his style. There is about it a rakishness once perhaps affected, now grown natural, a tone of swagger and bravado, not to be met with elsewhere, and a contempt of the decencies of literature, rarely, if ever, to be met with in German authors. Many of the Germans are dreamy, unsubstantial, and unintelligible enough, but most of their extravagancies are bottomed in good nature, and strange as may be their theories, they are put forward in a regular and respectable dress. Very many of Mr. Carlyle's expressions sound just as strangely in German as in English, a circumstance which leads to the conclusion that the outlandishness of Carlyleism is even more in the conception than in the expression. The affectation of coarse forms of speech, is only another variety of that disease of taste which often induces persons of good means, position, and education, to assume the language and costume of the stable or of the cattle yard; which prompts noble lords to play at Aunt Sally, and gentlemen of fortune to mount guard upon a railway train. There is certainly some charm in Mr. Carlyle's manner, or we should not find it so often copied, unconsciously perhaps, by writers who must have been readers and admirers of our author. It is hardly possible to take up a number of "Household Words," "All the Year Round," or, "Once a Week," without seeing reproduced in the pretty stories which amuse us in those publications, several features of the Carlyle literature. But whatever be the attractions or the faults of his style, Mr. Carlyle is a man of thought and learning, one who has studied German literature and history more closely than any of his co-temporaries in this country, or perhaps in any other, and one whose thoughts upon those subjects ought to be worth knowing, even in the strange garb in which he chooses to dress them. The reader, however, will find wonderfully little originality of thought amid so much strangeness of expression. He will find it is true, as we have already mentioned, certain characters of thought,

such as coarseness, bluffness, or even independence, if you will, interpreting themselves by forms of expressions similarly marked, but he will find it difficult to point out in all Carlyle's volumes, a really new reading of any disputed passage in history, or a really new aspect of any historical character.

Frederick II. has commonly been regarded as great in the art of war, a subtle politician, and withal not as careless of the real interests of his subjects as were many of the kings of his time. While such were the political qualities of Frederick, the whole world is of one mind to regard his moral qualities as amongst the least creditable which could belong to king or subject; and much of what is commendable in his policy, may be traced, as is generally believed, to the defects of character in question. The career of Frederick everywhere gives evidence of coldheartedness, insincerity, and irreligion. If, upon the throne, he did not discourage religion amongst his subjects generally, it was because he knew that religion makes subjects more governable; if he did not scandalize the public by gross and continued immoralities after the manner of his cotemporary Louis XV., it was because his time was too fully occupied in overreaching and plundering his neighbours; and if he set an example, noble in itself, of toleration in religious matters, to all the princes of Europe, and to all future times, it was for the two reasons, that he was indifferent to all religion, and that toleration, whatever might be its morality, was certainly the best policy. Such, in a few words, is the estimate which posterity has formed, with scarcely any dissent so far, of the character of Frederick II.; and to do Mr. Carlyle justice, he has not sought to vary this estimate in the least, nor is it his habit to do so in his biographies. He leaves that department to other men. Mr. Froude is at liberty to reinstate our Henry VIII. in character, and to set him up as a model of kingly virtue and wise policy. Miss Strickland may take in hand the character of Mary Stuart, or of Queen Mary of England, and do the best she can with them to clear up doubts and to clear away misapprehension. Those who seek to re-establish character, follow a uniform plan. They set up in their own minds a standard of morality, not necessarily the ten commandments; they may take it from Plato or Confucius as well; but to this acknowledged standard they will endeavour to make it appear, by the best means at their disposal, that

the character of their favourite conforms. Mr. Carlyle adopts a more honest course ; he assumes his hero, whoever that may be, to be the standard of perfection, and that being so, it were a hard case if the standard should not be made to conform to itself. Perhaps we are wrong in saying that Mr. Carlyle has no standard of abstract perfection apart from the character of any one of his heroes. It must be admitted that all the objects of his worship have one feature in common, which may, therefore, be assumed as the abstract of perfection, and that is the attainment of power over their fellows by whatever means. That mastery once attained, Mr. Carlyle adopts all the acts of his hero, concerning himself not in the least about what men are usually agreed to consider the morality of those acts. We never find an express apology rendered by Mr. Carlyle for anything done, permitted, or omitted, by his hero. Nor, on the other hand, does the historian of Frederick indulge in any of that laboured and lavish praise with which party writers, Lord Macaulay, for instance, and Lord Russell, venerate their demigods. Mr. Carlyle identifies himself too completely and too rejoicingly with Frederick to spend vulgar praise upon him. His admiration betrays itself in every line by the unreserved adoption of all his idol's doings, and by a total absence of censure, or even of what might be called criticism. In short, he allows it to be seen throughout, that Frederick, or whatever powerful and cunning man is for the time being the object of his affections, has exclusive possession of his heart and understanding. In reading Mr. Carlyle's work, however, you feel that you learn a great deal, and that a great many facts, strangely coloured, it is true, and sometimes distorted, are brought under observation. Let what will come of it, you have in his volumes, the result of curious learning, active industry, and rich, though wayward fancy. If not very enthusiastic and shallow yourself, you can correct the false colouring, reduce the facts to something like their natural size, and read with very considerable information and profit.

But, as has been already said, Mr. Carlyle's appreciation of Frederick and his times, can only be learned from himself. After a characteristic description, half sneering, half admiring, of the coronation ceremonies, he takes us on to the first meeting of Frederick with Voltaire ; of the free-thinking king, with the king of free-thinkers ; of the

amiable Frederick, who loves nothing German, with the equally amiable Voltaire, who describes his own countrymen as "moitié singe, moitié tigre."

"Friedrich's First Meeting with Voltaire! These other high things were once loud in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles, and had no doubt *they* were the World's History; and now they are sunk wholly to the Nightmares, and all mortals have forgotten them,—and it is such a task as seldom was to resuscitate the least memory of them, on just cause of a Friedrich or the like, so impatient are men of what is putrid and extinct:—and a quite unnoticed thing, Voltaire's First Interview, all readers are on the alert for it, and ready to demand of me impossibilities about it! Patience, readers. You shall see it, without and within, in such light as there was, and form some actual notion of it, if you will coöperate. From the circumambient inanity of Old Newspapers, Historical shot-rubbish, and unintelligible Correspondences, we sift out the following particulars, of this First Meeting, or actual Osculation of the Stars.

"The Newspapers, though their eyes were not yet of the Argus quality now familiar to us, have been intent on Friedrich, during this Baireuth-Cleve Journey, especially since that sudden eclipse of him at Strasburg lately; forming now one scheme of route for him, now another; Newspapers and even private friends, being a good deal uncertain about his movements. Rumour now ran, since his reappearance in the Cleve Countries, that Friedrich meant to have a look at Holland before going home. And that had, in fact, been a notion or intention of Friedrich's. 'Holland? We could pass through Brussels on the way, and see Voltaire!' thought he.

"In Brussels this was, of course, the rumour of rumours. As Voltaire's Letters, visibly in a twitter, still testify to us. King of Prussia coming! Madame du Châtelet, the 'Princess Tour' (that is, Tour-and-Taxis), all manner of high Dames, are on the tiptoe, Princess Tour hopes she shall lodge this unparalleled Prince in her Palace: 'You, Madame?' answers the Du Châtelet, privately, with a toss of her head: 'His Majesty, I hope, belongs more to M. de Voltaire and me: he shall lodge here, please Heaven!' Voltaire, I can observe, has sublime hostelry arrangements chalked out for his Majesty, in case he go to Paris; which he doesn't, as we know. Voltaire is all on the alert, awake to the great contingencies far and near; the Châtelet-Voltaire breakfast-table,—fancy it on those interesting mornings, while the post comes round!

"Alas, in the first days of September,—Friedrich's Letter is dated 'Wesel, 2d' (and has the *Strasburg Doggerel* enclosed in it),—the Brussels Postman delivers far other intelligence at one's door; very mortifying to Madame: 'That his Majesty is fallen ill at

Wesel; has an agueish fever hanging on him, and only hopes to come: 'Voilà, Madame!—Next Letter, Wesel, Monday, 5th Sept., is to the effect: 'Do still hope to come; tomorrow is my trembling day; if that prove to be off!'—Out upon it, that proves not to be off; that is on; next Letter, Tuesday, Sept. 6th, which comes by express (Courier dashing up with it, say on the Thursday following) is,—alas, Madame!—here it is:

King Friedrich to M. de Voltaire at Brussels.

Wesel, 6th Sept. 1740.

"My dear Voltaire,—In spite of myself, I have to yield to the Quartan Fever, which is more tenacious than a Jansenist; and whatever desire I had of going to Antwerp and Brussels, I find myself not in a condition to undertake such a journey without risk. I would ask of you, then, if the road from Brussels to Cleve would not to you seem too long for a meeting; it is the one means of seeing you which remains to me. Confess that I am unlucky: for now when I could dispose of my person, and nothing hinders me from seeing you, the fever gets its hand into the business, and seems to intend disputing me that satisfaction.

"Let us deceive the fever my dear Voltaire; and let me at least have the pleasure of embracing you. Make my best excuses' (polite, rather than sincere) 'to Madame the Marquise, that I cannot have the satisfaction of seeing her at Brussels. All that are about me know the intention I was in; which certainly nothing but the fever could have made me change.

"Sunday next I shall be at a little place near Cleve,'—Schloss of Moyland, which, and the route to which, this Courier can tell you of;—'where I shall be able to possess you at my ease. If the sight of you don't cure me, I will send for a Confessor at once. Adieu; you know my sentiments and my heart.'—FREDERICK.

"After which the Correspondence suddenly extinguishes itself; ceases for about a fortnight,—in the bad misdated Editions even does worse;—and we are left to thick darkness, to our own poor shifts; Dryasdust being grandly silent on this small interest of ours. What is to be done?

Particulars of First Interview, on severe Scrutiny.

"Here from a painful Predecessor whose Papers I inherit, are some old Documents and Studies on the subject,—sorrowful collection, in fact, of what poor sparks of certainty were to be found hovering in that dark element;—which do at last (so luminous are *certainities* always, or 'sparks' that will shine *steady*) coalesce into some feeble general twilight, feeble but indubitable; and even show the sympathetic reader *how* they were searched out and brought together. We number and label these poor Patches of Evidence on so small a matter; and leave them to the curious:

"No. 1. *Date of the First Interview.* It is certain Voltaire did arrive

at the little Schloss of Moyland, Sept. 11th, Sunday night,—which is the ‘Sunday’ just specified in Friedrich’s Letter. Voltaire had at once decided on complying,—what else?—and lost no time in packing himself: King’s Courier on Thursday late; Voltaire on the road on Saturday early, or the night before. With Madame’s shrill blessing (not the most musical in this vexing case), and plenty of fuss. ‘Was wont to travel in considerable style,’ I am told; ‘the innkeepers calling him “Your Lordship (*M. le Comte*).”’ Arrives, sure enough, Sunday night; old Schloss of Moyland, six miles from Cleve; ‘moonlight,’ I find,—the Harvest Moon. Visit lasted three days.

“No. 2. *Voltaire’s Drive thither.* Schloss Moyland: How far from Brussels, and by what route? By Louvain, Tillemont, Tongres to Maestricht; then from Maestricht up the Maas (left bank) to Venlo, where cross; through Geldern and Goch to Cleve: between the Maas and Rhine this last portion. Flat damp country; tolerably under tillage; original constituents bog and sand. Distances I guess to be; To Tongres 60 miles and odd; to Maestricht 12 or 15, from Maestricht 75; in all 150 miles English. Two days’ driving? There is equinoctial moon, and still above twelve hours of sunlight for ‘*M. le Comte*.’

“No. 3. *Of the Place Where.* Voltaire, who should have known, calls it ‘*petit Château de Meuse*,’ which is a Castle existing nowhere but in Dreams. Other French Biographers are still more imaginary. The little Schloss of Moyland,—by no means ‘*Meuse*,’ nor even *Mörs*, which Voltaire probably means in saying *Château de Meuse*,—was, as the least inquiry settles beyond question, the place where Voltaire and Friedrich first met. Friedrich Wilhelm used often to lodge there in his Cleve journeys: he made thither for shelter, in the sickness that overtook him in friend Ginkel’s house, coming home from the Rhine Campaign in 1734; lay there for several weeks after quitting Ginkel’s. Any other light I can get upon it, is darkness visible. Büsching pointedly informs me, ‘It is a Parish’ (or patch of country under one priest), ‘and Till and it are a Jurisdiction’ (pair of patches under one court of justice):—which does not much illuminate the inquiring mind. Small patch, this of Moyland, size not given; ‘was bought,’ says he, ‘in 1695, by Friedrich afterwards First King, from the Family of Spaen,’—we once knew a Lieutenant Spaen, of those Dutch regions,—‘and was named a Royal Mansion ever thereafter.’ Who lived in it, what kind of thing was it, is it? *Altum silentium*, from Büsching and mankind. Belonged to the Spaens, fifty years ago;—some shadow of our poor banished friend the Lieutenant resting on it? Dim enough, old Mansion, with ‘court’ to it, with modicum of equipment; lying there in the moonlight;—did not look sublime to Voltaire on stepping out. So that all our knowledge reduces itself to this one point; of finding Moyland in the Map, with date with *reminiscence* to us, hanging by it henceforth! Good.

“Mörs,—which is near the town of Ruhrort, about midway between Wesel and Düsseldorf,—must be some forty miles from Moyland, forty-five from Cleve; southward of both. So that the place, ‘à deux lieues de Clèves,’ is, even by Voltaire’s showing, this Moyland; were there otherwise any doubt upon it. ‘Château de Meuse,’—hanging out a prospect of Mörs to us,—is bad usage to readers. Of an intelligent man, not to say a Trismegistus of men, one expects he will know in what town he is, after three days’ experience, as here. But he does not always; he hangs out a mere ‘shadow of Mörs by moonlight,’ till we learn better. Duvernet, his Biographer, even calls it ‘Sleus-Meuse;’ some wonderful idea of Sluices and a River attached to it, in Duvernet’s head!

“*What Voltaire thought of the Interview Twenty Years afterwards.*

“Of the Interview itself, with general bird’s-eye view of the Visit combined (in a very incorrect state), there is direct testimony by Voltaire himself. Voltaire himself twenty years after, in far other humour, all jarred into angry sarcasm, for causes we shall see by and by,—Voltaire, at the request of friends, writes down, as his Friedrich Reminiscences, that scandalous *Vie Privée* above spoken of, a most sad Document; and this is the passage referring to ‘the little Place in the neighbourhood of Cleve,’ where Friedrich now waited for him: errors corrected by our laborious Friend. After quoting something of that Strasburg Doggerel, the whole of which is now too well known to us, Voltaire proceeds:

“‘From Strasburg he,’ King Friedrich, ‘went to see his Lower German Provinces; he said he would come and see me incognito at Brussels. We prepared a fine house for him,’—were ready to prepare such hired house as we had for him, with many apologies for its slight degree of perfection (*error first*),—‘but having fallen ill in the little Mansion-Royal of Meuse (*Château de Meuse*), a couple of leagues from Cleve,’—fell ill at Wesel; and there is no *Château de Meuse* in the world (*errors 2d and 3d*),—‘he wrote to me that he expected I would make the advances. I went, accordingly, to present my profound homages. Maupertuis, who already had his views, and was possessed with the rage of being President to an Academy, had of his own accord,’—not being invited, and at my suggestion (*error 4th*),—‘presented himself there; and was lodged with Algarotti and Keyserling’ (which latter, I suppose, had come from Berlin, not being of the Strasburg party, he) ‘in a garret of this Palace.

“‘At the door of the court, I found, by way of guard, one soldier. Privy-Councillor Rambonnet, Minister of State’—(very subaltern man; never heard of him except in the Herstral Business, and here) ‘—was walking in the court; blowing in his fingers to keep them warm.’ Sunday night, 11th September 1740; world all bathed in moonshine; and mortals mostly shrunk into their huts, out of the

raw air. 'He' Rambonnet 'wore big linen muffles at his wrists, very dirty' (visibly so in the moonlight? *Error 5th* extends *ad libitum* over all the following details); 'a holed hat; an old official periwig,'—ruined into a totally unsymmetric state, as would seem,—'one side of which hung down into one of his pockets, and the other scarcely crossed his shoulder. I was told, this man was now entrusted with an affair of importance here; and that proved true,'—the Herstal Affair.

" 'I was led into his Majesty's apartment. Nothing but four bare walls there. By the light of a candle, I perceived, in a closet, a little trucklebed two feet and a half broad, on which lay a little man muffled up in a dressing-gown of coarse blue duffel: this was the King, sweating and shivering under a wretched blanket there, in a violent fit of fever. I made my reverence, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his chief physician. The fit over, he dressed himself, and took his place at table. Algarotti, Keyserling, Maupertuis, and the King's Envoy to the States-General—one Räsfeld (skilled in *Herstal* matters, I could guess),—'we were of this supper, and discussed, naturally in a profound manner, the Immortality of the Soul, Liberty, Fate, the Androgynes of Plato' (the *Androgynoi*, or Men-Women, in Plato's *Convivium*; by no means the finest symbolic fancy of the divine Plato),—'and other small topics of that nature.'

"This is Voltaire's account of the Visit,—which included three 'Suppers,' all huddled into one by him here;—and he says nothing more of it; launching off now into new errors, about *Herstal*, the *Anti-Macchiavel*, and so forth: new and uglier errors, with much more of mendacity and serious malice in them, than in this harmless half-dozen now put on the score against him.

"Of this Supper-Party, I know by face four of the guests: Maupertuis, Voltaire, Algarotti, Keyserling;—Räsfeld, Rambonnet can sit as simulacra or mute accompaniment. Voltaire arrived on Sunday evening; stayed till Wednesday. Wednesday morning, 14th of the month, the Party broke up: Voltaire rolling off to left hand, towards Brussels or the Hague; King to right, on inspection business, and circuitously homewards. Three Suppers there had been, two busy Days intervening; discussions about Fate and the Androgynoi of Plato by no means the one thing done by Voltaire and the rest, on this occasion. We shall find elsewhere, 'he de-claimed his *Mahomet*' (sublime new Tragedy, not yet come out), in the course of these three evenings, to the 'speechless admiration' of his Royal Host, for one; and, in the daytime, that he even drew his pen about the Herstal Business, which is now getting to its crisis, and wrote one of the Manifestoes, still discoverable. And we need not doubt, in spite of his now sneering tone, that things ran high and grand here, in this paltry little Schloss of Moyland; and

that those three were actually Suppers of the Gods, for the time being.

“ ‘Councillor Rambonnet,’ with the holed hat and unsymmetric wig, continues Voltaire in the satirical vein, ‘had meanwhile mounted a hired hack (*cheval de louage* ;’ mischievous Voltaire, I have no doubt he went on wheels, probably of his own); ‘he rode all night ; and next morning, arrived at the gates of Liège; where he took Act in the name of the King his Master, whilst 2,000 men of the Wesel Troops laid Liège under contribution. The pretext of this fine Marching of Troops,’—not a pretext at all, but the assertion, correct in all points, of just claims long trodden down, and now made good with more spirit than had been expected,—‘was certain rights which the king pretended to, over a suburb of Liège. He even charged me to work at a Manifesto ; and I made one, good or bad ; not doubting but a King with whom I supped, and who called me his friend, must be in the right. The affair soon settled itself, by means of a million of ducats,’—nothing like the sum, as we shall see,—‘which he exacted by weight, to clear the costs of the Tour to Strasburg, which according to his complaint in that Poetic Letter’ (Doggerel above given,) ‘were so heavy.’

“That is Voltaire’s view ; grown very corrosive after Twenty Years. He admits, with all the satire : ‘I naturally felt myself attached to him ; for he had wit, graces ; and moreover he was a King, which always forms a potent seduction, so weak is human nature. Usually it is we of the writing sort that flatter Kings : but this King praised me from head to foot, while the Abbé Desfontaines and other scoundrels (*grédins*) were busy defaming me in Paris at least once a week.’

“ *What Voltaire thought of the Interview at the Time.*

“But let us take the contemporary account, which also we have at first hand ; which is almost pathetic to read ; such a contrast between ruddy morning and the storms of the afternoon ! Here are Two Letters from Voltaire ; fine transparent, human Letters, as his generally are : the first of them written directly on getting back to the Hague, and to the feeling of his eclipsed condition.

“ *Voltaire to M. de Mauvertuis (with the King).*

“ ‘The Hague, 18th September 1740.

“ ‘I serve you, Monsieur, sooner than I promised ; and that is the way you ought to be served. I send you the answer of M. Smith,’—probably some German or Dutch *Schmidt*, spelt here in English, connected with the Sciences, say with water-carriage, the typographies, or one need not know what ;—‘you will see where the question stands.

“ ‘When we both left Cleve,’—14th of the month, Wednesday last; 18th is Sunday, in this old cobwebby Palace, where I am correcting *Anti-Macchiavel*,—‘and you took to the right,’—King, homewards, got to *Ham* that evening,—‘I could have thought I was at the Last Judgment, where the Bon Dieu separates the elect from the damned. *Divus Fredericus* said to you, ‘Sit down at my right hand in the Paradise of Berlin;’ and to me, ‘Depart thou accursed, into Holland.’

“ ‘Here I am accordingly in this phlegmatic place of punishment far from the divine fire which animates the Friedrichs, the Mau-pertuis, the Algarottis. For God’s love, do me the charity of some sparks in these stagnant waters where I am,’—stiffening, cooling,—‘stupefying to death. Instruct me of your pleasures, of your designs. You will doubtless see M. de Valori,’—readers know de Valori; his Book has been published; edited, as too usual, by a Human Nightmare, ignorant of his subject and indeed of almost all other things, and liable to mistakes in every page; yet partly readable, if you carry lanterns, and love “*mon gros Valori*;”—‘offer him, I pray you, my respects. If I do not write to him, the reason is, I have no news to send: I should be as exact as I am devoted, if my correspondence could be useful or agreeable to him.

“ ‘Won’t you have me send you some Books? If I be still in Holland when your orders come, I will obey in a moment. I pray you do not forget me to M. de Keyserling,’—Cæsarian whom we once had at Cirey; a headlong dusky little man of wit (library turned topsy-turvy, as Wilhelmina called him), whom we have seen.

“ ‘Tell me, I beg, if the enormous monad of Volfus,’—(Wolf, would the reader like to hear about him? If so, he has only to speak!)—‘is arguing at Marburg, at Berlin, or at Hall’ (*Halle*, which is a very different place).

“ ‘Adieu, Monsieur: you can address your orders to me ‘At the Hague:’ they will be forwarded wherever I am; and I shall be, anywhere, on earth,—Yours forever (*à vous pour jamais*).’

“ Letter Second, of which a fragment may be given, is to one Cideville, a month later; all the more genuine as there was no chance of the King’s hearing about this one. Cideville, some kind of literary Advocate at Rouen (who is wearisomely known to the readers of Voltaire’s Letters), had done, what is rather an endemical disorder at this time, some Verses for the King of Prussia, which he wished to be presented to his Majesty. The presentation, owing to accidents, did not take place; hear how Voltaire, from his cobweb Palace at the Hague, busy with *Anti-Macchiavel*, Van Duren and many other things,—18th October 1740, on which day we find him writing many Letters,—explains the sad accident;

"Voltaire to M. de Cideville (at Rouen).

"At the Hague, King of Prussia's Palace, 18th October 1740.

* * * "This is my case, dear Cideville. When you sent me, enclosed in your Letter, those Verses (among which there are some of charming and inimitable turn) for our Marcus Aurelius of the North, I did well design to pay my court to him with them. He was at that time to have come to Brussels incognito: we expected him there; but the Quartan fever, which unhappily he still has, deranged all his projects. He sent me a courier to Brussels,—mark that point, my dear Cideville;—and so I set out to find him in the neighbourhood of Cleve.

"It was there I saw one of the amiablest men in the world, who forms the charms of society, who would be everywhere sought after if he were not a King; a philosopher without austerity; full of sweetness, complaisance and obliging ways, (*agréments*); not remembering that he is King when he meets his friends, indeed so completely forgetting it that he made me too almost forget it, and I needed an effort of memory to recollect that I here saw sitting at the foot of my bed a Sovereign who had an army of 100,000 men. That was the moment to have read your amiable Verses to him:—yes; but then?—'Madame du Châtelet, who was to have sent them to me, did not, *ne l'a pas fait*.' Alas, no, they are still at Brussels, those charming Verses; and I, for a month past, am here in my cobweb Palace! But I swear to you, the instant I return to Brussels, I &c. &c.

"Finally, here is what Friedrich thought of it, ten days after parting with Voltaire. We will read this also (though otherwise ahead of us as yet); to be certified on all sides, and stated for the rest of our lives, concerning the Friedrich-Voltaire First Interview.

"King Friedrich to M. Jordan (at Berlin).

"Potsdam, 24th September 1740.

"Most respectable Inspector of the poor, the invalids, orphans, crazy people, and Bedlams,—I have read with mature meditation the very profound Jordanic Letter, which was waiting here;—and do accept your learned proposal.

"I have seen that Voltaire whom I was so curious to know; but I saw him with the Quartan hanging on me, and my mind as unstrung as my body. With men of his kind one ought not to be sick; one ought even to be specially well, and in better health than common, if one could.

"He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildness of Pliny, the wisdom of Agrippa; he combines, in short, what is to be collected of virtues and talents from the three greatest men of Antiquity. His intellect is at work incessantly; every drop of ink is a fruit of

wit from his pen. He declaimed his *Mahomet* to us, an admirable Tragedy which he has done,—which the Official people smelling heresies in it (‘toleration,’ ‘horrors of fanaticism,’ and the like) will not let him act, as readers too well know:—‘he transported us out of ourselves; I could only admire and hold my tongue. The Du Châtelet is lucky to have him: for of the good things he flings out at random, a person who had no faculty but memory might make a brilliant Book. That Minerva has just published her *Work on Physics*: not wholly bad. It was König,—whom we know, and whose late tempest in a certain teapot,—‘that dictated the theme to her: she has adjusted, ornamented here and there with some touch picked from Voltaire at her Suppers. The Chapter on Space is pitiable; the’—in short she is still raw in the Pure Sciences and should have waited. * * *

“‘Adieu, most learned, most scientific, most profound Jordan,—or rather most gallant, most amiable, most jovial Jordan;—I salute thee, with assurance of all those old feelings which thou hast the art of inspiring in every one that knows thee. *Vale*.

“‘I write the moment of my arrival: be obliged to me, friend; for I have been working, I am going to work still, like a Turk, or like a Jordan.’

“This hastily thrown off for friend Jordan, the instant after his Majesty’s circuitous return home. Readers cannot yet attend his Majesty there, till they have brought the *Affair of Herstal*, and other remainders of the *Cleve Journey*, along with them.”—vol. iii. pp. 84-96.

We cannot refrain from giving Mr. Carlyle’s almost comic account of the death of the Emperor Charles VI., and of the accession of Maria Theresa, as introductory to his treatment of Frederick’s conquest of Silesia, one of the most nefarious enterprizes of modern times, but into the spirit of which Mr. Carlyle enters with actual delight, for no other reason, that we can see, than because the crime was cleverly conceived, and successfully perpetrated; because it was a province won from a young and friendless woman, by an unscrupulous man, with a hand as delicate for juggling as it was sinewy for striking.

“The Kaiser’s death came on the Public unexpectedly; though not quite so upon observant persons, closer at hand. He was not yet fifty-six out; a firm built man; had been of sound constitution, of active, not intemperate habits: but in the last six years, there had come such torrents of ill-luck rolling down on him, he had suffered immensely, far beyond what the world knew of; and to those near him, and anxious for him, his strength seemed much undermined. Five years ago, in summer 1735, Robinson reported, from a sure hand: ‘Nothing can equal the Emperor’s agitation under these

disasters' (brought upon him by Fleury and the Spaniards, as afterclap to his Polish-Election feat). 'His good Empress is terrified, many times, he will die in the course of the night, when singly with her he gives a loose to his affliction, confusion and despair.' Sea-Powers will not help; Fleury and mere ruin will engulf! 'What augments this agitation is his distrust in every one of his own Ministers, except perhaps Bartenstein,'—who is not much of a support either, though a gnarled weighty old stick in his way ('Professor at Strasburg once'): not interesting to us here. The rest his Imperial Majesty considers to be of sublimated blockhead type, it appears. Prince Eugene had died lately, and with Eugene all good fortune.

"And then, close following, the miseries of that Turk War, crashing down upon a man! They say, Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, nominal Commander in those Campaigns, with the Seckendorfs and Wallises under him going such a road, was privately eager to have done with the Business, on any terms, lest the Kaiser should die first, and leave it weltering. No wonder the poor Kaiser felt broken, disgusted with the long Shadow-Hunt of Life; and took to practical field-sports rather. An Army that cannot fight, War-Generals good only to be locked in Fortresses, an Exchequer that has no money; after such wagging of the wigs, and such Privy-Councillings and such war-Councillings:—let us hunt wild-swine, and not think of it! That, thank Heaven, we still have; that, and Pragmatic Sanction well engrossed, and generally sworn to by mankind, after much effort!—

"The outer public of that time, and Voltaire among them more deliberately afterwards, spoke of 'mushrooms,' an 'indigestion of mushrooms;' and it is probable there was something of mushrooms concerned in the event. Another subsequent Frenchman, still more irreverent, adds to this of the 'excess of mushrooms,' that the Kaiser made light of it. 'When the Doctors told him he had few hours to live, he would not believe it; and bantered his Physicians on the sad news. 'Look me in the eyes,' said he; 'have I the air of one dying? When you see my sight growing dim, then let the sacraments be administered, whether I order or not.' Doctors insisting, the Kaiser replied: 'Since you are foolish fellows, who know neither the cause nor the state of my disorder, I command that, once I am dead, you open my body, to know what the matter was; you can then come and let me know!'—in which also there is perhaps a glimmering of distorted truth, though as Monsieur mistakes even the day ('18th October,' says he, not 20th), one can only accept it as rumour from the outside.

"Here, by an extremely sombre domestic Gentleman of great punctuality and great dulness, are the authentic particulars, such as it was good to mention in Vienna circles. An extremely dull Gentleman, but to appearance an authentic; and so little defective in reverence that he delicately expresses some astonishment at

Death's audacity this year, in killing so many Crowned Heads. 'This year 1740,' says he, 'though the weather throughout Europe had been extraordinary fine,' or fine for a cold year, 'had already witnessed several Deaths of Sovereigns: Pope Clement XII., Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, the Queen Dowager of Spain' (Termagant's old stepmother, 'not Termagant's self by a great way. 'But that was not enough: unfathomable Destiny ventured now on Imperial Heads (*wagte sich auch an Kaiserkrone*): Karl VI., namely, and Russia's great Monarchess:—an audacity to be remarked. Of Russia's great Monarchess (Czarina Anne, with the big cheek) we will say nothing at present; but of Carl VI. only,—abridging much, and studying arrangement:

" 'Thursday, October 13th, returning from Halbthurn, a Hunting Seat of his,' over in Hungary some fifty miles, 'to the Palace Favorita at Vienna, his Imperial Majesty felt slightly indisposed,'—indigestion of mushrooms or whatever it was: had begun at Halbthurn the night before, we rather understand, and was the occasion of his leaving. 'The Doctors called it cold on the stomach, and thought it of no consequence. In the night of Saturday, it became alarming;' inflammation, thought the Doctors, inflammation of the liver, and used their potent appliances, which only made the danger come and go; 'and on the Tuesday, all day, the Doctors did not doubt his Imperial Majesty was dying.' ('Look me in the eyes; pack of fools; you will have to dissect me, you will then know;' Any truth in all that? No matter.)

" 'At noon of that Tuesday he took the Sacrament, the Pope's Nuncio administering. His Majesty showed uncommonly great composure of soul, and resignation to the Divine Will;' being indeed 'certain,'—so he expressed it to 'a Principal Official Person sunk in grief' (Bartenstein, shall we guess?), who stood by him—'certain of his cause,' not afraid in contemplating that dread Judgment now near: 'Look at me! A man that is certain of his cause can enter on such a Journey with good courage and a composed mind (*mit gutem und gelassenem Muth*).' To the Doctors, dubitating what the disease was, he said, 'If Gazelli,' my late worthy Doctor, 'were still here, you would soon know; but as it is, you will learn it when you dissect me;'—and once asked to be shown the Cup where his heart would lie after that operation.

" 'Sacrament being over,' Tuesday afternoon, 'he sent for his Family, to bless them each separately. He had a long conversation with Grand Duke Franz,' titular of Lorraine, actual of Tuscany, 'who had assiduously attended him, and continued to do so, during the whole illness. The Grand Duke's Spouse,'—Maria Theresa, the noble-hearted and the overwhelmed; who is now in an interesting state again withal; a little Kaiserkin (Joseph II.) coming in five months; first child, a little girl, is now two years old;—'had been obliged to take to bed three days ago; laid up of grief

and terror (*vor Schmerzen und Schrecken*), ever since Sunday the 16th. Nor would his Imperial Majesty permit her to enter this death-room, on account of her condition, so important to the world : but his Majesty, turning towards that side where her apartment was, raised his right hand, and commanded her Husband, and the Archduchess her younger Sister, to tell his Theresa, That he blessed her herewith, notwithstanding her absence.' Poor Kaiser, poor Theresa ! 'Most distressing of all was the scene with the Kaiserin. The night before on getting knowledge of the sad certainty, she had fainted utterly away (*starke Ohnmacht*), and had to be carried into the Grand Duchess's (Maria Theresa's) room. Being summoned now with her Children, for the last blessing, she cried as in despair, 'Do not leave me, Your Dilection, do not (*Ach Euer Liebden verlassen mich doch nicht*)!' Poor good souls ! 'Her Imperial Majesty would not quit the room again, but remained to the last.

" 'Wednesday 19th, all day, anxiety, mournful suspense ;' poor weeping Kaiserin and all the world waiting ; the Inevitable visibly struggling on. 'And in the night of that day' (night of 19th-20th Oct. 1740, 'between one and two in the morning, Death snatched away this most invaluable Monarch (*den preiswürdigsten Monarchen*) in the 56th year of his life ;' and Kaiser Karl VI., and the House of Hapsburg and its five tough Centuries of good and evil in this world had ended. The poor Kaiserin 'closed the eyes' that could now no more behold her ; 'kissed his hands ; and was carried out more dead than alive.'

"A good affectionate Kaiserin, I do believe ; honourable, truthful, though unwitty of speech, and converted by Grandpapa in a peculiar manner. For her Kaiser too, after all, I have a kind of love. Of brilliant articulate intellect there is nothing ; nor of inarticulate (as in Friedrich Wilhelm's case) anything considerable : in fact his Shadow-Hunting, and Duelling with Termagant, seemed the reverse of wise. But there was something of a high proud heart in it, too, if we examine ; and even the Pragmatic Sanction, though in practice not worth one regiment of iron ramrods, indicates a profoundly fixed determination, partly of loyal nature, such as the gods more or less reward. 'He had been a great builder,' say the Histories ; was a great musician, fit to lead orchestras, and had composed an Opera,'—poor Kaiser. There came out large traits of him, in Maria Theresa again, under an improved form, which were much admired by the world. He looks, in his Portraits, intensely serious ; a handsome man, stoically grave ; much the gentleman, much the Kaiser or Supreme Gentleman. As, in life and fact he was ; 'something solemn in him, even when he laughs,' the people used to say. A man honestly doing his very best with his poor Kaisership, and dying of chagrin by it. 'On opening the body, the liver-region proved to be entirely deranged ; in the place where the gall-bladder should have been, a stone of the size of,

a pigeon's egg was found grown into the liver, and no gall-bladder now there.'

"That same morning, with earliest daylight, 'Thursday 20th, six A.M.,' Maria Thersa is proclaimed by her Heralds over Vienna: 'According to the Pragmatic Sanction, Inheritress of all the' &c. &c.;—Sovereign Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, for chief items. 'At seven her Majesty took the Oath from the Generals and Presidents of Tribunals,—said, through her tears, 'All was to stand on the old footing, each in his post,'—and the other needful words. Couriers shoot forth towards all Countries;—one express courier to Regensburg, and the Enchanted Wiggeries there, to say That a New Kaiser will be needed; *Reichs*-Vicar or Vicars (Kur-Sachsen and whoever more, for they are sometimes disagreed about it) will have to administer in the interim.

"A second courier we saw arrive at Reinsberg; he likewise may be important. The Bavarian Minister, Karl Albert Kur-Baiern's man, shot off his express, like the others: answer is, by return of courier, or even earlier (for a messenger was already on the road), Make protest! 'We Kur-Baiern solemnly protest against Pragmatic Sanction, and the assumption of such Titles by the Daughter of the late Kaiser. King of Bohemia, and in good part even of Austria, it is not you, Madam, but of right we; as, by Heaven's help, it is our fixed resolution to make good!' Protest was presented, accordingly, with all the solemnities, without loss of a moment. To which Bartenstein and the Authorities answered 'Pooh-pooh,' as if it were nothing. It is the first ripple of an immeasurable tide or deluge in that kind, threatening to submerge the new Majesty of Hungary;—as had been foreseen at Reinsberg; though Bartenstein and the Authorities made light of it, answering 'Pooh-pooh,' or almost 'Ha-ha,' for the present."—pp. 132-138.

We next introduce his rollicking account of Frederick's first distinct conception of the invasion of Silesia, in which Mr. Carlyle includes some of his dealings with Voltaire, sufficiently disgusting to men of ordinary morals, but which Mr. Carlyle passes off as showing both the "smooth" and the "seamy" side of Frederick's character. To us they simply disclose, in Frederick, two faces, as different from each other as possible; the one beaming with kindness, good friendship, and good faith, the other sneering, cynical, and stamped with falsehood, cunning, and selfishness. Voltaire's character comes out in the same light, and the two friends are plainly shown, as manœuvring to turn each other to the best account, and with no higher idea of friendship, than such an account implies.

"Thursday 27th October, two days after the Expresses went for them, Schwerin and Podewils punctually arrived at Reinsberg.

They were carried into the interior privacies, 'to long conferences with his Majesty that day, and for the next four days; Majesty and they even dining privately together;' grave business of state, none guesses how grave, evidently going on. The resolution Friedrich laid before them, fruit of these two days since the news from Vienna, was probably the most important ever formed in Prussia, or in Europe during that Century: Resolution to make good our Rights on Silesia, by this great opportunity, the best that will ever offer. Resolution which had sprung, I find, and got to sudden fixity in the head of the young King himself; and which met with little save opposition from all the other sons of Adam, at the first blush and for long afterwards. And, indeed, the making of it good (of it, and of the immense results that hung by it) was the main business of this young King's Life henceforth; and cost him Labours like those of Hercules, and was in the highest degree momentous to existing and not yet existing millions of mankind,—to the readers of this History especially!

"It is almost touching to reflect how unexpectedly, like a bolt out of the blue, all this had come upon Friedrich; and how it overset his fine program for the winter at Reinsberg, and for his Life generally. Not the Peaceable magnanimities, but the Warlike, are the thing appointed Friedrich this winter, and mainly henceforth. Those '*golden* or soft radiances' which we saw in him, admirable to Voltaire and to Friedrich, and to an esurient philanthropic world,—it is not those, it is '*the steel-bright* or stellar kind,' that are to become predominant in Friedrich's existence: grim hail-storms, thunders and tornado for an existence to him, instead of the opulent genialities and halcyon weather, anticipated by himself and others! Indisputably enough, to us if not yet to Friedrich, '*Reinsberg and Life to the Muses*' are done. On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see miraculous Opportunity, rushing hitherward,—swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods: dare you clutch *him* by the thunder mane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course rather? Be immediate about it, then; the time is now, or else never!—No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an Opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous King, less sensible to the perils, and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been.

"Schwerin and Podewils were, no doubt, astonished to learn what the Royal purpose was; and could not want for commonplace objections many and strong, had this been the scene for dwelling on them, or dressing them out at eloquent length. But they knew well this was not the scene for doing more than, with eloquent modesty, hint them; that the Resolution, being already taken, would not alter for commonplace; and that the question now lying for honourable members was, How to execute it? It is on this, as

I collect, that Schwerin and Podewils in the King's company did, with extreme intensity, consult during those four days; and were most probably, of considerable use to the King, though some of their modifications adopted by him turned out, not as they had predicted, but as he. On all the Military details and outlines, and on all the Diplomacies of this business, here are two Oracles extremely worth consulting by the young King.

"To seize Silesia is easy: a Country open on all but the south side; open especially on our side, where a battalion of foot might force it; the three or four fortresses, of which only two, Glogau and Neisse, can be reckoned strong, are provided with nothing as they ought to be; not above 3,000 fighting men in the whole Province, and these little expecting fight. Silesia can be seized: but the maintaining of it?—We must try to maintain it, thinks Friedrich.

"At Reinsberg it is not yet known that Kur-Baiern has protested; but it is well guessed he means to do so, and that France is at his back in some sort. Kur-Baiern, probably Kur-Sachsen and plenty more, France being secretly at their back. What low condition Austria stands in, all its ready resources run to the lees, is known; and that France, getting lively at present with its Belleisles and adventurous spirits not restrainable by Fleury, is always, on the watch to bring Austria lower;—capable, in spite of Pragmatic Sanction, to snatch the golden moment, and spring hunter-like on a moribund Austria, were the hunting-dogs once out, and in cry. To Friedrich it seems unlikely the Pragmatic Sanction will be a Law of Nature to mankind, in these circumstances. His opinion is, 'the old political system has expired with the Kaiser.' Here is Europe, burning in one corner of it by Jenkin's Ear, and such a smoulder of combustible material awakening nearer hand: will not Europe, probably, blaze into general War; Pragmatic Sanction going to waste sheepskin, and universal scramble ensuing? In which he who has 100,000 good soldiers, and can handle them, may be an important figure in urging claims, and keeping what he has got hold of!—

"Friedrich's mind, as to the fact, is fixed; seize Silesia we will: but as to the manner of doing it, Schwerin and Podewils modify him. Their counsel is: 'Do not step out in hostile attitude at the very first, saying, 'These Duchies, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, Jägerndorf, are mine, and I will fight for them;' say only, 'Having, as is well known, interests of various kinds in this Silesia, I venture to take charge of it in the perilous times now come, and will keep it safe for the real owner.' Silesia seized in this fashion,' continue they, 'negotiate with the Queen of Hungry; offer her help, large help in men and money, against her other enemies; perhaps she will consent to do us right?'—'She never will consent,' is Friedrich's opinion. 'But it is worth trying?' urge the Ministers.—'Well,' answers Friedrich, 'be it in that form; that is the soft spoken cautious form: any form will do, if the

fact be there.' That is understood to have been the figure of the deliberation in this conclave at Reinsberg, during the four days. And now it remains only to fix the Military details, to be ready in a minimum of time ; and to keep our preparations and intentions in impenetrable darkness from all men, in the interim. Adieu, Messieurs.

"And so, on the 1st of November, fifth morning since they came, Schwerin and Podewils, a world of new business silently ahead of them, return to Berlin, intent to begin the same. All the Kings will have to take their resolution on this matter; wisely, or else unwisely. King Friedrich's, let it prove the wisest or not, is notably the rapidest,—complete, and fairly entering upon action, on November 1st. At London the news of the Kaiser's death had arrived the day before ; Britanvic Majesty and Ministry, thrown much into the dumps by it, much into the vague, are nothing like so prompt with their resolution on it. Somewhat sorrowfully in the vague. In fact, they will go jumbling hither and thither for about three years to come, before making up their minds to a resolution : so intricate is the affair to the English Nation and them. Intricate indeed ; and even imaginary,—definable mainly as a bottomless abyss of nightmare dreams to the English Nation and them ! Productive of strong somnambulisms, as my friend has it !—

*Mystery in Berlin, for Seven Weeks, while the Preparations go on ;
Voltaire visits Friedrich to decipher it, but cannot.*

"Podewils and Schwerin gone, King Friedrich, though still very busy in working-hours, returns to his society and its gaieties and brilliances ; apparently with increased appetite after these four days of abstinence. Still busy in his working-hours, as a King must be ; couriers coming and going, hundreds of businesses despatched each day ; and in the evening what a relish for society,—Prætorius is quite astonished at it. Music, dancing, play-acting, suppers of the gods, 'not done till four in the morning sometimes,' these are the accounts Prætorius hears at Berlin. From all persons who return from Reinsberg,' writes he, 'the unanimous report is, That the King works, the whole day through, with an assiduity that is unique ; and then, in the evening, gives himself to the pleasures of society with a vivacity of mirth and sprightly humour which makes those Evening-Parties charming.' So it had to last, with frequent short journeys on Friedrich's part, and at last with change to Berlin as headquarters, for about seven weeks to come,—till the beginning of December, and the day of action, namely. A notable little Interim in Friedrich's History, and that of Europe.

"Friedrich's secret till almost the very end, remained impenetrable ; though, by degrees, his movements excited much guessing in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic world everywhere. Military matters do seem to be getting brisk in Prussia ; arsenals much astir ; troops are seen mustering, marching, plainly to a singular

degree. Marching towards the Austrian side, towards Silesia, some note. Yes; but also towards Cleve, certain detachments of troops are marching,—do not men see? And the Entrenchment at Büderich in those parts, that is getting forward withal,—though privately there is not the least prospect of using it, in these altered circumstances. Friedrich already guesses that if he could get Silesia, so invaluable on the one skirt of him, he will probably have to give up his Berg-Jülich claims on the other: I fancy he is getting ready to do so, should the time come for such alternative. But he labours at Büderich all the same, and improves the roads in that quarter,—which at least may help to keep an inquisitive public at bay. These are seven busy weeks on Friedrich's part, and on the world's: constant realities of preparation, on the one part, industriously veiled; on the other part, such shadows, guessings, spyings, spectral movements above ground and below; Diplomatic shadows fencing, Gazetteer shadows rumouring;—dreams of a world as if near awakening to something great! 'All Officers on furlough have been ordered to their posts,' writes Bielfeld, in those vague terms of his: 'On arriving at Berlin, you notice a great agitation in all departments of the State. The regiments are ordered to prepare their equipages, and to hold themselves in readiness for marching. There are magazines being formed at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder and at Cressen,'—handy for Silesia, you would say? 'There are considerable trains of Artillery getting ready; and the King has frequent conferences with his Generals.' The authentic fact is; 'By the middle of November, Troops, to the extent of 30,000 and more, had got orders to be ready for marching in three weeks hence;' their public motions very visible ever since, their actual purpose a mystery to all mortals except Three.

"Towards the end of November, it becomes the prevailing guess that the business is immediate, not prospective; that Silesia may be in the wind, not Jülich and Berg. Which infinitely quickens the shadowy rumourings and Diplomatic fencings of mankind. The French have their special Ambassador here; a Marquis de Beauvau, observant military gentleman, who came with the Accession Compliment some time ago, and keeps his eyes well open, but cannot see through millstones. Fleury is intensely desirous to know Friedrich's secret; but would fain keep his own (if he yet have one), and is himself quite tacit and reserved. To Fleury's Marquis de Beauvau Friedrich is very gracious; but in regard to secrets, is for a reciprocal procedure. Could not Voltaire go and try? It is thought Fleury had let fall some hint to that effect, carried by a bird of the air. Sure enough Voltaire does go; is actually on visit to his royal Friend; six days with him at Reinsberg; perhaps near a fortnight in all (20 November—2 December or so), hanging about these Berlin regions, on the survey. Here is an unexpected pleasure to the parties;—but in regard to penetrating of secrets, an unproductive one!

"Voltaire's ostensible errand was to report progress about the *Anti-Macchiavel*, the Van Duren nonsense; and, at any rate, to settle the money accounts on these and other scores; and to discourse Philosophies, for a day or two, with the First of Men. The real errand, it is pretty clear, was as above. Voltaire has always a wistful eye towards political employment, and would fain make himself useful in high quarters. Fleury and he have their touches of direct Correspondence now and then: and obliquely, there are always intermediates and channels. Small hint, the slightest twinkle of Fleury's eyelashes, would be duly speeded to Voltaire, and set him going. We shall see him expressly missioned hither, on similar errand, by and by; though with as bad success as at present.

"Of this his First Visit to Berlin, his Second to Friedrich, Voltaire in the *Vis Privée* says nothing. But in his *Siècle de Louis XV*, he drops, with proud modesty, a little foot-note upon it: 'The Author was with the King of Prussia at that time; and can affirm that Cardinal de Fleury was totally astray in regard to the Prince he had now to do with.' To which a *date* slightly wrong is added; the rest being perfectly correct. No other details are to be got anywhere, if they were of importance; the very dates of it in the best Prussian Books are all slightly awry. Here, by accident, are two poor flint-sparks caught from the dust whirlwind, which yield a certain sufficing twilight, when put in their place; and show us both sides of the matter, the smooth side and the seamy:

"1. *Friedrich to Algarotti, at Berlin.* From 'Reinsberg, 21st of Nov.,' showing the smooth side.

" 'My dear Swan of Padua, Voltaire has arrived; all sparkling with new beauties, and far more sociable than at Cleve. He is in very good humour; and makes less complaining about his ailments than usual. Nothing can be more frivolous than our occupations here: mere verse-making, dancing, philosophising, then card-playing, dining, flirting; merry as birds on the bough (and Silesia invisible, except to oneself and two others).

"2. *Friedrich to Jordan, at Berlin.* 'Ruppin, 28th November.'

* * " 'Thy Miser' (Voltaire, now gone to Berlin, of whom Jordan is to send news, as of all things else), 'thy Miser shall drink to the lees of his insatiable desire (*sic*) to enrich himself: he shall have the 3,000 thalers (450*l.*). He was with me six days: that will be at the rate of 150 thalers (75*l.*) a-day. That is paying dear for one's merry-andrew (*c'est bien payer un fou*); never had court-fool such wages before.'

"Which latter, also at first hand, shows us the seamy side. And here, finally, with date happily appended, is a poetic snatch, in Voltaire's exquisite style, which with the response gives us the medium view:

"Voltaire's Adieu ('*Billet de Congé*, 2 December 1740).

" ' *Non, malgré vos vertus, non, malgré vos appas,
Mon âme n'est point satisfaite ;
Non, vous n'êtes qu'une coquette,
Qui subjuguiez les cœurs, et ne vous donnez pas.*'

"FRIEDRICH'S RESPONSE.

" ' *Mon âme sent le prix de vos divins appas ;
Mais ne presumez point qu'elle soit satisfaite.
Traître, vous me quittez pour suivre une coquette ;
Moi je ne vous quitterais pas.*'

—Meaning, perhaps, in brief English: *V.* 'Ah, you are but a beautiful coquette; you charm away our hearts, and do not give your own' (Won't tell me your secret at all)! *F.* 'Treacherous Lothario, it is you that quit me for a coquette' (your divine Emilie; and won't stay here, and be of my Academy); 'but however—!'—Friedrich looked hopefully on the French, but could not give his secret except by degrees and with reciprocity. Some days hence he said to Marquis de Beauvau, in the Audience of leave, a word which was remembered."—Vol. iii. pp. 140-149.

The nature of the foregoing extracts, we are quite sure, affords sufficient apology for their unusual length; Mr. Carlyle's works do not, in fact, suggest much in the way of historical or philosophical speculation. No deep thought ever yet exhibited itself in so fantastic a shape: indeed, the thing seems impossible *a priori*, or if not impossible *a priori*, certainly unknown to human experience. Strength of body shows itself in depth of chest, breadth of shoulder, and swelling brawn; strength of thought displays itself in language not less regular and steady than it is bold and masculine. There seems to us to be the same difference between a strong thinker and Mr. Carlyle, that there is between an athlete and an acrobat. We are all, however, governed by taste and circumstances. Goldsmith somewhere says, we believe in the Citizen of the World, that the same study which a man applies to balancing a pipe upon his nose, or to swallowing swords, would, if otherwise directed, enable him to raise works of genius or to create empires. It may be that Mr. Carlyle had sufficient robustness of mind to be developed into real strength by wholesome exercise. His thews might have become those of a giant, had he chosen to try them with the caestus and the quoit, rather than with the tight rope and the balancing pole. He might possibly have delivered serious utterances

if he had trained himself to do so, but if he prefer to crack his whip in the circus, and to jibe at the bystanders, the republic of letters is free, and he has a right to his choice.

Οὐ γὰρ πύγμαχοι ἐμὲν ἀμύμονες οὐδὲ παλαισταὶ
'Αλλὰ ποσὶ κραιπνῶς θέομεν

Such we take to be Mr. Carlyle's function in letters, and especially in history. There are those, however, it must be admitted, who not only admire Mr. Carlyle, which they would be perfectly entitled to do, and in which we heartily join them, as a kind of intellectual Blondin, but who look upon himself as an actual historian, and upon his works as books of authority. It would be as serious a matter to reason with persons of this class as with Mr. Carlyle himself, and so they may be left to their enjoyment.

The present volume includes but a small portion of the reign of Frederick II.,—not more, in truth, than the four first years, nor the whole of those, because it does not reach the second Silesian war. The portion, however, to which it does extend, is quite sufficiently important for the space assigned to it, according to Mr. Carlyle's style of treatment, and we hardly know how it will be possible for him to deal, even in the next volume, with all the great events which crowd into the life of Frederick, between 1744 and 1786.

The treaty of Breslau terminating the first Silesian war is stated in substance at p. 586, and the remaining pages, something short of two hundred, embrace the interval between the date of the treaty and August 1744. In the next volume we presume the short campaign of 1744-5, followed by the treaty of Dresden, will be summarily disposed of, and Mr. Carlyle will dance and spin along with a kind of frenzy through the following ten years, during which Frederick, Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert, made bad morals worse by very evil communications. It will not be too bold a conjecture to suppose that the seven years war will afford to Mr. Carlyle and his readers the peculiar kind of fun which he contrives to draw from wars, deaths, and other calamities; and we are greatly mistaken, or the share which was borne by Frederick in the partition of Poland will be adopted without straining or squeamishness of any sort by his historian. It would be too much to expect that he should condescend to vindicate it. Mr. Carlyle's Volumes will always be read by many, and

relished by not a few ; but the curiosity with which men formerly awaited the arrival of each new-born monster has greatly diminished. Familiarity has bred not exactly contempt, but apathy ; men have ceased to wonder, and have begun to calculate. They are ready to wager that each coming volume will embody certain conclusions, and have certain features, and if any one were to take the bet, the winner would not be doubtful.

“Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

- ART. VI.—1. *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*; with accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By Paul B. du Chaillu. With map and illustrations. London : John Murray. 1861.
2. *Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, with Explorations from Khartoum, on the White Nile, to the Regions of the Equator, being Sketches from Sixteen Years' Travel*. By John Petherick, F.R.G.S., her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Soudan. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood and Sons. 1861.
3. *Mrs. Petherick's African Journal*, in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. DLX., June, 1862.

IT is related of Donizetti that he felt the deepest gratification when first he heard the delicious serenade “Com'è gentil” played by a street-organ ; and turning to a friend, who was with him, he said, in a tone of genuine earnestness, “This is true popularity.” This pithy sentiment of the great composer is, we believe, only an expression of a wide and incontestable principle—that the appreciation of the multitude is, after all, the only reliable test of the fitness of those things, which are either intended for their use, or placed by nature within their comprehension. The judgment of a brother craftsman, of a Weber or a Rossini, might best guide him in the arrangement of some intricate passage of harmony, so as to produce the most

striking result. The experience of the operatic critic would have suggested the most effective groupings of his characters in concerted pieces, and decided when they might be most advantageously allowed to give solitary utterance to the sentiments they were intended to support. Careful attention to the great precepts of art, and an enlightened obedience to the spontaneous dictates of his own heart would have best shown him how song may faithfully discharge the functions of speech, how it may prove, not only the truest, but the most eloquent and universal interpreter of all the varying emotions of the soul. But these teachings would fail of achieving the great result which they must aim to subserve, if the artist trusted to their lights alone. It is the voice of the public only which can assure him, that he has succeeded in possessing himself of the highest quality which can adorn his productions, and whose absence nothing can compensate. If it be wanting, these productions may be marvellous musical studies, skilful dramatic compositions, most expressive and delicious melodies; and, so far, it may be, that they will deserve the highest praise from the limited audience, which alone, in this restricted capacity, they can reach. But they clearly fall short of that nobler object and wider aim which they were intended to secure, and to whose embellishment those other excellences were meant only to minister—namely, the working out in dramatic music a perfect portrait of the hopes, the affections, and the events, that go to make up the story of the human heart. The ratification of public approval alone can satisfy us, that this has been successfully obtained. It is the only tribunal on which we can rely to discriminate, with certainty, between what is the offspring of the artist's fancy, and what is the true expression of human feeling, of joy, and woe, and all the rest, not incidents of mere individual existence, but part of that larger life which is common to all mankind. Something like this, we may be sure, was in Donizetti's mind. The strain, which had charmed the cultivated audiences of the theatres of every European capital, had gone out into the streets to delight the masses. Could there be stronger evidence of its catholicity? of its genuine human sympathy? The mere adaptation of it to a barrel-organ was an incontestable proof, that it appealed to feelings common to the whole world; feelings most human, because most universal; not limited to the refined and educated, but fresh

and vivid among those, whose taste artificial culture could not have spoiled, nor fashion infected with its varying caprice. This was the truest test of its sterling worth; the highest popularity that could be sought for it or obtained.

It is with small things just as with great: with the ephemeral productions whose gossamer existence is doomed to perish within the hour of their birth, as with those great works of genius which their authors fondly hope will outlast the vicissitudes of centuries. In what does the chief merit of the popular satire, of the political squib or pamphlet, of the splendid article in a leading journal, of the fashionable serial, nay even of the successful speech in an exciting debate, consist, save in its exactly falling in with the temper of the moment, and sketching somebody or something, if not according to nature, at least as the fickle humour of the hour would love to draw the portrait? Any one, however slightly conversant with the popular literature of the day, will bear witness to this. And it is the same in each of the myriad vocations that minister to the comfort, the utility, the elegance or the whims of life. In fact, all man's works—the humblest equally with the noblest—must be judged by the one rule, that they are then most meritorious when most human. If he soars highest, in those great creations which are destined not for one age or race, but for all time, by being but a borrower from that common nature which is the one inheritance of all the sons of Adam; so, too, in those less ambitious efforts, if he has caught the fleeting inspiration and colour of the moment, and made it a duty to be but its faithful copyist, his task is fully accomplished. And, after all, who can decide this, but the public acclaim? What other judge can say that the public heart has been reached and its susceptibilities comprehended? that its sympathy has been won, its wishes and its tastes exhaustively satisfied? If the public pleasure, intellectual or imaginative, be the great aim and object which must be intended, who but the public dare say that this aim has been really fulfilled?

These reflections have been suggested to us by the reception accorded to Mr. du Chaillu and his work. It is the usual fortune of explorers and travellers who have made some important discovery, or brought some valuable

acquisition to our existing stock of knowledge, to be "lionized" by learned societies, and honourably mentioned in their transactions and reports. If, as in the case of McClure and McClintock, their investigations have been surrounded by some special interest or attended with some popularly recognized danger, they generally receive some mark of royal favour. But there the matter ends. If even their names leak out, it is the utmost exoteric notoriety which they can expect. That their discoveries will lay hold of the public mind, and that their names will be identified with any idea in public estimation, is a thing not to be thought of, nor indeed desired; for, if the results of their expeditions be such as may be even imperfectly gauged by the public, they can hardly offer much to occupy the serious consideration of the learned. There was a seeming departure from this rule in the instance of Dr. Livingstone; but it was a departure more apparent than real. The hero of the platform, of Exeter Hall, and of Gospel meetings, was the missionary and not the geographical explorer. The audiences whom he addressed, who manifested such sympathy in his narrative, and whom he so interested in the condition of the populations that dwelt by the Zambesi and the Congo, were English Evangelicals, who were callously indifferent to the geographical problem, but professed to care something for the spread of "Gospel truth," and did actually care a great deal for the extension of British influence and British trade. No doubt, this extraneous impulse has proved very useful. For it has certainly had no inconsiderable weight in inducing the equipment of Dr. Livingstone's second expedition. But, even thus, it was acting much less in a geographical and exploring direction, than for motives and aims of quite a different character.

With regard to Mr. du Chaillu, however, it is the explorer and the discoverer—we shall not say the geographer—whom the popular applause has hailed. He came before the public in no other capacity than that of an African traveller, who had seen many strange lands and stranger animals, never previously witnessed by a white man. There can be no question as to his reception, and of the popular verdict which, anticipating, or rather putting aside altogether the decision of scientific circles, at once declared him a favourite. It has remained faithful to its first decision, through good and evil repute. Able men have questioned the accuracy of his statements, some have branded

him as an imposter and a plagiarist, others have reluctantly and scantily admitted his claims to recognition. But the great reading public has never receded from its first allegiance. It must be acknowledged, that it has not paused to investigate his title to be classed among geographical travellers, nor indeed to examine into the general coherence of his narrative, and the authenticity of some of his facts. It has not even demanded an explanation of some suspicious circumstances, nor been scandalized by some admissions of indiscreet borrowing. But it can scarcely be censured for thus acting. It sees in Mr. du Chaillu, one who has written a book containing some instruction, much amusement, much novelty, and no little matter suited to gratify the craving for excitement. It has derived no small pleasure from its perusal, and therefore applauds the author. What if he has hazarded improbable geographical theories? if his observations were imperfect and inaccurate? if his discoveries are, consequently, of small importance? These considerations may affect the views of the Geographical Society, but cannot influence—or, at all events, have not influenced—the judgment of the public, who, in its turn, declines the jurisdiction of savans, where there is question of its own satisfaction. We cannot vouch for Mr. du Chaillu's opinion on the matter: whether the anticipations which he naturally indulged, when sending his work before the world, have been fulfilled; or whether the reception which has been accorded to it is not very different from that which he hoped. He may not, we think, aspire to the honour of being hereafter numbered among those who have left an enduring mark on the field of African discovery. But he has certainly achieved the other, and perhaps more difficult, task of thoroughly satisfying the public, of accurately meeting its tastes, and awakening its interest in matters far removed from its usual cognizance. If these two different kinds of success are incompatible with each other, he cannot be blamed for failing to combine impossibilities. His is, at any rate, the gratification of knowing that he has acquired a larger and more rapid popularity than any of his geographical predecessors, one, too, which has been tried by opposition, and survived the trial. And if he desired an example of that evidence of public fame which was afforded to Donizetti in the street-modulation of his melodies, even this

was accorded to him, albeit in travestied guise, in the memorable lecture of Mr. Spurgeon on the Gorilla.

We need scarcely add that we do not propose to introduce this now famous book to our readers. Such a proceeding would, we feel, be quite superfluous. We propose to avail ourselves of it and the other books, which we have placed at the head of this paper, in order to direct attention to recent explorations of the equatorial region of Africa, and to the curious notices concerning its condition and its human and savage inhabitants, which they have brought to light. We would wish, however, to direct special attention to the journal of Mrs. Petherick, published in the June number of Blackwood. None can refuse the tribute of respect and admiration to this generous and devoted woman, who is now accompanying her husband in his expedition to the sources of the White Nile. If her life and health be spared, we may expect to receive, about a year hence, an account of those regions—never yet trodden by European foot—which will be peculiarly valuable in a social point of view; for, obviously, there are things connected with the appearance of the inhabitants and their manners and customs which are sure to attract the attention of a woman, and which it is almost certain a man would fail to notice, or, at all events, adequately to observe.

African exploration, undertaken for a public object, and pursued under public authority, or accepted by it in its results, is of comparatively recent date. So far as our countrymen are concerned, it can hardly be regarded as more than forty years old. In 1822 Lord Bathurst, at that time colonial secretary, was induced, after long and influential solicitation, to sanction an expedition into Central Africa; and in the following year one was organized with the highest hopes of success. Up to that time, the knowledge of Africa and its inhabitants did not extend beyond the populations along the seaboard, and, even in their case, was made up of the scantiest details. It might have received considerable accessions from the rich gleanings of men like Bruce, Park, Hornemann, and the many other intrepid travellers, who, impelled by love of adventure, or lured on by that restless curiosity which has been almost ever one of the forerunners of great discoveries, traversed lands that had been lost to the recollection of Europe since the Roman had ceased to rule in Carthage, and penetrated

into vast territories, whose existence had escaped even the cupidity of the Punic trader. But the tales which they brought back, and the specimens which they exhibited as vouchers of the newly discovered regions, were received equally with scientific contempt and enlightened scepticism. Nay, the brief memorial, which in more than one instance was the only thing that found its way home to attest the indomitable energy and unquenched zeal with which the arduous task had been pursued, until human nature sank at last under the unequal struggle, while half that task remained yet to be accomplished—even this unequivocal testimony of a too fatal truth met with the same incredulous indifference which Defoe's story would have encountered, had it attempted to pass current for genuine history. Hence, African geography could hardly be considered as having progressed since the days of the early Portuguese navigators. As an instance of the spirit of the time, in the matter, we may refer to the ideas evoked by the first appearance of Park's narratives, and to the views popularly entertained about Timbuktú in the early part of the present century, the only guarantee for which was the authority of Adams, the shipwrecked American sailor. It was an unbelieving age, listening anew to the romances of Mandeville and Marco Polo about Cathay and the Great Khan, with the indiscriminating wonder of six hundred years before.

And yet, that a deeper feeling than the mere gratification of an idle curiosity arose out of the narratives of African travel, which were successively published, is sufficiently clear from the circumstance that, when an exploring expedition was at length projected under official sanction, its course was directed precisely to those regions to which Park had given so great an interest by descriptions, that men hardly ventured, in their sober moments, to regard as other than fabulous. The commercial enterprize and the political expediency, which first prompted the idea of such an undertaking, would also naturally suggest the propriety of ascertaining how far those statements were founded on truth, which for the first time informed Europe of the nature and condition of a vast tract of country, thickly peopled, abounding in most valuable and useful productions, intersected by great and navigable rivers capable of conveying merchandize far into the interior, and possessing large and flourishing towns most conveniently situated for

centres of trade. Accordingly, in the plan submitted to Lord Bathurst, the expedition, starting from Tripoli, was to cross the desert by the route of the caravans through Fezzan, until it struck Lake Tsad; thence, ascending the supposed course of the Niger to Sókatu, it was to make its way to the coast, descending to Benin, or returning to the Gambia, by the route which Park was believed to have followed in 1805, according to circumstances. We believe that no exploring mission ever before rendered such valuable service, surveyed so much new ground, and added at once so much to our previous knowledge. But obstacles intervened to prevent the comprehensive plan on which it was conceived from being carried out; and those of the party, who were able to reach Sókatu, were obstinately prevented by Sultan Bello, the ruler of the country, from proceeding further. The undertaking was renewed some years later, with an equally unsatisfactory result, and it was not until 1832 that the mysterious problem of the course of the Niger was put in train for a satisfactory solution, by the return of the Landers'. Since that date other explorers have improved and augmented our knowledge of all the region lying between the Senegal, the Tsad, and the Gulf of Guinea, while others have pushed on their investigations up the valley of the Nile. Later still, Livingstone and others have made the country south of the Zambesi the theatre of similar investigations, and are even now engaged in perfecting their task. If we compare the amount of the information concerning Africa, of which we are now in possession with the scanty stock of half a century ago, and particularly if we remember that this great change has been accomplished within a period of forty years, there is reason to hope that the mist, which has hung over that continent as far back as the records of our race extend, is passing away, and that the day is not very distant when we shall be acquainted with at least the outline of all its physical geography, and be in a position to open relations with that large family of nations which has been cut off from the rest of the world for more than four thousand years.

Great as is the area opened up by these explorations, a still greater tract of country remains to be accounted for. Putting aside the territory lying between the Nile Valley and the Great Desert, we are to include among these unexplored portions, the entire region between the fifth

northern parallel and the thirteenth southern—embracing an area of about two million and a quarter square miles, or about two-thirds of the extent of Europe. It is only within the last five years or so, that any investigator has ventured to approach this untrodden ground. In the years 1857-58, Captains Burton and Speke conducted successfully an expedition from Zanzibar, on the east coast, 6° S., far into the interior in a north-westerly direction, and were rewarded by the discovery of the two great inland seas of Tanganyika and Nyanza. While these travellers were thus proceeding towards the north-west, Mr. Petherick, who has been settled as a merchant in the Upper Nile districts for the last fifteen years, ascended the White Nile, in a south-westerly direction, and at length reached a village called Mundo, inhabited by cannibals. He had no means of determining the geographical position of Mundo, but supposes it to be very near the Equator. If this be really a fact, another great discovery will have to be added to the list of African revelations, and we must be prepared to add several hundred miles to the length of the Nile. Strange, indeed, will it be, if the same spirit of investigation which has resulted in so signally confirming the Asian historical notices preserved by Herodotus, will also verify the seemingly incredible account which he has given of the upper course of the Nile. It has been considered almost certain that Mr. Petherick and Captain Speke approached very near to the same spot; it has even been conjectured, that the great lake Nyanza may prove to be connected with the Nile. To decide this important problem, and to unite their discoveries, the Royal Geographical Society has organized a joint expedition, in which Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick, proceeding by their respective routes, will endeavour to effect a junction at a place called Gondokoro, situate on one of the branches of the White Nile, and supposed to be in latitude 4° 30' N., and longitude 31° 50' E. The June number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains an extract from the Journal of Mrs. Petherick, who is accompanying her husband, giving an interesting account of the journey up the Nile as far as the Forks of Khartoum. At the time of its despatch, they were on the point of starting for Gondokoro, intending to proceed still further south, if necessary, and to settle the question of the sources of the Nile. They had already sent forward three boats with forty-three soldiers, under the command of a principal

agent of Mr. Petherick. These were, on their arrival at Gondokoro, to proceed at once towards the south, in the direction of Lake Nyanza, to meet and relieve the expedition that Captains Speke and Grant are conducting from Zanzibar. We cannot expect to have any news of this great undertaking sooner than the close of 1863, or 1864. If successful, these discoveries, together with those which Livingstone is engaged in completing in the Zambesi country, will constitute an unbroken line of exploration, reaching from the Mediterranean coast of Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. No one can estimate how forward such an acquisition will place us on the path of African knowledge. It will be a great geographical base, from which we can securely advance, at our leisure, to the accurate triangulation of the whole Continent.

In the most southern portion of Mr. Petherick's last excursion, he found the country swelling into table-land, and even mountainous; he tells us that his road lay through mountain passes of granitic formation. Mr. du Chaillu believes that a very long range of high mountains "extends nearly across the Continent, without ever leaving the line of the Equator more than two degrees." Could it be that both these gentlemen approached the same great central range from different directions? It is, certainly, worthy of observation, that all the recent discoveries go to confirm the old tradition of a high mountainous range crossing the Continent from east to west—a tradition, which was strongly corroborated by the accounts obtained by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, but which modern geographers had come to distrust in the absence of any direct reliable information. Messrs. Burton and Speke, after crossing a coast range of mountains, found the land to rise as they proceeded inwards on their north-westerly route. Thus the great fresh water lake of Tanganyika, which is situated inland nearly six hundred miles, is 1850 feet above the sea. This piece of water, which lies almost north and south, is fully three hundred miles in length, and from twenty to fifty in breadth. Two hundred miles north-east of it lies the still greater inland sea of Nyanza, the whole extent and position of which could not be ascertained, but whose southern extremity, in latitude $2^{\circ} 30' S.$, was ninety miles in width. The level of Lake Nyanza was found to be nearly four thousand feet above the sea. From this elevation it

has been conjectured, with much verisimilitude, that it constitutes the main source of the Nile; the entire distance between the southern shore of the Nyanza and a point of the White Nile, whose position has been ascertained, does not exceed three hundred and fifty miles in a due northerly direction. Others, with Captain Burton, have argued on the contrary, that between the northern shore of the Nyanza and the sources of the White Nile, there exists a range of elevated ground. It is needless to speculate on a subject which the expeditions of Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick may soon be expected to decide.* We mention these facts here merely to show that the condition of the land under the Equator, about longitude 31° E., is such as we might look for at the termination of a great equatorial mountain range,† and in this way lends some support to the hypothesis of Mr. du Chaillu.

On the other hand, this latter gentleman tells us that, starting from the west coast, in latitude 1° N., about seventy-five miles from the sea, he came upon a system of hills called the Sierra del Crystal, extending far inland in successive ranges parallel to each other and to the shore. These hills must attain a considerable elevation, since a plateau, situated among them, is said to be about five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Crossing them to the south-east, he arrived at the equatorial range already referred to, in latitude 1° S., and followed its southern face to a point about three hundred and thirty miles distant from the coast. It springs from the eastern slopes of the Sierra del Crystal, at almost a right angle, and is composed of very lofty mountains, one of its summits, the N'Koumou Nabouali, rising to the great height of twelve thousand feet, at a distance of not more than one hundred

* Captain Speke is determined to follow Lake Nyanza into the Nile, if such connection exist, descending the river into Egypt. If he really does succeed in accomplishing this feat, he will have settled for ever the question of the true sources of the Nile, and rendered a greater service to African geography than has been done since the days of Ptolemy.

† The Germans, Krapff, and Rebmann, travelling westwards, from a point on the east coast a little south of the Equator, came in sight of mountains apparently capped with snow, and which, if they were really so covered, must have been at least 18,000 feet in height.

and fifty miles inland, while within thirty-five miles of the foot of the range a large river flows, three hundred yards wide, and from three to four fathoms deep. As to the extent and direction of this great range, he says that not only were the appearances such, so far as he was able to penetrate, as to lead to the belief that it stretches across the Continent, following the line of the Equator—

“But all accounts of the natives and of their slaves tend to make this certain. Some of the slaves of the Apingi (a tribe dwelling on its southern slope) are brought from a distance to the eastward which they counted as twenty days’ journey; and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continue in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country—in fact as far as they know.

“Judging therefore from my own examination, and from the most careful enquiries among people of the far interior, I think there is good reason to believe that an important mountain range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting on the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably in the country south of the mountains of Abyssinia,* or perhaps terminating abruptly to the north of the Lake Tanganyika† of Captains Burton and Speke.

“In the northern slope of this great range originate probably many of the feeders of the Niger, Lake Tchad, and the Nile; while of the streams rising in the southern slope, it is probable that some join their waters to the Rembo Okanda, Rembo Ngouyai, and the Congo, and others flow south into the Zambesi, and into the great lake basin, or chain of lakes of eastern and central Africa; tending to corroborate the theory sagaciously laid down by that eminent geographer Sir Roderick Murchison, as far back as 1852.‡

“To this mountain range, so far as I have followed it and ascertained its existence, I propose that the native name N’koomoonabuali be given, from the splendid peak which I discovered and

* This would probably coincide with the opinion of Captain Burton concerning the existence of high lands north of the Nyanza, and separating it from the water-shed of the Nile.

† This view could be most easily reconciled with the opinion of Captain Speke that the Nyanza occupies the highest level in the region intervening between the Tanganyika and the head-waters of the Nile, constituting, in fact, the chief source of this river.

‡ From what we shall presently say, it will be clear that Mr. du Chaillu has mistaken the precise opinion of the learned President of the Geographical Society.

which forms the western point of the range. I think it probable that the impenetrable forests of this mountain-range and its savage inhabitants together put a stop to the victorious southward course of the Mohammedan conquests. South of the equator, at any rate, they have never penetrated."—Preface vii. viii.

The discovery of this mountain range will, in our opinion, constitute the most important geographical result of Mr. du Chaillu's wanderings, especially, when considered in its relation to the probable courses of the great African rivers. If the expeditions of Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick shall reveal a state of things confirmatory of this hypothesis of an equatorial chain, we may regard it as considerably advanced in probability. But, at the same time, we must remember, that such a confirmatory state of things, however encouraging, is very far from amounting to certainty, and may be found by the investigations of future travellers to coincide with the views put forward by Sir Roderick Murchison—views which Mr. du Chaillu looks upon as identical with his own opinion, but which are in reality very different. There can be little doubt but that the central equatorial region of Africa possesses considerable elevation; for otherwise the appearances and character of the rivers which have been observed not far from the equinoctial line will be almost inexplicable. But still the question remains as to the physical conformation of this portion of the Continent. Is it a country traversed by high mountain ranges, the periodical melting of whose snows regulates the rise and fall of the river floods? Or is it a system of elevated table-lands, like the interior of Mexico, the basin into which the half year's equinoctial rains fall, to be drained off in the subsequent six months through lakes or saturated morasses, and thus constitute those annually recurring river inundations? Mr. du Chaillu has, in so many words, based his claims to public consideration chiefly on the ground of being supposed to have given an affirmative solution in the former sense; while the learned President of the Geographical Society still, we believe, adheres to the latter opinion, which is indebted to him for its first clear suggestion.

Whatever be the conformation of Central Africa—whether traversed by a lofty range of mountains or heaved up in elevated plateaux—we may fairly question the agency, which Mr. du Chaillu attributes to its "impenetrable forests and its savage inhabitants together," in checking

the tide of Mohammedan conquest in its southerly direction. The fact is, that none of these causes, nor all of them combined, can with any accuracy be said to have opposed an impenetrable barrier to a movement which paused long before it reached them. It is quite true that Mohammedanism stopped short of the Equator. But it is also true that between the point where it halted and the Equator, a vast tract of country intervenes, thickly peopled by Negro and Pagan nations; that similar Pagan populations occupied the greater part of the region north of the Gulf of Guinea, stretching from the Cameroons to Cape Verd, as its very name of *Sûdan* implies; and that the district which is in Mohammedan occupation, south of the *Sahra*, is but a fragment compared with the portion in Negro possession, and small as it is, is but a shifting domain, ever changing its limits, and at best held by a precarious tenure. Can these facts, too, be ascribed to the talismanic influence of the equatorial range? or are we to say that the same circumstances which have restricted the area of Islamism in Central Africa, and prevented it from ever reaching the Equator, are not to be looked upon as the real causes which prevented it from crossing that boundary and penetrating into southern Africa, and must we seek the efficacious barrier in a chain of mountains? With as much, or even greater reason, might the Rhine be assigned as the cause why Russians do not govern France from the Tuileries, or the Alps as the cause why they are not enthroned in Rome. The men, who bore the banner of the prophet from Tripoli to Lake Tsad, who overcame the perils and the hardships of that most grim desert, mounted on their native camels and horses—strange animals in that tropical climate—bringing the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, to those unwarlike pastoral nations, that had dwelt since the deluge, enclosed by deserts and secluded from all communion with their kind; these were not the men to shrink from the dangers and difficulties of a mountain road, if only booty beckoned or religious fanaticism urged on their march. They were brothers and fellow-religionists of those dauntless men, who, following the standard of Islam, scaled the snow-capped summits of the Hindu-Koosh, and the glacier passes of the Himalayas, and traversed India as conquerors from end to end. They were descendants of those earlier warriors, who burst through the defiles of Taurus and the Caucasus, overran

in a few years Northern Africa, conquered Spain, and held Southern Gaul in vassalage. Men of the same stock had made the passes of the Balkan and the Carpathians familiar as a beaten road, and had fearlessly confronted embattled Europe for centuries on land and sea. And we are now asked to believe that their degenerate African brethren, albeit speaking the common family language, holding with equal fanaticism the same impulsive creed, and clinging with superstitious tenacity to the same rites, practices, and observances, yet turned back disheartened at sight of the uplands of the Sierra del Crystal or its neighbour ranges, or ran away terrified by the savage outcries of the Gorilla. Such a supposition is highly improbable. It is quite opposed to the analogy of history. Whatever be the crimes and shortcomings of Islam, physical cowardice cannot be numbered among the catalogue. Mohammedanism cannot be charged with having ever, during all its long and chequered career, shrunk from danger, no matter how desperate the odds and how faint the chance. On the contrary, hoping to make up by enthusiasm what it lacked in sheer power, it strung itself up to bolder and more decisive action as the difficulties thickened around it, like the lion, which, when the hunters have occupied every outlet, trusts to one daring venture to achieve that security which seems quite cut off. We cannot credit that only in the region south of the Sûdan did it prove recreant to the character it has consistently preserved everywhere else. Mere Paganism, it must be granted, could never have opposed an effectual barrier to its southward course. Mountain ranges, thick forests, and Gorillas would, we feel assured, have proved equally feeble obstacles.

The truth is that the Arab tribes who form the dominant population in Hausa and the adjacent kingdoms, are there as military colonists; and therefore, while everything belonging to their position is defined and limited by circumstances naturally incidental to such a state of things, it is only from the same circumstances that they can be satisfactorily explained and accounted for. About the eleventh or twelfth century, a great Saracen emigration took place, which was originated and promoted by causes into which we need not now pause to enquire. We may, however, observe, that this exodus from the settled lands of Islam was, doubtless, both swelled and prolonged by the dis-

turbed condition of affairs springing out of the Crusades and the disputes concerning the Caliphate. The vicissitudes of war and of political revolutions, would leave many a noble Emir with no other resource than that which had led the first followers of the Prophet to such brilliant fortunes; and many would naturally be attracted to those distant realms to which chance had already led the footsteps of some of their countrymen. At all events, we know that, about the period just mentioned, three states were founded south of the Sahara, by those Arab exiles, viz., Ghana,* Socrur, and Berissa, which have been identified by recent African geographers in the cities of Kanó, Sókátu, and Bershee. The history of these places yet remains a closed book. We know, however, that they were rich and powerful. Rich they could hardly fail to be; seeing that they were so situated, as to intercept all the produce of Negroland, and were the chief emporia whence it had to be brought across the desert for European use. Of their power an irresistible argument is furnished by the fact, that they were founded and maintained for centuries by a race of exiles, between whom and their native home an ocean of sand intervened. But their splendour and their power began to wane from the foundation of Timbuktú, in 1214, by a colony from Morocco, under the command of Suleiman Mansa. Placed five hundred miles more to the westward, on the banks of that great river which modern discovery has re-established in its traditional fame, by showing, how, through its various branches, it drains the whole Súdán, Timbuktú soon eclipsed its rivals, drawing to itself all the special trade of the entire region, and gradually depriving them of every other branch of commerce except the traffic in slaves. It was a central depot, whither all the caravans of Nigritia would naturally converge, and through which the route lay to Morocco and the settlements which the European nations successively formed on the west coast of Africa. It was also the first point of inhabited territory which travellers from these European factories should necessarily strike after crossing the Western Desert on their journey into the interior. Such a combination of favourable circumstances made

* From Ghana, known to some of the early Portuguese Geographers as Djena, the name Guinea is evidently derived.

Timbuktú a most flourishing emporium, of whose wealth and importance almost fabulous tales were current even in our fathers' time, until the rise and development of the coast trade and the opening of new channels of direct communication with the interior brought to it in turn the same sentence of decline which it had formerly borne to its predecessors.

Such were the Arab settlers in the Sûdan. Clearly they were no recreants to the fame of Saracen enterprise and determination, but made the most of their position. A large tract of country they held and ruled as conquerors and masters, and all the rest was bound to them by a sort of commercial vassalage. But, divested of these extraneous circumstances, what were they after all? A few chiefs, whom dire necessity had driven from home, and the little band of followers who had remained faithful to them in their fallen fortunes. The Mussulmen in Hindustan were as one to ten of the Hindú population. In the Sûdan they did not exceed one in a thousand. No doubt, as time rolled on, and news of the success of the first adventurers came back, others followed in their path, until the genuine dangers of that terrible desert became less appalling because more familiar, and men learned to grope their way over its trackless wastes by the stars above and the glistening heaps of whitened bones that rose over the sand below. Gradually their numbers swelled; but, at best, they were only a handful among a vast population differing from them in form, in country, and in race, in language, in colour, and in creed. Behind them lay the desert, in which alone was their chance of escape, if once they wavered in their course; but it was 1,200 miles wide, and those were specially favoured who could accomplish the weary journey within six weeks. How they bore themselves we have already seen, and may yet trace in the powerful states of the Fellâta and of Bórnu. Their descendants are now settled in the same countries, where they first halted after their dreary march nearly seven hundred years ago. Are we not satisfied with such tenacity, such evidence of watchful power? or must we regard these things as of slight consequence, because those exiles did not push their conquests yet six hundred miles further south, and subjugate an empire larger than that of China? Such an enterprise might have been undertaken by a Zingis, or a Timûr, rolling nations instead of armies, like

a tide, only to recede again like the same tide, leaving no permanent result behind. But it could not have been the work of a mere garrison of exiles, either in its first impetuous onset, or in the more lasting form of settled conquest. Their's was no idle life, to have held secure possession, for upwards of seven centuries, of the whole northern portion of the Sûdan, making all the rest of that fertile and most populous region minister to their comfort, their importance, and their luxury. Having accomplished so much with such slender means, they may well defy criticism as to their assumed shortcomings. And if any one should tauntingly speak of a lofty mountain-range, whose snow-capped peaks fade away in the farness of equatorial skies, or of the impenetrable forests which clothe its slopes, and of their ferocious tenants, as the causes why the conquests of Islam never crossed the Line; the historian of the Moham-medan colonies in Negroland may calmly point to the desert over which they came, and to the immense tract which they so boldly seized upon and so firmly held, as exhaustive answers. Had their confidence once wavered, or their energy relaxed, they must have paid the forfeit in their utter annihilation. That they ever reached the banks of the Niger and the Tsad, that they still live there as rulers, feared and obeyed, is an incontestable proof of the inflexible spirit of the men, of a courage which no perils could daunt, and of a perseverance which no difficulties could defy.

We have not thought it necessary to go at length into the question of the authenticity of Mr. du Chaillu's narrative, or to discuss the arguments which have been alleged for and against it. We may briefly state, that very soon after the first appearance of the work, Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, charged the author with the wholesale copying of plates from previous works, and more than insinuated that the whole book was in keeping with this plagiarism. These charges gave rise to a very angry and bitter correspondence, in which several eminent men took part, and occasioned even a personal encounter between the principals, such as fortunately had been hitherto without a precedent in the annals of the Geographical Society. In a notice prefixed to the second edition of his work, Mr. du Chaillu disposes of these allegations, by admitting that four out of the seventy-four plates had been copied, with some slight alterations from other works, regretting that

the original sources were not stated on the plates themselves. The remaining seventy plates he still claims as original. This very lame reply, which, by the way, was a plea of guilty, with regard to four out of the five charges of Dr. Gray, could not but foster the suspicions already afloat concerning the general truthfulness of the work. These suspicions had, it must be acknowledged, ample foundation, quite independently of the specific criticisms of Dr. Gray, in the chronology of the narrative, which is not merely vague and unsatisfactory, but, to ordinary comprehension at least, simply inconsistent. It would be quite impossible, within any reasonable limits, to explain the conflict of dates, or even barely to enumerate them in an intelligible manner. Here again Mr. du Chaillu has deemed it necessary to deprecate criticism, and to publish an explanation of the apparent discrepancies, the only effect of which is to import a new element of confusion into the discussion.

Yet, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, we think it impossible that an impartial man will rise from the perusal of these pages, without being impressed with the conviction of their general trustworthiness. Even in the midst of those unusual scenes which make the largest demands on our credulity, it is impossible to resist the air of truthfulness and good faith which pervades the whole. We must also remember that they deal in facts which could easily be examined into and refuted if incorrect, and that their refutation would most certainly cover the author with indelible disgrace. A man of ordinary common sense would not expose himself to such certain infamy. Besides—and really this is an argument which to most readers must be conclusive—Professors Owen and Huxley, and Sir Roderick Murchison, have expressed themselves satisfied with the general authenticity of the book, and have declared that this opinion was unshaken by all the arguments and suspicions which had been alleged in opposition, by the chronological inconsistencies and the unquestionable mistakes into which the author has fallen. It is but a few weeks since that other and valuable testimony has been added to the scientific *præjudicium* of those most distinguished and qualified men, in the shape of a letter south, and to Sir Roderick Murchison, by an eminent Such a gentleman who had known du Chaillu for years Zingis, or an station, and who declares his confidence in

“the general truth and reliability of the statements in his book.”* We do not think it possible to go behind such strong evidence, both extrinsic and intrinsic, in favour of the work; and declaring ourselves fully satisfied with it, we shall proceed to call the attention of our readers to some of the more interesting results of Mr. du Chaillu's explorations.

Mr. du Chaillu tells us that he formerly spent four years on the West Coast, where his father had a factory, near the mouth of the Gaboon river, a few miles north of the Equator. He thus acquired a knowledge of the languages

* We quote this letter from the *Times* of 3 June, in order to secure for it a more permanent record than the columns of a daily journal afford. It was introduced by a letter from Sir Roderick Murchison (to whom it was addressed) who took occasion from it to repeat his favourable opinion of Mr. du Chaillu.

Columbia, South Carolina, 30 Jan.

Sir,—Your name is familiar to me; and mine, as one who has lived many years in Western Africa and written a great deal about that country, may not be entirely unknown to you. I have just learned that a letter has been received in New York for me from my friend, Mr. du Chaillu, the African traveller, in which it is mentioned that Mr. W., of the Gaboon Mission, Western Africa, (who, I suppose, is Mr. Walker, of that mission) has published a letter in England denouncing Mr. du Chaillu as an impostor..... I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. du Chaillu for twelve or fourteen years, some considerable portion of which time he has been an inmate of my family; and I feel it but due to him to say that I have always found him truthful, upright, and eminently honourable, and I shall continue to regard him in this light until I have very strong proof to the contrary. He has an ardent imagination, and may give a high colouring to some of his statements, and he may have made mistakes as to distances over which he travelled; but as to the general truth and reliability of the statements in his book I have no doubts. I have among my papers, left in New York, but which I cannot command at present, very favourable testimonials to Mr. du Chaillu's general excellence of character from one or more of Mr. Walker's associates; indeed, I have heard Mr. Walker himself speak in the highest terms of Mr. du Chaillu's excellent character.

Yours truly and sincerely,

J. Leighton Wilson,

Secretary of Foreign Missions,

To Sir Roderick Murchison.

and customs of the sea-shore tribes, and was able to inure his constitution to some extent against the perils of that deadly climate. This knowledge proved subsequently of the greatest advantage in his intercourse with the tribes in the interior, with whom he was able in every case to converse, either directly, or through a native interpreter, with whose language he was familiar. Hither he returned, towards the close of 1855, with the object of exploring the region lying between latitude 2° N. and 2° S., stretching away from the coast as far eastwards as he could penetrate. He proposed to acquaint himself with its physical condition, the customs and modes of life of its inhabitants, its trading capabilities, and its natural history. He also wished to see if a district might not be found somewhere in the interior, uniting the advantages of health, fertility, and population, where trading stations, profitable alike to whites and natives, might be established. We need not say, that he has contrived to weave out of his experiences one of the most interesting narratives which have ever been given to the public—the public voice has decided this point long ago.

The three rivers, which pour their waters into the Atlantic, between the Equator and 2° S., known to Europeans, as the Nazareth, the Mexias, and Fernando Vas, have been supposed to be distinct streams. Mr. du Chaillu has found that they communicate with each other, and that the two former are but mouths in the delta of one large river, the Ogobai. The Fernando Vas, called in its upper part the Ovenga, takes its rise in a range of mountains about one hundred miles from the coast, and, after running in a westerly and southerly direction, it turns abruptly to the north-west, when within ten miles of the sea, and for the last forty miles, its course runs parallel and very near to the coast, communicating at about eight miles from its mouth, with the Ogobai. This latter river is formed by the junction of two considerable streams of the interior, the Ngouyai and the Okanda. Of the Okanda, the author knows nothing from personal observation, but the natives described it as larger than the Ngouyai, and state that the navigation is interrupted in some places by vast rocky boulders.

“The Ngouyai is a large stream, flowing through a mountainous and splendidly wooded country, and is the most magnificent river I saw in Africa. It has numerous small feeders. Its navigation is

unfortunately interrupted by the great Eugenie (so called by du Chaillu in honour of the French Empress) or Samba-Nagoshi Fall; but it is quite possible for steamers to reach this fall from the sea; and the upper portion, above the fall, is navigable for the largest class of river-steamers during the greater part of the year, and flows through a region, the tropical magnificence of which is quite unrivalled, and which abounds in many precious woods, while it is also well calculated for a rich agricultural country. Ebony, barwood, and India-rubber, palm-oil, beeswax, and ivory, are the natural products of this region, so far as my limited opportunities allowed me to ascertain. But any tropical crop will grow in this virgin soil; and it needs only the cunning hand and brain of the white man to render this whole tract a great producing country."—p. vi.

About seventy miles from the mouth of the Ogobai, at the head of one of its smallest tributaries, is a large lake, the Anengue—

"At least ten miles wide, and dotted with various beautiful wooded isles. On one side the lake is bounded by hills which come close down to the shore. Several towns were in sight, all located on the summits of hills.....I find (in June) everywhere deep water enough for steamers of moderate draught. The whole country around is literally filled with the india-rubber vine. Immense quantities of caoutchouc might here be got, and with very little trouble, if only the natives had some one to show them how to gather it without destroying the vines, and without getting it so mixed with impure matter as to destroy its commercial value. It was enough to make a trader's mouth water to see the immense quantity of land covered with this vine."—pp. 220-1.

Beyond this lake our author did not himself trace the course of the river; although he has laid it down in his map according to information received from the natives, which is, indeed, his only authority for its bifurcation into the two main branches of the Okanda and the Ngouyai. The same information has also led him to identify the Ngouyai, in the upper part of its course, with the Apingi, a stream which, rising somewhere in the south, runs in a northerly direction, till it meets the equatorial range already mentioned, (page 438), where it turns towards the west. At the highest point of it reached by du Chaillu, it was three hundred yards wide, and from three to four fathoms deep in the channel. If the river Apingi be identical with the Ngouyai, and so with the Ogobai, it must find a channel through some deep valley, right across the equatorial range, and in the immediate neighbourhood of

the N'Koumou Nabouali, the peak twelve thousand feet high, on whose discovery our author prides himself. He has, indeed, so laid it down in his map, placing the Eugenie Falls at about the point where he supposes the Apingi to issue from its mountain channel. This is a most important fact, in a physical and geographical point of view, if it be true, and one on which we should desire more satisfactory evidence, than the loose accounts of the natives. We do not think any other case is known of a river piercing abruptly a mountain barrier 12,000 feet high.

The size of these rivers may be inferred from the large delta which they form in their lower course, and the dense vegetation with which it is covered. The Fernando Vas, or Ovenga, at twenty miles from its mouth, is three miles wide, and its channel, although crooked and rendered very intricate by shifting sand-banks, carries from fifteen to twenty feet of water at all times. So vast is the supply of fresh water poured by it and the Mexias, or Ogobai proper,

“Into the ocean during the rainy season, and so rapid the current, that, though the mouths of these streams are but half-a-mile wide, the body of fresh water launched from each, during the rains, forces its separate way through the ocean for at least four or five miles before it becomes absorbed; and I have known times when the tide had no effect at all upon the vast column of water pushing seaward.”—page 5.

The chief meteorological variety of Africa, as indeed of all tropical countries, is the alternation of the rainy and the dry seasons. The rainy season is the most unhealthy, so far as human life is concerned, bringing indeed almost invariably the message of fatal fever to every European who has not been carefully acclimated; but then it is the season of fertility, giving to the whole land that copious nourishment which is equivalent to a new creation, obviating all necessity of tillage or human toil, and requiring from man the mere sprinkling of the seed upon the earth as the only condition of a most luxuriant harvest. The dry season makes a great change in the appearance of the whole country. The breakers on the shore are frightful, rendering it quite inaccessible, and raising such a surf at the mouths of the rivers as to make their entrance very difficult, strong breezes prevail, the thermometer is sometimes so low as 64° Fahrenheit, producing very sen-

sible cold, the sky is constantly overcast, but no rain ever falls. The ponds are dried up; several of the creeks, small rivers, and cross streams, which intersect the delta in all directions, are also dried up, and those which are not, are so shallow as to be unnavigable; the grass on the plains is dried up to powder; the trees alone preserve their magnificent green. The very birds are not the same; those which were so abundant during the rainy season, have migrated elsewhere to give place to others of quite a different species. In the month of August the depth of the Ogobai was fifteen feet less than it was in May, but still practicable for steamers of light draught. The Lake Anengue was still a beautiful sheet of water, and good enough for navigation, but all over both it and the river the dry season had brought out an eruption of black mud islands, which were covered with hosts of crocodiles. "Wherever the eye was turned, these disgusting beasts, with their hideous snaky eyes, dull leer, and huge savage jaws, appeared in prodigious numbers, sunning themselves on the black mud, and slipping off into the water to feed. Pelicans, herons, ducks, and other water birds also abounded, drawn hither by the abundance of their prey; and among the reeds sported the flamingo, a bird not seen here in the wet season."—(pp. 223—227.)

North of this river system is the Gaboon, whose mouth, situate about ten miles above the Equator, is the chief trading station along the coast. The French have had a fort and factory there since 1842. Higher up still is the Muni, which enters the sea in lat. 1° N. This river was already known, previous to the explorations of Mr. du Chaillu; but it was not known, that it too, is compounded of three or four branches. All these rivers have their origin in the Sierra del Crystal, the range which runs parallel to the coast, or in the spurs which project from it into the adjacent country. As they approach the sea, they spread themselves out over the alluvial land, and the navigable channel can with difficulty be traced through the labyrinth of mangrove swamps, which extend in all directions; but, at some distance up, the channel becomes wider and deeper, the shores are bordered by graceful palms, and the highlands in the background combine to form a most picturesque landscape. Thus the country presents a very varied appearance. There are the rich alluvial lands at the mouths of the rivers, wide prairies,

immense forests, lakes dotted here and there, large cultivated patches, impenetrable jungles, high table-lands, extensive mountain ranges, the whole intersected by many wide and rapid rivers;—all these unite to constitute a scene in which the lavish exuberance of the tropics is blended with the sublime beauty of the Alps.

In a geological and mineralogical point of view, the whole of this region may be regarded as still unexplored. Our author says that “micaceous schist, talcose shale, and quartz are found abundantly in the mountains, together with conglomerates and various sandstones, while a red sandstone seems most to abound in the Ashira country;” but little importance can be attached to his casual observations. Copper it would appear, cannot be numbered among the products of this region; but “iron ore is found in considerable quantities through the Fan country, cropping out at the surface. This ore is not dug out of the ground, but is gathered as it lies about.” The native process of smelting is very rude and tedious, but so far successful that it produces a better steel than that which is imported by the traders from Europe and America.

Among the most important and abundant vegetable products are the ebony tree, the india-rubber vine, barwood (a dye-wood,) the copal tree, and the oil-yielding palm, all of which are articles of regular traffic with the white men. Great quantities of sugar-cane, yams, ground-nuts, plantains, manioc, and sweet potatoes are raised for native use. We have already alluded to the great abundance of the india-rubber vine, which if carefully treated would prove a source of great wealth, but has been so injudiciously and even fraudulently managed that the trade in caoutchouc has been almost banished from the coast. Mr. du Chaillu describes the oil-yielding palm as being equally abundant in the Apingi district immediately south of the equatorial range. In the same region, another species of palm, new to the author, grows in great abundance; the fibrous parts of its leaf are woven into a fine grass-cloth, called *mbongo*, which is noted among all the tribes, and is stronger and heavier than our common cottons, although, owing to the short staple of the fibre used, and the native inability to give it a longer twist, the pieces can never be woven of a larger size than three feet long by about two wide.

The picture which Mr. du Chaillu places before us of the

Native Tribes of Equatorial Africa, is wonderfully vivid and wrought out with great detail. The method of their life, their habits and social customs, the peculiar features which distinguish one from another, the degrading vices and superstitions common to all, are set out with a fulness and clearness which leave nothing to be desired. He tells us that in all his wanderings he endeavoured to observe the rule of keeping a journal with unfailing punctuality; and we must say that in no part of the work does the advantage of such a practice appear more evident than in these descriptions, which convey to the mind an irresistible impression that they are the fruits of such off-hand jottings down, and not the offspring of after-thought and studied deliberation. There is a gossiping freshness about them which bears spontaneous witness to their faithfulness, and renders them worth a host of more elaborate compositions. We commend them to the attention of our readers, as graphic delineations of a people whose acquaintance we now make for the first time, and deserving all the more careful consideration, because constituting, perhaps, the first of an extended series of illustrations of human life in the Equatorial regions of Africa, of which we may hope that we are on the eve of being put in possession. Where every thing is so deeply interesting, it is difficult to assign a preference to one rather than to another. There are, however, three of these tribes, or peoples, whom we should wish to point out as deserving particular study. These are the Fans, who inhabit a district lying behind the Sierra del Crystal, between 1° and 2° N. Lat., and about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast; the Apingi, dwelling on the southern slopes of the Equatorial range, around the head waters of the Apingi river, which as we observed above is supposed by the author to be identical with the Ngouyai branch of the Ogobai; and the Ashira, who inhabit a mountainous district also south of the Equatorial range about one hundred and twenty miles from the sea, and half way between the coast and the country of the Apingi. All these tribes are active, industrious, and more numerous than their neighbours. The Ashira and the Apingi tribes are the chief manufacturers of the grass-cloth to which we have just now alluded, and seem to be rather mild and peaceable. But the Fans are cannibals. Mr. du Chaillu describes them as tall, strong, well-made, energetic and warlike, and having a more

intelligent look than is usual to the African. Their foreheads do not seem so compressed as those of the other coast natives, their colour is also dark brown rather than black; and from these signs our author surmises that they belong to a different family. The women of this tribe made a most unfavourable impression on Mr. du Chaillu. He says they are short and hideous, and the queen he thinks the ugliest woman he ever saw. But he never tires of extolling the appearance of the men, who are, in his eyes, the "finest and bravest looking set of negroes, who, if they were only animated with the spirit of conquest, would soon make short work of the tribes between them and the coast." Their chief business is war, in which they display ingenuity, perseverance, and courage, using a great variety of weapons of which the chief is a knife, a war-axe, and a poisoned arrow famed among all the surrounding countries. This latter missile is a slender reed, a foot long, whose sharpened end is dipped into a deadly vegetable poison, and the merest puncture of it is inevitably fatal. They are excellent workers in iron, as we have already had occasion to observe, manufacturing their own weapons and utensils, which are remarkable for their admirable temper, and sometimes also for their beautiful design. They evince considerable skill in forming cooking-pots and pipes from clay, with a regularity of shape which is wonderful, as being the result of mere hand-work. Water-vessels, and wine bottles they make out of gourds and a kind of reed tightly woven and coated over with gum. They smoke a wild tobacco leaf; but in the Ashira country tobacco is cultivated and subjected to a rude species of manufacture. For musical instruments they have a rude kind of drum, and the *handja*, which is a set of gourds fastened in a reed frame, and in tone and manner of playing resembling a set of musical glasses.

It is a remarkable fact that, year by year, these Fans are encroaching westwards, and that towns are being successively established by them on the banks of the Gaboon, and in the district to the north-east of this river. This movement is not to be confounded with the shifting process by which many negro tribes move about from place to place, according as necessity compels or humour suggests a change of habitation. In the case of the Fans, it seems to be a regular migration drifting steadily westwards. Hence the natural question arises—whence do they come?

Their neighbours, the Osheba, on their eastern border, are cannibals like themselves, and resemble them in most of their practices, and the common belief of most people is, that this line of man-eating tribes extends indefinitely eastwards. Moreover, all the Fans, when asked whence they came, point to the north-east. Now, it is rather remarkable that, at the other side of Africa, Mr. Petherick should have lighted upon a tribe presenting many points of similarity to the Fans. These are the Neam Nams, who inhabit the district about the head waters of the White Nile, lying under the Equator, as he believes. There can be no question that they are cannibals. Indeed, the description which Mr. Petherick gives of what occurred on his first arrival among them is not merely a convincing proof of this, but an illustration of the terrible perils which our fellow-countrymen must brave in their explorations of these barbarous regions. These Neam Nams wage indiscriminate war all around them, and are the terror of their neighbours. Their appearance, their dress, their arms, their customs, are almost identical with those of the Fans, and they seem to be equally industrious. The following picture of them is given by Mr. Petherick.

“The plain beneath the village was extensively cultivated into fields and gardens—cotton, vegetables, melons, gourds, and pepper, being grown in the latter; whilst the former were confined to the growth of various kinds of maize and beans. Their cultivation was well attended to, the labour being performed by slaves, of which the members of this tribe owned considerable numbers—some individuals owning them by hundreds; and in case of emergency they accompanied their masters to battle. As everywhere else in the interior of Africa, within my knowledge, they were treated affectionately, and, generally speaking, both master and slaves were proud of each other; in negro families I have often observed more attention paid to the slaves than to their children. But I was assured by both free and slave negroes, that a runaway slave belonging to the Neam Nam, if captured, was made an example of, by being slain and devoured. I was also informed by the Neam Nam, who seemed to glory in their reputation of cannibalism, that their aged, and indeed all, when supposed to be at the point of death, were given up to be murdered and eaten.”—*Egypt, etc.*, pp. 468-9.

To the north of the Neam Nam are the Dôr and Djour tribes, who are as remarkable for their skill in iron workmanship as the Fans. They, too, do not dig out the ore,

but gather it from the surface of the earth. The description given by Mr. Petherick of their smelting process might stand for that in use among the Fans:—

“The rock is sandstone, in which, in several localities near the surface, rich ores of oxide of iron exist; and by means of small cupolas and charcoal fuel, this is reduced on the spot to metal of the finest description. The process is interesting:—

“The cupolas are constructed of stiff clay one foot thick, increasing towards the bottom, about fourteen inches in diameter, and four feet in height; underneath is a small basin for the reception of the metal, and on a level with the surface are four apertures, opposite each other, for the reception of the blast-pipes. These are made of burnt clay, and are attached to earthen vessels, about eighteen inches in diameter, and six inches in height, covered with a loose dressed goat-skin, tied tightly around them, and perforated with a few small holes; in the centre of which is a loop to contain the finger of the operator. A lad, sitting between two of these vessels, by a rapid alternate vertical motion, with each hand, drives a current of air into the furnace, which, charged with alternate layers of ore and charcoal, nourished by eight of these crude bellows, emits a flame some eighteen inches in height at the top.

“Relays of boys keep up a continual blast, and when the basin for the reception of the metal is nearly full, the charging of the furnace is discontinued, and it is blown out. Through an aperture at the bottom a great part of the slag is withdrawn; and the temperature in the furnace not being sufficient to reduce the metal to the fluid state, it is mixed up with a quantity of impurities, and broken when still warm into small pieces. These are subsequently submitted to the heat of a smith’s hearth, and hammered with a large granite boulder on a small anvil, presenting a surface one-and-a-half inch square, stuck into an immense block of wood. By this process the metal is freed from its impurities and converted into malleable iron of the best quality. The slag undergoes the operation of crushing and washing, and small globules of iron contained in it are obtained. A crucible charged with them is exposed to a welding heat on the hearth, and its contents are welded and purified as above.

“The iron being reduced to small malleable ingots, the manufacture of hoes, lances, hatchets, &c., is proceeded with. These are beaten into shape by the boulder, wielded by a powerful man; and the master smith, with a hammer, handleless like the pestle of a mortar, finishes them. With these rude implements, the proficiency they have attained is truly astonishing, many lances and other articles of their manufacture, which I now possess, having been pronounced good specimens of workmanship for an ordinary English smith.”—*Egypt, etc.*, pp. 394-6.

The Dôr, who live still more to the south, within,

according to Mr. Petherick's opinion, 150 miles of the equator, surpass the Djour in industry.

"Prior to the rainy season, their grain (dourra) was thrashed and preserved in large cylindrical receptacles, constructed of reeds and clay, from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and four feet in height, supported upon a strong wooden framework some four feet from the ground. The precaution of raising their stacks so high from the ground was to preserve them from vermin and the white ants. To preserve its contents from the rain, it was covered by a large thatched framework, not unlike an extinguisher in shape, and so light in substance, that when the grain was required, one side of it could be lifted, and supported by a pole, and the granary entered.

"Their huts were constructed of a beautiful basket-work of cane. The perpendicular walls were six feet high, and were surmounted with a pretty cupola-shaped reed roof, topped with wood carvings of birds. A wooden bedstead occupied its centre, and an oval-shaped hole, two and-a-half feet high, barely sufficient to admit a man in a stooping posture, formed the door-way. At night this was barricaded with logs of wood laid horizontally upon each other, between perpendicular posts. Cooking was carried on in a separate hut, and a large wooden mortar—the pestle some four or five feet in length, by three inches in diameter—served as their flour-mill. Their food consisted principally of a thick porridge, and a sauce flavoured with herbs and red pepper; but beef, whenever they could obtain it, by barter for grain with the Djour, or meat from the chace, was preferred. Rats, mice, and snakes were highly esteemed, and of these the children were continually in search. Fowls were reared to a great extent, but from some unaccountable superstition, they were only considered proper food for women; if eaten by men, it was a proof of effeminacy.

"The women would be handsome were it not for a disfiguration of the under lip, in which circular pieces of wood are inserted, varying in size, according to age, from a sixpence to a florin."—*Egypt, &c.*, pp. 398—401.

Considering these many points of resemblance common to the tribes around the head waters of the Nile, and those which inhabit the district bordering on the West Coast, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that some degree of kinship exists between them: at least, the opinion that the Equatorial Zone of Africa is inhabited by people springing from the same original stock, and having the same customs and social arrangements, is no hazardous surmise. No doubt there are many problems of a physiological, ethnological, and linguistic character, which will remain to try the ingenuity of the learned, even, should the time arrive

when we shall be satisfied as to the identity which we have ventured to conjecture. But these can hardly be greater than those which have presented themselves in similar situations in other parts of the world, and which still continue to excite the curiosity and baffle the penetration of the scholar. Nor do we think that the circumstances which warrant us in believing this affinity of race and similarity of customs impose on us the necessity of admitting such a solidarity of institutions and habits, that the practice of cannibalism must be enumerated among the identical usages common to the whole population of Central Africa. Mr. Petherick and Mr. du Chaillu vouch for its existence at either extremity of this vast region; they also inform us that the tribes among whom it prevails possess many common characteristics, even to the colour of their skin, which is less black than that of their neighbours, both above and below them. Surely this is frail ground, from which to jump at the hasty conclusion, that the immense population inhabiting the intervening one thousand miles, are slaves to the same revolting custom. Such an inference is not only not borne out by the testimony of other travellers, who have had opportunities of studying the condition of the population of the interior, but is quite at variance with their statements.

We wish we could print the very interesting account which Mr. Petherick has given us of the Kordofanese; but we can do no more than allude to it. From it the reader will learn the sad vicissitudes to which these Eastern nations are liable, and the precarious tenure by which they hold, at all times, whatever little prosperity they may happen to enjoy—or rather, perhaps, the comparative respite from oppression which may be vouchsafed to them. Nothing can be more interesting than the account of the manners and customs of this people, previous to their conquest by Mehemet Ali in 1821. The following passage *de re vestiaria* contains information, which will probably be new to most of our readers.

“Money was unknown amongst them; but there was no lack of gold and silver, which worked by native artisans into ornaments, were worn by the women, and even their slaves, in the shape of anklets, bracelets, necklaces, ear and nose rings. The majority of the rings worn on the fingers were of silver, and of clumsy construction; those of the men, as in the present day, had their names

in Arabic engraved on them, whilst the women's were simply massive or twisted, in some of them stones of agate being rudely set.

"Fond of ornament, the women loaded themselves with jewellery to such an extent, that in some instances the soles of their sandals were of gold; solid rings an ounce in weight, were worn in each ear to relieve which from the pain occasioned by such a weight, the rings were supported by a string passed over the head and interwoven with the hair. Half an ounce of gold formed the nose-ring, which, hanging over the mouth, was suspended to the right nostril. The necklaces were composed of strings of the same metal resembling barleycorns and cubes. The heaviest ornaments were the bracelets, some of which weighed nine ounces; and, taking all together, there were many women who decorated their persons with fifty ounces of gold.

"Gold was then as it is now, obtained from Sennaar and the mountains of Sheiboon, inhabited by negroes, south of Kordofan and Jebel Tekele, whence djellabo, or traders, proceeding from Kordofan obtained it by barter."—*Egypt*. pp. 270-71.

The sudden rise and expansion of the mimosa gum trade in Kordofan, will also furnish evidence of the plentiful resources of the country, if an opportunity only presented itself of developing them.

"The Mimosa does not grow very high; but, generally, with branches springing out at low elevations from the ground, looks more like large bushes than trees. The *Mimosa Nilotica* of Sennaar produces an inferior red gum, whereas that of Kordofan is of a light straw-colour, of the finest description and is called Gum-Arabic. It exudes through fissures in the bark of the stem and branches in the same manner as gum does from cherry-trees in Europe, but in larger quantities. The collection of the gum commences soon after the rainy season, in the early part of December; but at the latter end of the month of January, during which cold northerly winds prevail, the production is checked; and it does not again take place until the increasing heat of summer, commencing towards the latter end of February, forces the trees to renewed productiveness, which continues uninterruptedly until the commencement of the rainy season in the month of June. During the season the children and the poor gather it, each person being able to collect about 2lb. a day, for which the retail-dealers give one Egyptian piastre or 2½d. As the collection takes place after the grain crops have been saved, it affords a succession of lucrative employment.

"The Egyptian government employs a staff of servants to attend to this particular branch of its revenue, which is received in part payment of taxes. When in particular instances these have been liquidated, the gum is bought by the government and paid for in ready money. The amount paid to the natives is very trifling

compared to the profits made on the article by the Egyptian government. For instance, the *Cantar*, 100lb. English, is worth at Cairo...

... ..	£3	0	0.
The expense of collecting is	£0	5	0
Transport to Cairo will cost, on the whole,	0	10	0
Administration—say	0	1	0
			<hr/> 0 16 0

Which will leave a balance of£2 4 0
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in favour of the Egyptian government; and this, multiplied by 20,000, the average number of *Cantars* annually collected, gives a net profit of £44,000."

It may easily be supposed that such a source of profit would be tenaciously held by Mehemet Ali Pacha, the conqueror of Kordofan; and in the first instance, the whole of this trade was monopolized by the wary Viceroy. But the monopoly has been for some years past abolished, and the gum trade, thus thrown open, has become a most productive source of wealth to the entire population of Kordofan. The large amount of coin brought into the country has enabled them to pay their taxes in cash, and thus dispose of their crops to greater advantage than when a large portion of them had to go to meet the fiscal demands of the Government.

On the subject of these commercial relations, the consul gives us some curious information, with reference to the prices at which the Egyptian government value the produce of its upper provinces, with a view to the assessment of taxes. Although below the average market-price, yet, such is the value of coin, the natives are quite satisfied with them.

"A slave for enlistment in the army is valued at from £6 to £8; slaves of both sexes, and useless to the government, were sold by public auction, the proceeds of which are passed to the account of the contributors; a full grown camel, one hundred and twenty Egyptian piastres, or, £1 4s.; a cow or bullock, forty-five piastres, or 9s.; a heifer, twenty-five to thirty-five piastres, or 5s. to 7s.; a sheep five piastres, or 1s.; a bushel of dourra or ducka, three piastres, or 7½d."—*Egypt*, etc., p. 285.

We have already referred to the chief articles of trade on the West Coast. To these we must add ivory and slaves; both which, together with gum, form the staples of the districts bordering on the Upper Nile. Slaves, in-

deed, constitute the main feature of all African commerce. We shall not delay to make any observations on this terrible traffic, which is just now receiving so fearful an illustration, in the ruin which it is bringing upon the once prosperous United States of America. We shall cite the description which Mr. du Chaillu gives of a slave depôt near Cape Lopez, which he visited. We should premise, that these depôts are villages, scattered over the country, and screened by clumps of bushes. The larger towns used to be shelled and burned down by our cruisers; but these scattered plantations are safe from molestation, for they afford no mark.

"Cape Lopez boasts of two slave factories. I visited the one kept by the Portuguese. It was, from the outside, an immense enclosure, protected by a fence of palisades twelve feet high, and sharp-pointed at the top. Passing through the gate, which was standing open, I found myself in the midst of a large collection of shanties, surrounded by shade-trees, under which were lying about, in various positions, people enough to form a considerable African town.

"An old Portuguese, who seemed to be sick, met and welcomed me, and conducted me to the white men's house, a two-story frame building, which stood immediately fronting the gate. This was poorly furnished, but contained beds, a table, chairs, &c. Unfortunately, I do not speak either Spanish or Portuguese, and my conductor understood neither French nor English. We had, therefore, to make use of a native interpreter, who made slow work of our talk. The Portuguese complained that it was now very hard to land a cargo in the Brazils, as the government was against them, and that each year the trade grew duller. To put myself on a right footing with him, I told him I had not come to trade, but to collect objects in natural history, and to see the country, and hunt.

"I was now led around. The large house I have mentioned was surrounded by a separate strong fence, and in the spacious yard which was thus cut off, were the male slaves, fastened six together by a little stout chain which passed through a collar secured about the neck of each. This mode of fastening, experience has proved to be the most secure. It is rare that six men are unanimous in any move for their own good, and it is found that no attempts to liberate themselves, when thus fastened, succeed. They reposed under sheds, or shelters, built about the yard, and here and there were buckets of water from which they could drink when they felt inclined.

"Beyond this yard was another for women and children, who were not manacled, but allowed to rove at pleasure through their

yard, which was also protected by a fence. The men were almost naked. The women were invariably a cloth about their middle.

"Behind the great houses was the hospital for sick slaves. It was not ill-arranged, the rooms being large and well-ventilated, and the beds—structures of bamboo covered with a mat—were ranged about the walls.

"Outside of all the minor yards, under some trees, were the huge cauldrons in which the beans and rice, which serve as slave-food, were cooked. Each yard had several Portuguese overseers, who kept watch and order, and superintended the cleaning out of the yards, which is performed daily by the slaves themselves. From time to time, these overseers take the slaves down to the seashore and make them bathe. I remarked that many of the slaves were quite merry, and seemed perfectly content with their fate. Others were sad, and seemed filled with dread of their future; for, to lend an added horror to the position of these poor creatures, they firmly believe that we whites buy them to eat them.....The slaves here seemed of many different tribes, and but few even understood each other. The slave-trade has become so great a traffic (here I speak of the country and foreign trade alike) that it extends from this coast quite to the centre of the Continent; and I have met slaves on the coast who had been brought from much farther in the interior than I ever succeeded in reaching. The large rivers provide an easy access to the coast, and give Cape Lopez great advantages for obtaining a regular supply of slaves; and the creeks which abound hereabouts afford the vessels good chances to conceal themselves from the watchful cruisers.....

"The next morning I paid a visit to the other slave-factory. It was a neater place, but arranged much like the first. While I was standing there, two young women and a lad of fourteen were brought in for sale, and bought by the Portuguese in my presence. The boy brought a twenty gallon cask of rum, a few fathoms of cloth, and a quantity of beads. The women sold at a higher rate. Each was valued at the following articles, which were immediately paid over; one gun, one neptune, (a flat disk of copper) thirty fathoms of cloth, two iron bars, two cutlasses, two looking-glasses, two files, two plates, two bolts, a keg of powder, a few beads, and a small lot of tobacco. Rum bears a high price in this (Cape Lopez) country.

"At two o'clock this afternoon a flag was hoisted at the king's palace on the hill, which signifies that a slaver is in the offing. It proved to be a schooner of one hundred and seventy tons' burden. She ran in and hove to a few miles from shore. Immediately I saw issue from one of the factories gangs of slaves, who were rapidly driven down to a point on the shore nearest the vessel. I stood and watched the embarkation.

"Six hundred slaves were taken off to her, and stowed in her narrow hold. The whole embarkation did not last two hours, and then hoisting her white sails, away she sailed for the South American

coast. She hoisted no colours while near the shore, but was evidently recognized by the people on shore. She seemed an American-built schooner. The vessels are, in fact, Brazilian, Portuguese, Spanish, and sometimes Sardinian, but oftentimes of all American. Even whalers, I have been told, have come to the coast, got their slave cargo, and departed unmolested, and setting it down in Cuba or Brazil, returned to their whaling business, no one the wiser.

"The slave-trade is really decreasing. The hardest blow has been struck at it by the Brazilians. They have for some years been alarmed at the great superiority in numbers of the Africans in Brazil to its white population, and the government and people have united to discourage the trade, and put obstacles in the way of its successful prosecution. If now the trade to Cuba could also be stopped, this would do more to put an end to the whole business than the blockading by all the navies of the world. It is impossible for any limited number of vessels to guard effectually four thousand miles of coast. Eight or ten years ago, when I was on the coast of Africa, the British kept some twenty-six vessels of light draught on the coast, several of which were steamers, while the rest were good sailers. The French also had twenty-six vessels there, and the Americans their complement. But with all this force to hinder, the slave-trade was never more prosperous. The demand in Brazil and Cuba was good, and barracoons were established all along the coast. Many vessels were taken, but many more escaped. The profits are so great that the slave dealers could afford to send really immense fleets, and count with almost mathematical certainty on making a great profit from those which escaped the cruisers. The barracoons were shifted from place to place to escape the vigilance of the men-of-war; and no sooner was one of these depots broken up, than another was established in some neighbouring creek or bay. So great was the demand that fearful atrocities were sometimes practised by shrewd captains, who begrudged even the small price they had to pay for slaves.

"A pregnant sign of the decay of the business is that those engaged in it begin to cheat each other.....Now there are not many barracoons north of the Equator, and the chief trade centres about the mouth of the Congo. The lawful trade has taken the place of the slave traffic to the northward; and if the French will only abolish their system of 'apprenticeship,' lawful trade might soon make its way to the south."—*Equatorial Africa*, pp. 142-7.

Both Mr. Petherick and Mr. du Chaillu give us notices of the system of trade which obtains in Central Africa. The latter gentleman, especially, furnishes us with an account of what we may call the commercial machinery by which the African trade is connected with Europe, which is most valuable, not only for the information which it contains, but for the useful suggestions which it offers.

"Let me here give the reader an idea of African commerce. The rivers, which are the only highways of the country, are, of course, the avenues by which every species of export and import must be conveyed from and to the interior tribes. Now, the river banks are possessed by different tribes. Thus, while the Mpongwe hold the mouth and some miles above, they are succeeded by the Shekiani, and these again by other tribes, to the number of almost a dozen, before the Sierra del Crystal mountains are reached. Each of these tribes assumes to itself the privilege of acting as go-between or middle-man, to those next to it, and charges a heavy percentage for this office; and no infraction of this rule is permitted under penalty of war. Thus, a piece of ivory or ebony may belong originally to a negro in the far interior, and if he wants to barter it for 'white man's trade,' he dares not take it to a market himself. If he should be rash enough to attempt such a piece of enterprize, his goods would be confiscated, and he, if caught, fined by those whose monopoly he sought to break down, or most likely sold into slavery. He is obliged by the laws of trade to entrust it to some fellow in the next tribe nearer to the coast. He, in turn, disposes of it to the next chief or friend, and so ivory, or ebony, or barwood, passes through probably a dozen hands, ere it reaches the factory of the trader on the coast.

"This would seem to work against the white trader by increasing the price of products. But this is only half the evil. All this trade was only a *commission* business with no advances. In fact, the first holder has trusted each successive dispenser with his property without any 'collateral' security. Now, when the last black fellow disposes of this piece of ebony or ivory to the white merchant or captain, he retains a very liberal percentage for his own services, and turns the remainder over to his next neighbour above. He, in turn, takes a commission for *his* trouble; and so, finally, a very small remainder—often nothing at all—is left for the poor fellow who inaugurated the speculation or sent the tusk. I have known one of these scoundrels, after having appropriated a large share of the poor remainder of returns, actually beg back a portion of what he had handed over to his unsuspecting client."—*Equatorial Africa*, pp. 9, 10.

The consequences may easily be imagined. A system of slander and cheating universally prevails. The interior tribes are made to believe all manner of absurd stories of the ferocity of the white traders, (unfortunately not always without foundation), and of the dangers which the coast-tribes brave in their beneficent and unselfish attempt to carry on business purely for the interest of their sable neighbours. These latter, on the other hand, who own the most productive country, have no incentive to develope trade, which brings them in such small and precarious prices, and

these at most uncertain intervals. Thus they are discouraged, and pay no attention to collecting stores of those articles which the market would always be anxious to procure, such as ivory, ebony, caoutchouc, etc. The entire business from first to last is barbarous and speculative, highly unprofitable to the white consumer and the original black producer, alike, although most advantageous to the intermediate factors and brokers. Nor is this the only obstacle. Freedom of competition is as distasteful among individuals, as among tribes; and Mr. du Chaillu cites examples to show that if one man contrived to secure a greater share of business than his fellows, either by superior management, or the display of minor dishonesty, he does so at the imminent peril of losing his life, or being sold into slavery on a charge of witchcraft. The practice of giving credit is another serious evil. White traders are in the habit of advancing money or goods to the sable middlemen, the only result of which is the development of all kinds of overtrading and rascality. Frequently the white man loses a large portion of his investment. Often the blacks will prolong the negotiation, well knowing the deadly influence of the climate on their customer. Days and weeks will pass away in tedious chaffering about a single tusk or a single cask of palm-oil; until, at length, the white trader is glad to accept anything, on any terms, rather than leave his bones to whiten beneath the suns of Guinea. It does not require much penetration to see, that this condition of things must prove a powerful impediment to the opening of a regularly organized trade, and to the amelioration of the country through commercial channels.*

* African trade has so much expanded within the past half-century, that, like everything connected with that continent, it resembles less a development of a branch of commerce already existing, than a new creation. It is almost exclusively in the hands of the Liverpool merchants, so far as England is concerned. Our readers may form an idea of the immense proportions it is generally assuming from the enormous increase of that portion of it which deals with Palm Oil. This branch of the trade is chiefly carried on at Accra, in the river Bonny, one of the mouths of the Niger. Eboe, on the Kwarrah, is the principal interior centre. In 1808 the quantity imported from Africa was 4,000 cwt; it had increased in 1834 to 269,907 cwt., and in 1851 it amounted to 584,777 cwt., valued at about £1,147,000.

Next to slaves, the most general subject of barter throughout Central Africa, so far at least as Europeans are concerned, is ivory. Indeed, wherever commercial relations with Europeans subsist in Africa, with the exception of the Barbary States, there ivory is a chief staple. In the interior the elephant is hunted, like other beasts, for the sake of its meat. But contact with the white traders suddenly reveals an additional and extrinsic value previously unknown, inducing a wholesale destruction of this magnificent animal. Mr. du Chaillu is of opinion, that upwards of eighty thousand pounds of ivory are taken yearly from the Gaboon river when home prices are good; and that the Loango country (occupying about two hundred and fifty miles of the seaboard south of the Equator) furnishes in brisk years at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. We shall not be much astray if, guided by the experience of Mr. Petherick, (p. 417) we estimate that such a supply of ivory involves annually the slaughter of about two thousand elephants. Now, if we remember that elephants require a large area for their sustenance, and must consequently be thinly scattered over any region which they inhabit, we shall at once perceive that such destruction, considered in proportion to the size of the Loango country, is enormous and ruinous, and bids fair to ensure the complete extinction of the race before no very distant day. Both Mr. Petherick and Mr. du Chaillu give us several interesting descriptions of the chase of the elephant. Previous to Mr. Petherick's visit, the cannibal tribe of the Neam Nams were ignorant of the value of ivory, killing the animal for the sake of its flesh only. One cannot but wish that they had continued in this condition; for no sooner had they learned that, with the hitherto unprized tusks, they could procure the coveted beads which the white man displayed, than they evinced an appetite for wholesale slaughter, and a readiness in devising means for carrying it into effect, which must have shocked even him accustomed as he was to scenes of barbarity and violence.

"They entreated that we would remain until the moon became small, when elephants would come, and they would kill every one possessed of tusks.....After a fortnight's sojourn a herd of eighteen elephants was announced by beat of tom-tom, (a species of drum), as being in the vicinity. Old men, hags, warriors, women and children, collected with the most sanguine expectations; and anxious to

witness the scene, I accompanied the hunters : a finer body of well-grown and active men, I never beheld. The slaves, many of them from the Baer, but most of them appertaining to unknown tribes from the west, were all but black, and followed their more noble-looking and olive-coloured masters. Two hours' march—the first part through cultivated ground, and the latter through magnificent bush—brought us to the open plain, covered hip-deep with dry grass ; and there were the elephants marching leisurely towards us. The negroes, about five hundred, swift as antelopes, formed a vast circle around them, and by their yells brought the huge game to a stand still. As if by magic, the plain was on fire, and the elephants in the midst of the roar and crackling of the flames, were obscured from our view by the smoke. Where I stood, and along the line as far as I could see, the grass was beaten down to prevent the outside of the circle from being seized in the conflagration ; and in a short time—not more than half an hour—the fire having exhausted itself, the cloud of smoke gradually rising, again displayed the group of elephants to our view, standing as if petrified. As soon as the burning embers had become sufficiently extinct, the negroes, with a whoop, closed from all sides upon their prey. The fire and smoke had blinded them ; and, unable to defend themselves, they successively fell by the lances of their assailants. The sight was grand, and although their tusks proved a rich prize, I was touched at the massacre.

"The villagers, acquainted with our success, hurried to the scene, when women and children took an active part in carrying to their homes huge pieces of the carcasses cut off by their husbands and brothers, whilst others cleverly detached the tusks with their axes. The work lasted two days, and the sight was animated in the extreme. The skeletons only remained on the ground.

"The barter of the tusks was the next grand event—the entire population assisting, and the scene resembled a fair. In the centre of a large circle, composed of the elders of the tribe, the chief interpreter and myself were seated ; and in front of an immense number of people stood the men bearing the tusks. The tusks were singly bartered for by the chief ; and notwithstanding the earnest desire on both sides to conclude the bargain, so much haggling took place that two days were consumed ere the sale was effected."—*Egypt*, etc. pp. 470—72.

The tusks vary very much in size :—

"The female African elephant, unlike the Asiatic, is provided with tusks as well as the male, but in general they are shorter and much thinner. The right tusk, the most used, for digging up roots, is not unfrequently broken at the extremity, and where it is not, is so much worn as to be much shorter than its companion. I have also observed, that in different latitudes the tusks differ ; those, for

instance, in more northern latitudes, being shorter, thicker, less hollowed, and heavier than those of parts farther south, which, although exceeding them in length are hollower, and considerably lighter. Thus, for instance, the tusk of a fine elephant from the Nouaer, Dinka, or Shillook tribes, (between 12° and 8° north lat.), will weigh one hundred and twenty pounds; whilst a tusk from a similar animal from the Bâri (near the Equator) would only weigh from seventy to eighty pounds; indeed, I have known a tusk procured from the Nouaer, weigh one hundred and eighty-five pounds, its length being seven feet two inches, and its greatest thickness at the base nine inches.'—*Egypt*, etc., pp. 417—18.

Among the animals of the eastern portion of Central Africa, Mr. Petherick mentions giraffes, antelopes, wild boars, gazelles, panthers of several descriptions, and snakes of immense size. Lions seemed to him to be much rarer than among the more northern tribes, for which he accounts by surmising that herds of cattle are an easier prey than wary antelopes. In the districts bordering on the West Coast lions are not to be found, but all the other animals abound. Mr. du Chaillu mentions the leopard instead of the panther; but we may be permitted to doubt the zoological discrimination of both authors so far, as to think it probable that the same animal is designated by them under both these different names. Hippopotami are constantly met with in the principal rivers and other inland waters. Both writers describe various scenes in which they figured. Mr. du Chaillu (page 216) gives us an account of a fight between two hippopotami. He believes that they will not wantonly attack a canoe, although if they accidentally come into contact with one, they will, in their alarm, break it to pieces. But even in such cases, the passengers have but to keep clear of the boat in order to secure their escape. But Mr. Petherick, (pp. 385-6) records incidents that happened to himself in the Bahr-*il-Ghazâl*, of a precisely contrary nature, in one of which he lost his cook, who, "while sitting on the gunwale of the boat with his back to the stream, was attacked by a hippopotamus, which unexpectedly rising out of the water, crushed the poor man between his enormous jaws."

Every African traveller has made special commemoration of the many tribes of ants which there abound; some of these are venomous, and even terrible, and all present features of interest. The most remarkable among them is the *Bashikouay*, first observed by Mr. du Chaillu, one of

the most, if not the most ferocious and destructive creatures encountered by him in his travels.

"The Bashikouay ant is the most ferocious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect. I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.

"When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes, with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand, and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

"They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all, suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

"When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly, the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind

of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

"The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.....When on their line of march they require to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream, whenever they can find such to facilitate the operation. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore-claws to its next neighbour's body or hind-claws; thus they form a high, safe, tubular bridge, through which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity.

"The bashikouay have the sense of smell finely developed, as indeed have all the ants I know, and they are guided very much by it. They are larger than any ant we have in America, being at least half an inch long. They are armed with very powerful fore-legs and sharp jaws, with which they bite. They are red or dark brown in colour. Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continuous line passing at good speed a particular place for twelve hours. The reader may imagine for himself how many millions there may have been contained here."—*Equatorial Africa*, pp. 311-13.

Both travellers speak of the White Ants in terms of most decided reprobation. Mr. Petherick found them infesting Kordofan in great abundance.

"Standing proofs existed in numerous mounds of earth six feet above the level of the ground, and mostly of a round shape, some ten or twelve feet diameter at the base. The trunks and branches of fallen trees bore indisputable evidence of their presence; every particle of the wood having been eaten beneath an incrustation of mud which had covered them. Everything short of metal on the ground within their reach is in danger of being eaten by them, as soon as it is covered with a coating of earth. This covering is intended, only to guard them against the light, exposure to which kills them. They are the greatest curse that can infest an inhabited neighbourhood; nothing is safe from them; all woodwork is attacked, and the huts are daily covered with fresh incrustations by the persevering insects, notwithstanding all the care of the inhabitants to beat them off. One night I remained at a house, ignorant of its being infested by these destructive atoms. In the morning, when drawing on my boots, my foot went through the bottom; of one the sole had entirely disappeared."—*Egypt*, etc., pp. 206-7.

From Mr. du Chaillu's silence, we may infer that the

ostrich is not to be found in Western Equatorial Africa. It is, however, a denizen of Kordofan, although not attaining to the size at which it is found in Southern Africa. Mr. Petherick gives us the following account of an ostrich hunt:—

“Two fine ostriches were near us.....The herbage presented an unbroken sea of prickly askaneet about two feet high, over which the stately birds with heads high in the air, and stilt-like legs, stalked proudly. They seemed aware we were following them, but without evident alarm—only breaking into a gentle trot.....

“Proceeding at a brisk amble, following their large unmistakable impressions in the sand, we found they had halted once or twice, and again set off at a run, although not at the top of their speed; and at last, after another stoppage, changing the direction in which they had gone, their clear tracks showed they felt no longer disturbed, and that they had reduced their pace to a walk. We now soon caught sight of them, and, leaving their tracks to the right, followed them without appearing to do so, forcing them to perform almost a circle, but still without being able to approach within range. A succession of dodges, performed sometimes by the birds to evade us, at others by ourselves to approach them, proved ineffectual, and I feared, the sun’s having gone down, that the light would fail us; therefore, alighting from my dromedary, and mounting the boy in my stead, I placed myself in ambush, desiring both boys, without frightening the birds, to make a detour, and, heading them, to drive them in the direction of my hiding-place, behind a thick tullach-bush.

“The manœuvre succeeded admirably, and with just light enough to catch the sight over the muzzle of my rifle and make sure of my shot, both birds driven before the boys, at a slight trot with gently expanded wings, ready for instantaneous flight, passed me unsuspectingly at a distance of scarcely one hundred yards. I fired at the wing of the foremost; he bounded forward, and, followed by his companion, they ran off at their utmost speed at a wonderful pace.

“Certain of having struck him—but whether mortally or not remained to be proved—I reloaded my rifle, and, the boys arriving, we followed the tracks. There was no blood on the ground to indicate a wounded bird; but after having walked about three hundred yards, we were overjoyed at seeing one of them (that which I had fired at) stagger like a drunken man to prevent himself from falling.

“The Arab with his cry of joy, “Loo, loo, loo, loo,” in a high note, went through a variety of movements with his lance and legs that baffle description, and which I was unable to put a stop to until all chances were lost of bagging the companion bird, which had now parted company, and left her companion to his fate. A.

last effort of escape proved a run of only a short distance in a zig-zag ; and stopping after a few more ineffectual attempts to remain on his legs, he sat for an instant on his haunches, and then fell to rise no more. His fluttering wings and struggles with his powerful limbs, kept the Arab at a distance ; but at last, as the bird's head drooped, he sprang in, and crying out, "Illa 'ella Allah, Mohammed ressoul Allah," (There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet), severed his throat. My prize was a grey bird, with a bunch of black feathers in each wing and tail, underneath the former of which were a very few short but pretty white feathers : he was a young male.....The meat of the Ostrich, when cut up looked like beef; and when dressed was not only eatable, but of good flavour."—*Egypt*, etc., pp. 234-6.

The special feature of interest in Mr. du Chaillu's book, and that which most unquestionably led to his rapid and sustained popularity, and, at the same time, evoked the unsparing censure with which he was visited in some quarters, is the account which he gives of the African Apes, and the discovery which he claims of some new species among them. Assuming his statements to be generally true—and of this as we have already observed, we do not believe there is room for rational doubt—he has given us more information on the subject than all his predecessors together. Through his observations, chiefly, we are now acquainted with four different varieties of tailless Apes, inhabitants of Africa:—the Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*), the Kooloo-Kamba (*Troglodytes kooloo-kamba*), the Nshiego-mbouvé (*Troglodytes calvus*), and the Gorilla (*Troglodytes gorilla*). Of these, the first three are so very much akin in appearance and habits, that they are regarded as varieties of the same kind. They live almost exclusively in trees. Their skin is black, and their body is covered all over with black hair. But the face of the young Chimpanzee is yellow, while that of the young Nshiego-mbouvé is extremely white. The young Kooloo-kamba has never been observed; indeed the first and only specimen of this animal seen by a white man, was one shot by Mr. du Chaillu. He was impressed with its human appearance, "the face having an expression curiously like to an Esquimaux or Chinaman, and bearing a closer general resemblance to man than any other ape yet known." He obtained many specimens of the Nshiego-mbouvé (of which also he was the first white discoverer), and has been able to describe its habits with great detail

and minuteness. It is distinguished from all its congeners by building for itself a shelter like an umbrella, amid the higher branches of trees. This shelter has the exact shape of an extended umbrella, is from six to eight feet in diameter, and is made of leafy branches fastened ingeniously to each other and to the stem of the tree, by those creeping vines which abound in the forest. Mr. du Chaillu was fortunate enough to capture a young Nshiego, which he tried to rear. The account of this educational process is extremely interesting, and will well repay perusal. He learnt to eat boiled rice and roasted plantain, flesh-meat and fish, to drink coffee, palm-wine, ale, and brandy, and progressed so far as to manifest an incurable propensity for getting drunk. He died only five months after his capture.

The discovery of the Gorilla dates from 1846, when Dr. Wilson,* an American missionary, discovered accidentally two skulls and part of a skeleton, from which Dr. Savage of Boston, and Professor Wyman of Harvard University were able to demonstrate the existence of a large ape previously unknown: this view was subsequently confirmed by the independent investigations of Professor Owen in England, and of Duvernoy and St. Hilaire in France. But, for all knowledge of its habits the learned both in Europe and America continued to be dependent upon the exaggerated stories of the natives; since no white traveller or resident had yet succeeded in following the animal into its haunts in the forests of the interior, nor indeed does any one seem to have thought of undertaking such a task. Mr. du Chaillu claims to be the first fortunate white man who has penetrated to the haunts of the Gorilla, and who, having hunted it, can speak of this ferocious beast from his own personal knowledge.

The name Gorilla was suggested to Professor Wyman and Dr. Savage, by a passage from the *Periplus of Hanno*, the Carthaginian navigator, who is supposed by many to have circumnavigated Africa, and whose voyage in the sixth century B.C., was marked by many incidents, the substantial truth of which is being daily more and more confirmed. The passage is as follows:—

* This is the gentleman, whose letter testifying to Mr. du Chaillu's trustworthiness we have given above, p. 447.

"On the third day, having sailed from thence, passing the streams of fire, we came to the bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreter called gorillas.....But pursuing them we were not able to take the men; they all escaped from us by their great agility, being *cremnobates* (that is to say, climbing precipitous rocks and trees), and defending themselves by throwing stones at us. We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow. We were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and took their skins off, which skins were brought to Carthage, for we did not navigate farther, provisions becoming scarce."—*Equatorial Africa*, page 343.

Pliny adds to this account, that the skins were hung in the temple of Juno in Carthage, and that two of them were still preserved at the time when the city was taken by the Romans; the name *Gorillas* had been changed to *Gorgones*. But this description of Hanno agrees with the Chimpanzee rather than with the Gorilla.

The height of the Gorilla Mr. du Chaillu found to range from five feet two inches to five feet eight. But there is a difficulty in understanding these measurements, for he tells us that Professor Wyman has in his possession a skeleton measuring six feet two inches in height. All these measurements would appear to be taken to the tip of the toe instead of to the heel, according to the method by which man's height is always computed. Perhaps, despite this confusion we shall not be much astray in assuming the average height of this great Ape, as considerably less than that of man. The female is smaller, less strong and of lighter frame than the male; one adult female shot by Mr. du Chaillu measured only four feet six inches. The colour of the Gorilla's skin, in the young as well as in the adult animal, is intense black; but the hair which covers the body is an iron-grey—this peculiarity being due to the fact that the individual hairs are ringed with alternate stripes of black and grey. In the females the hair is black with a decided tinge of red. A reddish crown covers the scalp of the male: this is not apparent in the female till she is almost grown up. The longest and blackest hair, sometimes over two inches, is on the arms; it grows downwards from the shoulder to the elbow, and upwards from the wrist to the elbow. The back of the

hand is covered with hair to the fingers, so are the feet to the division of the toes.

"The eyes are deeply sunken, the immense over-hanging bony frontal ridge giving to the face the expression of a constant savage scowl. The mouth is wide, and the lips are sharply cut; the jaws are of tremendous weight and power, and furnished with huge canines.....The ears are smaller than those of man. The chest is of great capacity; the shoulders exceedingly broad. The arms have prodigious muscular development, and are very long, extending as low as the knees. The fore-arm is nearly of uniform size from the wrist to the elbow. The comparative length of the arms and shortness of the legs form one of the chief deviations from man. The legs are remarkably short, decreasing in size from the knee (which is turned outwards) to the ankle, and having no calf. The hands, especially in the male, are of immense size and strong; the fingers are short and thick, the circumference of the middle finger at the first joint being in some gorillas over six inches. The thumb is shorter than in man, and the palm of the hand is naked, callous, and intensely black. The foot looks somewhat like a giant hand of immense power and grasp. It is longer than the hand, and its sole is callous and intensely black. The transverse wrinkles show the frequency and freedom of movement of the two joints of the great toe, proving that they have a power of grasp. The toes are divided into three groups, the second, third and fourth being partly united by a web. The great toe reaches only to the first joint of the second toe, diverging from the foot at an angle of 60 degrees from its axis; it is in reality a thumb. Each of its joints, in one specimen measured six and a half inches in circumference."—*Equatorial Africa*, pp. 355-8.

This animal usually walks on all-fours. He does not place the palm of the hand on the ground, but the backs of the fingers, which are semi-flexed. Nor does he use the knees, the joints of which are bent outwards, but only the ball and great toe of the hind-foot. As his arms are longer than his legs, and the bowed condition of the latter renders them still shorter, his head and breast are considerably raised, and he seems to be half erect as he proceeds. At the same time the leg and arm on the same side move together, and the hind-legs are brought considerably beneath the body, and move between the arms, giving the beast a curious waddle. There is no doubt that he can walk in an erect posture with greater ease and for a longer time than any of the Chinpanzee tribe: whatever way he moves, he can certainly go at great speed. His strength is enormous. It required four stout men to hold a young one of between two and three years of age. He breaks

trees from four to six inches in diameter; and there is more than one instance of his flattening a gun-barrel with his jaws. With one blow of his paw he easily breaks the breast bone of a man. He seems to eat vegetables only, displaying a preference for those that are sweet. He also feeds upon a kind of nut, the shell of which is so hard that it requires a blow with a heavy hammer to break it, and it has been suggested that the enormous strength of the animal's jaws and of the temporal muscles, has been developed by his efforts to crack these nuts. For a full description of the appearance and habits of all these great apes, and of the Gorilla especially, and for a discussion of the arguments adduced towards settling their position in the Animal Kingdom we must refer our readers to Mr. du Chaillu's work, and particularly to Chapters XX. and XXI. We do not believe, that either a cursory perusal, or an attentive study of the subject, will suggest to the really unprejudiced mind the existence of any structural similarity between man and those animals, which have been so unfittingly denominated "anthropoid apes." As for the man who calmly propounds the conclusion "that the problem of the origin of man seems more likely to receive its solution from a more extended investigation of his structural analogies with the forms" of these animals,* we shall only say that it is to be regretted he was ever taken out of the society of those whose kindred he is so anxious to claim.

"The gorilla lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys and also rugged heights. It is a restless and nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarce ever found for two days together in the same neighbourhood. It is a huge feeder, and no doubt soon eats up the scant supply of its natural food which is found in any limited space, and is then forced to wander on in constant battle with famine. Only the young gorillas sleep on trees for protection from wild beasts. So does the adult female, occasionally, at least; the adult male always sleeps at the foot of a tree or elsewhere on the ground—indeed the structure of his hand and foot are not well adapted for tree-climbing.

"It is a shy animal, avoiding the hunters, when forewarned of their approach. But if, accidentally or by good management, the hunter comes upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. Sitting for a moment with a savage frown on his face, he slowly rises to his

* Vide *Westminster Review*, new series, No. 39—Art. VI.

feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural, rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears, like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. The horror of the animal's appearance at this time is beyond description.

"It is difficult to get a clear aim at any greater distance than a few yards. For this reason the well-trained hunter awaits the approach of the infuriated beast reserving his fire till the very last moment. Experience has shown that if the hunter fires and misses, the gorilla at once rushes upon him; and this onset no man can withstand. It is too late to re-load and flight is vain. The gorilla advances by short stages, stopping to utter his diabolical roar, and to beat his vast breast with his paws, which produce a dull reverberation as of an immense bass-drum. His eyes begin to flash fiercer fire, the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead is rapidly agitated, and he displays his powerful fangs, audibly grinding them together. Sometimes he seats himself and beats his chest, again advances, and again stops. His vast awkward frame gives to his waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to his ferocity of appearance. The deep-set grey eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity; the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles; and the slight, sharply-cut lips drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit.

"The hunter, looking with fearful care to his priming, stands still, gun in hand, often for five weary minutes, waiting with growing nervousness for the moment when he may relieve his suspense by firing. I have never fired at a male at greater distance than eight yards, and from fourteen to eighteen feet is the usual shot. At last the opportunity comes; and now the gun is quickly raised, a moment's anxious aim at the vast breadth of breast, and then pull trigger. When he has fired at the gorilla, he stands still; to run would be fatal. Fortunately, the gorilla dies as easily as man; a shot in the breast, if fairly delivered, is sure to bring him down. He falls forward on his face, his long, muscular arms outstretched, and uttering with his last breath a hideous death-cry, half roar, half shriek, which, while it announces to the hunter his safety, yet tingles his ears with a dreadful note of human agony."—*Equatorial Africa*, pp. 349-52.

But it is time that we should bring this paper to a close. From the quotations which we have placed before them, and from the other facts which we have extracted from

their books, our readers will have already come to the conclusion for themselves, that our knowledge of Equatorial Africa has been considerably augmented by both Mr. du Chaillu and Mr. Petherick. Neither has in strictness brought us any new information regarding the people who inhabit the interior of this central region, or of the nature and physical character of the region itself. The observations of each have been necessarily limited to the countries that constitute the Eastern and Western extremities of this Equatorial zone; but at the same time they fortunately afford ground for conjecture as to the condition of the inter-lying districts. The chief geographical contribution of Mr. du Chaillu is the discovery of a lofty equatorial range of mountains, and his identification by actual survey of the main features of the rivers of Lower Guinea, with those of the mighty streams that roll their waters from the north through the Delta of the Niger. Mr. Petherick has brought geographical science an equally valuable tribute, by tracing the course of the Nile to a point close to the Equator, and within three hundred miles of the limit of Captain Speke's explorations. It remains for other investigations to connect these discoveries together and disclose to us at last, the geographical character of the central district of Africa.

Both gentlemen, by a strange coincidence, have observed in the extreme east and west of this Equatorial zone, peoples manifesting many points of affinity, and, although stained with the savage practice of cannibalism, possessing very considerable industrial advancement. We have said that circumstances render the conjecture, that Central Africa is peopled with cognate races, not only not unreasonable, but probable. We may now add that all the rumours which have reached us, of the condition of the tribes which inhabit the thousand miles of country that intervene between the districts explored by both our travellers, as well as the anticipations which we may legitimately form of them, from the notice that Mr. Petherick gives of their neighbours, are quite inconsistent with the notion of their savageness which has hitherto generally prevailed. Indeed if—cannibalism apart—these intermediate nations possess, even in a minor degree, the industrial accomplishments and the other good qualities, which are to be met with among the Fans, on the one side, and the Nile tribes, on the other, we must raise considerably

the standard by which we have hitherto habitually judged interior African life. Nowhere, among uncivilized races, can we find greater progress in the arts, which minister to the necessities and the comforts of human existence. The American aborigines, the natives of the Pacific islands, those of northern Asia present nothing parallel to it. It is a condition of things, which is unique in the history of barbarian communities, and adds one more to the many marvels which our daily increasing information reveals to us concerning this strange land:—and one all the more wonderful, because existing in a situation where we should least have looked for it. The ebb and flow of the Atlantic have wafted from shore to shore precious ocean waifs, costly woods, and useful plants—solitary records, too, of peril and disaster, where brave hearts have gone down, far away, struggling and alone among the silent waves; and they have borne back again other treasures in return. But no refreshing breeze can traverse the Desert; the simoom alone sweeps over its arid wastes. The men beyond it have lived for forty centuries cut off from all fellowship with their kindred men, doomed, it would almost appear, to an existence of isolation that should know no seasons of growth and ripening, and whose only vicissitudes should be life and death—a dreary fate, surely, apt type of that monotony of nothingness in which too many of them look for their final repose. That the poisonous blast of the desert could bring to these men any renovating influence, that it could bear, without suffocating them, any seeds of life, even of that Punic life which dwelt on the borders of its own domain, could not be expected. And yet the seed is there, it is already planted, and needs but the skill and co-operation of man to ripen into the harvest. It is not as in Australia, or among the tribes of Northern Siberia, where life can hardly be said to exist, in a human form, and manifests itself only in its most elementary and animal phases. There the very seeds of improvement have to be imported from without; and civilization, like other delicate exotics, cannot be forced to thrive in an ungenial soil. But in these central regions of Africa, everything assures us that such germs of material advancement exist that prudence and enlightened culture alone are required to bring them to maturity.

Every one must acknowledge that all this is full of most cheering promise for those who have clung to the belief

that a future of happiness and prosperity is in store for Africa. Still, no one can overrate the many and great obstacles which must be vanquished before such a result can be, not accomplished, but even viewed as practicable. Every form of wickedness and error has over-run the whole land with a tropical rankness. The most abject and miserable superstition has enslaved the unfortunate people to such an extent, that it has almost robbed them of the very notion of religion and morality, and shut out from them all prospect of a future life; leaving them no consoling hope to cheer the desolateness of their weary lives, and holding out as the only end of their wretchedness and toil a return to that dust from which they sprang. Elsewhere the world is acquainted with injustice and tyranny; but here it is the oppression of demons, so heavy and so unrelenting, that the poor victims would hail annihilation itself as a blessed exchange. One might almost imagine that the powers of evil had originally marked out this vast region for their own especial domain; that they had interposed the impassable Desert on the one side, in order to shut out from their doomed victims all sympathy of their fellow-men; and that they had rendered their position equally impregnable from every other side, by leading all its approaches across swamps, where marsh-fever and deadly ague are sentinels that none dare hope to pass. But the way into this citadel has now been shown; its defences have been turned. The white man has crossed the Desert and ascended the fatal rivers in safety; it needs only patience, courage, and prudence, to overcome the remaining obstacles. As trade expands Europeans will come hither in greater numbers, and their presence must be productive of beneficial results. No doubt great and permanent evils they will also work; but even a fallen being cannot quite blot out the vestiges of his earlier greatness, and so they too must bring with them some traces of that civilization, of which they perhaps but scantily participate. Above all, wherever the European traveler has penetrated, thither also the Christian Missionary has made his way. His work too will be helped by the increase of European influence; for, although checked and retarded by the vices, the selfishness, nay, too often, by the open opposition of his degraded countrymen, yet he will also be assisted by those powerful agencies which civil-

ized nations only can command. The period fixed by Providence, in its ineffable designs, for inaugurating the amelioration of this unhappy race which has so long borne the curse of its progenitor, may be farther off than we would desire. Four centuries ago, when Portuguese enterprise was first tracing the outline of the African coast, men fondly hoped that the dawn of salvation had arisen on the children of Cham. The first blushes of morning seemed deepening into day, when they were suddenly obscured, and succeeded by a darkness rendered gloomier still for the light which it eclipsed, and for the horrors of the slave-trade which were accomplished under its fitting shadow. Yet, looking at all the signs of the times, it does not appear rash to believe that the dawn is now returning once more, not to be again withdrawn; and that the abolition of the bodily slave-trade is but the forerunner of the extinction of a direr slavery still. Better, even than the expansion of trade is the sign afforded us in the conduct of the Holy See, ever prescient of results in the discharge of its Apostolical functions, which, nothing daunted by the failure of the Vicariate of Guinea, has established a mission at Gondokoro, in Western Abyssinia for the express purpose of evangelizing the Sûdan.

ART. VII.—*Histoire de la Révolution de 1860 en Sicile; de ses causes et de ses effets dans la Révolution Générale de l'Italie* par l'Abbé Paul Bottalla. Edition originale Française par M. J. Garand. Bruxelles: H. Goemaere. 1861.

IN the work which we have placed at the head of this paper, the author follows, step by step, the course of the revolution in Sicily since its outbreak in 1860, investigates its causes and traces its effects in the revolution which is now over-riding Italy, and threatening with destruction the bases of all political and social order. The learned writer commences his historical labours by submitting to a most searching investigation the political, moral, and religious condition of Sicily from the year

1848, up to the invasion of Garibaldi in 1860. To this difficult and delicate task he brings a calm and impartial judgment, and a fearless faith in the wisdom of outspoken truth. He is no unreasoning or hot-headed defender of things as they are; although a faithful subject of King Francis II., and a firm adherent to the principles of legitimacy, he is yet no blind apologist of the absolute rule of the late King of Naples, whose alternate despotism and vacillation paved the way for the advances of a wild and desperate liberalism. With the moderation and exactitude, which are distinguishing characteristics of his famous order, Father Bottalla probes the internal causes and corruptions which predisposed the people of Sicily, and perhaps in a lesser degree, or with certain modifications, those of the rest of Italy to the revolutionary malady which has befallen the unhappy Peninsula. But in treating the history of the revolution of 1860, in Sicily, which is only one link in the great chain of events which have shaken Italy to its centre, he had to trace out the whole history of the Italian movement, together with its relations to the rest of revolutionary Europe. For this purpose he had to inquire into the character of the political reforms of the government of Naples, and into the attempted alliance between that kingdom and Sardinia, which preceded the invasion of Garibaldi. He then gives a most curious and instructive description of the civil and religious state of Naples during the Garibaldian occupation. We would gladly linger on this most interesting chapter, in which the hand of a master dissects the motives of men, and lays bare for our instruction the mainsprings of the revolutionary action; but since we are now only indicating, in order to excite the curiosity of our readers, the contents of these volumes, we cannot exhaust our space by attempting a complete analysis, yet in pursuance of the plan we have laid out for ourselves in this paper, we shall have to revert to the actual state of Naples during the occupation of Garibaldi, and draw the chief of our materials from this chapter. The author next records the further progress of the revolution in the invasion of the States of the Church by the Piedmontese freebooters without declaration of war; he carefully examines the character and results of the universal suffrage vote by which the annexation of the kingdom of Naples and of the Papal territories to the Sardinian monarchy was effected. We need not stop to note

the conclusion at which the writer arrives, that the annexation was accomplished, not by the free vote of the people, but at the point of the Piedmontese bayonet, for Europe has long since discovered the worthlessness of such annexation processes, and the civil war in Naples has proved to demonstration that the country fell by force and fraud alone under the hated yoke of Sardinia. The siege and fall of Gaeta, the royalist reaction which followed thereupon, the opening of the Italian Parliament, and the decree of the unity of Italy under the sceptre of the king of Sardinia, bring the Italian revolution to the end of its first period, and conclude the labours of the historian of the revolution in Sicily, for that was the term which he had allotted to his work. Such, in rapid outline, is the character of the "*History of the Sicilian Revolution*;" but we must observe, that it enters fully into details of the important events we have merely indicated, and describes the character of the chief actors on the stage of the Italian revolution. It includes also, in its scope, the history of European diplomacy, and the writer is careful to verify his statements by quoting at length official documents and diplomatic notes. He is exact and conscientious, and gives chapter and verse for every statement or refutation. Such a writer is, moreover, not a mere collector of dry facts; he takes a large and philosophic view of events, and makes it his study to discover the principle which is able to combine so many discordant factions in united action, and to reconcile, for the moment, so many opposing interests in the settlement of the Italian question.

The author is at home in his subject, and has many resources at his command; he is familiar with the course of public opinion, not only in Italy and France, but in England. He has consulted the English Blue Books and parliamentary reports, as well as the records of the French chambers. He quotes largely, not only from the organs of Catholic opinion in England, such as "*The Dublin Review*," "*The Tablet*," and "*The Weekly Register*," but also from "*The Times*," "*The Daily News*," "*The Morning Star*," and "*Post*." He draws his information, as much as possible, from sources hostile to his cause and to his principles; and the arguments advanced by the revolutionary party in Italy, and by the liberal statesmen and publicists of Europe, are met with the trenchant logic of a disciplined mind, or upset by a

counter-statement of facts based on evidence of a trustworthy character. He castigates with a severity not uncalled for, those unmanly writers and speakers who have not scrupled to blacken the reputation of individuals,—no matter how high their characters, how unsullied their fame—who, in all the vicissitudes of a deadly struggle, have remained faithful to their principles and to their country. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive the state of mind or honesty of those who, in spite of common sense, and in the teeth of evidence, still persist in describing as brigands and assassins those brave men who, in the Abbruzzi, in Terra di Lavoro, in the Basilicata, and in the Calabrias, fight in the defence of their prince and in the cause of their independence, or who have so nobly fallen before the overwhelming odds of a bloodthirsty invasion. We cannot understand, unless it be meant as a wornout joke, why the Neapolitans who stand up in defence of their country should be always described as brutal or superstitious, whereas, the Piedmontese invaders are invariably passed off as the most high-minded and merciful of men. Untruthfulness is not an English vice, however much it may be a Cavourian policy ; Englishmen, at least, ought to understand and honour the feeling which prompts men to defend to the death their homes and their altars against foreign invaders who come to conquer the one and pluck down the other. In the dispassionate pages of the historian of the Italian Revolution, the nobleness of such a struggle is always kept in view, but the writer is by no means insensible to patriotism and pride of country, and to the glories of a united Italy, but he would have a unity which should observe the rights of princes and of peoples, and which should respect the temporal sovereignty of the Popes ; for the true glory of Italy consists in being faithful to her traditional and religious principles. He is in favour of social progress, when directed by those principles and virtues which form its vital element, and of material progress when it is controlled by morality, without which there is nothing but ruin for nations, as much as for individuals.

Although he considers Garibaldi, and Kossuth, and Mazzini, to be the enemies of the human race, and nothing better than firebrands in Europe, yet he is not opposed to the general principle of nationalities, so long as they rest upon the solid basis of justice and public order. As a

sound Conservative and a good Catholic, he is also an advocate of the liberty of the peoples, when it is tempered by the strength and the wisdom of authority, and in unison with the rights of all classes of society. A writer of such enlightened views and of such calm judgment, was not likely to be dazzled or led astray by the brilliant sophistries of such philosophers as Gioberti, far less by the transparent selfishness and vulgar ambition of Piedmontese statesmen. The whole nature of his mind, and every instinct of his Catholic heart, revolt against such a movement, intellectual and moral, as now agitates Italy and Europe. He views with unmitigated abhorrence a revolution which is the offspring of treason, of fraud, and of ambition, and which has for its ultimate object to decatholicize Italy, and to lead her on the shameful paths of an impious rationalism. Rationalism is, indeed, the intellectual parent of the revolution. In the success of the revolution, rationalism triumphs. Intellectual unbelief is now grappling in deadly struggle with the Christian idea represented in the Papacy. The writer of this history is the latest champion in the cause of truth and justice against the empire of force and falsehood. He has not undertaken this work, he tells us in his preface, to defend a party, or to be the apologist of a system, or to reinstate the reputation of any individual ; far less is he actuated by motives of hatred or of vengeance, or by the desire to calumniate men who enjoy a reputation for valour, for patriotism, or for political sagacity. " Our cause," he says, " is that of justice, our flag that of truth ; injuries and insults are not able to stifle the voice of our conscience, nor to make us swerve from the path which it has traced out for us ; insults and outrages will perish with calumny and injustice, but right and truth will survive, and gloriously reclaimed by history, will be transmitted as a precious deposit to future generations."

However details may vary and require correction as far as the substance of this work which records the history of the last two eventful years in Italy is concerned, the author challenges contradiction and is content that posterity shall judge of his truthfulness. His character and position as well as his judicial mind are sufficient guarantees of his faithfulness. Under his guidance we feel in the main that we are walking on safe ground ; the precipices which passion has dug for us, the snares and pitfalls which falsehood has laid for our feet are pointed out

for our avoidance. We gain high ground and take a larger view of surrounding objects. The confused panorama becomes clearer to our view; and we bring away with us a more distinct impression of the country we have visited in the company of our guide than we had hitherto possessed.

In the preparation of this work the writer has carefully drawn his materials from many sources, but we regret to miss the invaluable information which so many German Catholic writers have collected with such care and patient labour, and which we have always found of much service and have often already acknowledged in the pages of this Review.

Were we disposed to be critical we might object that the author of this History of the Revolution in Italy, sometimes appears to exaggerate the magnitude of the evil not which impends but which has actually befallen his unhappy country. This fault is perhaps inseparable from the fact of writing in the presence and under the pressure of a grievous calamity and wrong. Nearness intensifies the object of our regard, and what the apprehension acutely feels it vividly portrays. Time or distance is a great modifier of events; they create an atmosphere which ought always to surround history. Nothing, at least as yet, has occurred in Italy to justify terms which would be fittingly used to describe the horrors of the Great French Revolution. But this vividness of apprehension vouches for the reality of the impression at the time, and we can easily make allowances for a casual exaggerated expression, the more so as it is an evidence to us that we have found what we have so long desired—an eye-witness, to events which have perplexed so many, and given birth to such false conclusions. We have the evidence of an eye-witness—not a gallant Papal Zouave, whose business it was to fight nobly for the Church and for liberty—not a pilgrim priest who came to throw himself at the feet of his Father, the Pontiff and King, and who had no opportunity to investigate thoroughly the startling causes which have induced the inhabitants of Catholic Italy—22 millions of souls—tamely to submit to, or actively to concur in, the sacrilegious spoliation of the States of the Church, but a learned scholar and an acute observer of men and things. The historian of the Sicilian Revolution is no hasty or impassioned writer, whose knowledge was de-

rived from hearsay and whose conclusions were picked up by the way-side. Far less is he some dry critic, who came perchance to Italy to gather facts to feed his empty and frigid theories. No, such is he not; it is a real joy to us that we have at last the evidence of an eyewitness who is not only a priest and a Jesuit but an Italian and a resident on Italian soil, and one who has watched the progress of events and traced the present evils to their more latent causes. He has no startling revelations to make. He is a prudent and judicious writer, but still he clearly intimates that external circumstances have only precipitated the evil which was at work on Italian soil, silently undermining the foundations of Catholic truth and of social and political morality. The method he pursues in handling his subject is a sound one. He commences by recording facts within his own personal knowledge, and then draws from such facts inferences and arguments of a wider scope. The moral, political, and religious condition of Sicily, with which he is intimately acquainted, he takes as his standpoint. He then widens his circle until his relation embraces the whole course and condition of events in Italy since 1860, together with the causes which have brought about the present decay of political morality in Europe. From such comprehensive survey, deductions are drawn as to the nature and growth of the evils from which modern society suffers, and such deductions forcibly suggest as the sole sufficient remedy, the unrestrained and developed action of Catholicism upon the mind of Europe, and the ultimate conclusion arrived at is, that safety against the uprising again of intellectual and political paganism in modern society can be found alone in the return to the old principles and practices of the Catholic Church.

It stands to reason that a complete analysis of a work of so comprehensive a character and of such material extent cannot be well compressed into the space we have at our command; we shall therefore content ourselves in this paper with the consideration of three points or sections of the Italian question, which have for us such a special interest, and which may help to solve that difficult problem which is always starting up in our minds: How comes it to pass that a revolution so anti-Catholic in its nature, and in its results so destructive to Papal authority, is even for a time possible in Catholic Italy? Under the guidance, and, we hope in the spirit of our author, we shall briefly

examine, 1st, What were the predisposing causes of the Italian Revolution, 2nd, What was the actual religious and political state of the Two Sicilies at its outbreak, and 3rd, How it is that the question of the Temporal Power of the Pope is incapable of a middle term.

In discussing these questions we shall seek assistance from the volumes before us, but we do not wish it to be understood that they are there set forth in the methodical and pointed manner which we have adopted for argument's sake and out of the necessities of our limited space. Our remarks are not so much condensations of our author as deductions from statements which occur in the History of the Revolution in Sicily, and developments of suggestions and incidental allusions which are made in the volumes before us. We have also been at pains to gather information and corroboration from independent sources.

Perhaps the chief of the predisposing causes of the success of the Revolution in Italy, and of the revolt against Papal authority, admitted or concealed among so large a number of the educated class, may be found in the existence and organization of the secret societies. It is difficult for us in England to conceive a state of society in which men are banded together to work in the dark, bound by secret oaths of a fearful nature, to upset the actual order of things, to change every existing institution and law, human or divine, from the belief in God down to the ownership of a square rood of land. Yet such is the purpose of those criminal associations which have now in Italy reached their highest development. In every city a secret society flourishes and feeds on the vitals of public morality. Their organization is perfect, their laws are distinct and definite, their punishment against any confederate who violates the secret oath, or hesitates to perform the stipulated crimes is swift and terrible. The avenging bomb of an Orsini had nearly brought destruction upon a confederate brother who on a throne forgot for a time his oath, or had faltered in the doing of the behests of the revolutionary societies. The principle of association is highly developed in Italy, it is natural to the soil ; it has now taken the dangerous form of the secret society and under this false development exercises an influence over the Italian mind which can scarcely be exaggerated in estimating the progress of the revolution. The spirit of intrigue and impulsive daring natural to the Italian character, are both

brought into play by the action of the secret societies. Under whatever name they go by these sworn brotherhoods of evil are a real power in Europe. Between Paris and Turin and Rome and Venice, they keep up an incessant correspondence. Garibaldi was the president of one of these societies. Count Cavour was in active communication with all of them far and near. They are the forerunners and guides of the revolutionary movement in every part of Europe. These associates of evil make it their business to propagate false reports and slanderous accusations, until by mere force of unwearied reiteration their odious calumnies obtain credence. These are the men who explode the murderous bombs in the open day; it is they who are the first to head a street riot, and the first to perish on the barricades. But their tactics are not always so open; they do not always commit murder in the face of day, or on the threshold of the Vatican as they did on Count Rossi; they know how to steal about under cover of night and stab in the dark. Openly or in secret, murder is their trade. But they are also adepts in lesser crimes; they act as spies in places where they cannot enter as friends and dare not appear as enemies, and in such a degrading capacity they are sometimes to be found in the sanctuary of God as well as in the cabinet of kings. Treachery with them is no crime. Can we wonder at the success of the revolution when it possesses an agency so deadly and so universal? The soil of Italy is honeycombed with secret societies. They work like moles under ground, sapping the very foundations of society, and striking even at the foot of the throne of Peter. Men from their youth upwards are trained in habits of mind and body to become fit members of this vast confederacy, whose essential principle is spoliation and public robbery, and whose leading idea is assassination. And this fact of the early perversion of the youth in Italy leads us to another predisposing cause of the success of the revolution—the state of public education in the universities of Italy.

The Universities in the States of the Church as well as in the rest of Italy, preserve only the remnants of their ancient renown, they are struggling hard against the decay which has befallen the learned societies and academies where Arts and Letters once flourished.* But the blame

* *Études Statistiques sur Rome et la partie occidentale des États*

is not to be laid to the charge of the Papal Government or to the action of the church, but to the spirit which exists in the Universities themselves, and which has long since transformed these seats of learning into noisy political schools and nurseries of sedition. The decay of learning is to be attributed to men who convert the professorial chair into the political platform, and by their exciting and bombastic harangues on the progress of Italy, and on its "moral and intellectual primacy," turn the minds of the students from serious scientific pursuits to political intrigues and conspiracies. Discipline of mind, moral training, and mental enlightenment are bartered away for a frothy and fanatical patriotism. The best years of the student's life, which if devoted to the seclusion of study and mental culture, might have advanced the true glory of Italy, as well as laid the basis of a virtuous career, are now wasted in noisy idleness and turbulent political displays. The teachers in the universities, who have the progress of Italy always on their lips, do more than any other men to retard its real advancement, by turning out men on the world often as corrupt in morals as they are weak in mind. So far is the spirit of interference and dictation pushed by the free-thinkers and liberals of Italy, that the universities are too often controlled in their internal action and discipline by the hostile criticism of men who affect to be the enlightened leaders of public opinion, and whose audacious assumption finds an unflinching support from the miscalled Liberal Press. Professors are not free to shape their own course of lectures. If they advance principles at variance with those of their self-constituted censors they become marked men, singled out for abuse and calumny: an instance of such intolerance occurred in Tuscany shortly before the outbreak of the last Revolution, when a writer of otherwise quite liberal sentiments was forced by a storm of abuse* to recant against his own convictions an opinion as just as it was true. He had laid down, namely, in his 'considerationi del riordinamento dell' Italia'† the follow-

romains par le Comte de Tournon, vol. i. p. 83; and Hurter, p. 104.

* Spettatore Italiano. Firenze, 1859.

† Ferdinand Rapalli, author also of *Storia delle belle arti in Italia*. Firenze, 1856.

ing proposition, 'that the first condition of the resuscitation of Italy was a return to serious studies, which were of more service to the country than all the patriotic demonstrations put together.' Such a reproof hit the blot too closely to be relished by the intolerant Liberals. The voice of reason, as long since that of conscience, was to be stifled in passionate cries. A spirit intolerant of contradiction was awakened like to that which in 1831 raised such an outcry against the Papacy, as a persecutor of learning, because some professors guilty of political intrigues were removed from the University of Bologna.

Partly on account of this terrorism, and partly owing to the difficulty, often to the impossibility of finding fitting substitutes, many a professor has been retained even in the Papal universities in spite of his scandalous political teachings and conduct. Italy especially in her middle classes is now beginning to reap the harvest of this evil sowing. Society is cursed with a swarm of men, educated, if it can be dignified with the name of education, in the political atmosphere of the universities, who in the Press and by means of the secret societies, strive to mould public opinion to their own evil ends. "It is this mob of writers," says a learned German author, "who now in the Romagna raise the cry that education should be entirely emancipated from the church, that the clergy should be put aside. These men see in the spiritual yoke only an insufferable bar to all progress, because it at least puts still some limit to the indoctrination of revolutionary principles."* As far back as 1824, on the occasion of the reopening of the Roman University, the Sapienza, Pope Leo XII. pronounced a solemn warning against the dangers of a Pagan and anti-christian turn of mind and system of teaching, and especially called attention to the growth of a false and materialistic philosophy. In his recent work Father Bottalla more than corroborates the opinion expressed by writers of repute as to the character of the Italian Universities, during the last forty years. "The Universities," says this grave and learned writer, "are the rocks on which so many young men make shipwreck of the innocence and simplicity which they had brought with them from their native soil; there it is that they learn cor-

* Hergenröther, Kirchenstaat.

ruption the most unbridled, and contempt for the religious practices in which they had been trained from their infancy; there they conceive a distaste for the frequentation of the sacraments; there they are removed from the care of virtuous masters whose counsels would have preserved them; it is there, in a word, that they find the school of indifference and of impiety: there, adorned and honoured, vice ventures to parade itself in the face of day; there vice has a systematic organization; it has its chiefs and sub-chiefs to preside over the observance of infamous laws."

The writer then enters into details, and speaking of a university in Sicily, with the character and working of which he appears quite familiar, says, "they have gone so far as to open a secret school for the Accoltellatori, where the art of assassination is taught by paid masters. For this purpose a corpse is often secretly obtained and set up as a mark, and the members of this secret society are taught to throw their daggers from a distance with such adroitness as to kill their victims with one blow." It not infrequently happens, according to our author, that these society-men pass from the exercise of the art to the practice of assassination in reality, attacking one another with the knife they had learned to handle so readily, out of motives often more shameful than the crime itself. "These horrors, and others not less detestable, have transformed" the writer asserts, "the universities of Sicily into veritable places of perdition, nay into the very vestibules of hell." The study of the sciences, as may well be imagined, is become a pursuit far too elevated for men whose minds are debased and whose hearts are corrupted to such an extent, or when it is introduced, it is often only as a field to display the shallowest objections against the imperishable dogmas of Christianity. The professors are by their conduct but a melancholy example to their pupils. The principles and the verities of the faith are sometimes attacked even from the academic chair itself. Practices of piety and the spiritual exercises of Lent imposed on the universities of Sicily are transformed, the author of the *Sicilian Revolution* tells us, into civil ceremonies which have given rise to the greatest scandals. "Can we be surprised after this," says Father Bottalla in the conclusion of his remarks on the universities, "that the secret societies should have penetrated so far into these nests of

corruption, as to entirely destroy in them sound principles and to cause an evil which is irreparable?" "If in these few years past abominable sects have arisen in Italy and in Hungary, and have instilled their poison into the minds of children not fifteen years old, what facilities have they not had to pervert the corrupt and degenerate students of those universities?" If the fearful picture which Father Bottalla has drawn more especially of the Sicilian Universities cannot with exactness be applied to the Universities of the rest of Italy, yet he has sufficiently indicated that causes like to those which are at work in Sicily are also to be found, though in a lesser degree, in the educational system of all the Italian Universities. If like effects be invariably produced by like causes, it is fair to argue that the perversion of mind, which throughout Italy as in Sicily is greatest among the middle classes, is in a great measure brought about, as we have found to be the case in Sicily, by the irreligious and uncatholic education which the universities too generally impart to the youth of this very class. From the observations of Father Bottalla, coupled with the evidence of the writers we have already cited as to the character of the universities in the Papal dominions and in Tuscany, the conclusion we think, cannot be fairly avoided that the growth of revolutionary ideas and anti-catholic principles is in no small measure due to the evil influence of the Italian universities.

Another prolific cause which predisposed the Italian mind to the principles of the revolution was the influence of the infidel literature of France. For the last forty years or more it has been the fashion in Italy to study the French writers of the last century. Among many of the upper classes a disguised Voltarianism was the result; among still more, frivolity and dissipation of mind. French ideas and modes of thought penetrated into the marrow and brain of the politicians and statesmen of Italy. An order of men was rapidly developed, who regarded the state as the supreme lord and master, as the source and limit of all authority, the sole judge over thought and action, from which there was no appeal. All power was to be centralized in the state. Corporate action and individual rights were both sacrificed to this vast mechanism of statecraft. This doctrine, more than any passionate popular impulse, was the parent of the revolution. It brought its own punishment on the Bourbons of Naples, whose obstinate ab-

solitism alienated the loyalty of the Sicilians, and lessened in Naples the respect due to the authority of the crown. In Tuscany this vicious principle produced an Erastianism, which enervated the Church as well as the State, and left the country sapped of its best life-blood, an easy prey to revolution. Its presence was felt in the Roman government. Consalvi was its foremost disciple. The heirs of this miserable statecraft have now entered upon their inheritance of turmoil and disorder. The promoters of an absolute State are become the servitors of the revolution. Their masters have only changed name. Italian unity has taken the place of royal absolutism. But in tyranny and desperate violence it far surpasses its progenitor. It absorbs all rights and liberties into itself. It defines its own limits. It owns no law but its own will. It silences all opposition, and allows no corporate action or individual liberty outside of its own sphere. It has liberty on its lip, but tyranny in its heart. But, like beaureacratism, the revolution has no root tough enough to hold its own against the destructive elements which it has itself let loose upon Italian soil. Dismembered States and lost liberty will too soon find an avenger in anarchy. But whatever may be the future of the revolution in Italy, no uncertainty exists as to the birth-place and character of its ideas. On the one side we too clearly perceive Voltarianism and frivolous dissipation of mind, on the other a centralized state-mechanism crushing beneath its iron weight all individuality and independent action—the true sources of liberty.

The fountains of knowledge thus tainted by Voltarianism and the sources of liberty dammed up by bureaucracy, the unresisted tide of the revolution gradually rolled in upon Italy. Rome, however, is not submerged in the flood; the Rock of Peter is the Mount Ararat of the moral deluge—the Church is the ark still rising triumphantly over the destructive waters.

Evidence as to the nature and operation of these internal causes, which have destroyed in the minds of so large a section of the governing classes, fidelity to Rome and respect for religion, is not under present circumstances easy to be collected. We remember, in a former article, in the pages of this Review, in the pursuit of an inquiry as to the causes and character of the Italian revolution, to have arrived at the conclusion founded on evidence then within our reach, that the success of the revolution was to be attributed not

to the pressure, however severe, of external circumstances, but to internal causes. This conviction has been strengthened by the evidence which has since then been growing under our hand, and now finds still fuller corroboration in the testimony of so trustworthy and capable a witness as Father Bottalla. The causes which we have already described, not only as predisposing the Italian mind to the reception of revolutionary ideas, but as active agents in such a development, point to the conclusion that it is not France, not even the Piedmontese, but Catholic Italy itself which is guilty of the Revolution; that has already despoiled to so great an extent the Pope of his temporal power, and the Church of her spiritual prerogatives.

As a natural and almost a necessary correlative to the inquiry as to what were the predisposing causes of the Italian revolution, the further question suggests itself, what is the actual religious and political state of Italy. Such a question is too large to be answered categorically, or with any pretence to exactitude. We have not sufficient local information for such a purpose, and it would be a most shallow process, as well as show complete ignorance of Italy, to attempt to make any general deductions to be applied to the various states which make up the Italian Peninsula. We are too fully aware of the variety in character, in habits, and in disposition—a difference that in some instances amounts to positive antagonism—which subsists between the different provinces, and even between the various cities of Italy, to lay ourselves open to such an imputation of ignorance or shallowness. In a question of so grave a nature, vagueness or rash and inconclusive judgments are worse than useless. Italy has suffered too much already on that score: what we now most want from any one who has anything to say on this subject is precise and accurate information, or at any rate the collection of sufficient data on which to form an opinion. We shall, therefore, in this inquiry chiefly confine ourselves to what was the actual religious and political state of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, at the outbreak of the revolution; and for two reasons, firstly, because it is of a more compact and limited character, and secondly, because we have in Father Bottalla the testimony of an eye-witness. We shall, however, whenever occasion warrants, or as often as we come on facts which are capable of a more universal application, draw inferences as to the political and religious state of the

rest of Italy. For our object is not to limit, but to extend, whenever we can do so with accuracy, the scope of our inquiry, in order that we may also contribute what we can to the elucidation of the problem as to the cause of the success which has hitherto attended the Italian Revolution.

In regard, first of all, to Sicily, if we put aside altogether the political discontent of the turbulent minority pledged to revolutionary principles, we shall nevertheless find that Sicily had good ground of complaint against the government of Naples. In the first place, it showed singular want of sagacity in the king, after having crushed with a strong arm the revolution of 1848, not to have granted just and seasonable concessions to the people of Sicily. Had, as was proposed and promised, a Prince of the Blood acted as lieutenant of the king in the government of Sicily, it would not only have gratified the natural pride of the Sicilians, but increased their attachment to the throne. Such an arrangement would, at least, have broken down the system of centralization, so repugnant to the temper of the Sicilians. Sicily, then, might have been freed from the exclusive government of Neapolitan officials. Treated no longer—which she bitterly resented—as a mere fief of Naples, she would have rapidly advanced under her new development in the path of self-government.

This wise measure, although it was publicly proclaimed in the name of the king, was never carried into effect. This disappointment irritated the Sicilians, and inclined them to give ear to the suggestions of the enemies of order and monarchy, who were only too eager to make the most of such an opportunity. But this disappointment was as nothing compared to the effect produced by the recall of General Filangieri, who, since 1849, had governed the island with singular sagacity and energy. He knew how to gain the hearts of the people, as well as to maintain the supremacy of the law. Under his governorship trade and agriculture made rapid progress. He submitted to the government proposals to lay down lines of railways so as to bring the distant parts of the country into communication, and promote commercial activity. He established agricultural schools. He stimulated the employment of capital by restoring public credit. Under his auspices a system of public instruction was introduced, suitable to

the exigencies of the age and country. The press likewise enjoyed a liberty which was unknown in Naples.

"By such measures, and many others of like character, this great man," says Father Bottalla, "did much for the development of a country rich in men of intelligence and energy, and so endeared himself to the hearts of the people that they bestowed upon him the name of Father of his country."

The people, indeed, wearied with the intrigues of faction, had turned their minds to the arts of peace. But this happy period was of no long duration. The evil destiny which has so long pursued the royal race of the Bourbons, if it ought not rather to be called the just punishment which has overtaken them for their political crimes, dealt a heavy blow at the throne of Naples in the recall of General Filangieri. The people of Sicily lost hope. Confidence in the king was gone. In the irritation natural to a proud and high-spirited people, they looked about for means of redress; unfortunately the revolution was at hand. By his ill-advised measures, the king of Naples broke faith with Sicily, and with his own hands destroyed one of the chief supports of his throne. The fall of Filangieri led to the landing of Garibaldi. That this was so, we can have little doubt if we consider how universal was the discontent consequent on this ill-judged act. Political excitement, depressed commerce and industry, and a poverty more cruel than ever made itself felt. The Sicilians protested against the heaviness of the taxes, especially on the necessities of life; they also complained that taxes imposed for special and local requirements were not withdrawn when these necessities ceased to exist, and that new requirements gave rise to new taxation, without leading to any diminution of the old imposts. But there was none to listen to their complaints. Added to these causes of discontent, the Sicilians, mindful of their traditional history, and of their former commercial prosperity, could ill brook to witness the inertness and negligence which paralysed their industry in every branch, and brought extreme poverty on the labouring classes throughout the land; still less could the Sicilians bear to see their country treated again as a fief of Naples. Severance from Naples soon became to their minds the symbol of prosperity, and the revolution was to them the promise of a return to a happier state of things.

If we turn now from the material to the moral aspect of Sicily, we shall unfortunately find much to account for the success of the revolution. In spite of its innumerable monasteries and convents, of its spiritual confraternities, of the splendid churches with which the country is studded, in spite of the rich revenues for ecclesiastical and charitable purposes, faith and morality in Sicily have lost much of their hold on the mind and heart of the people. In the country parts, indeed, the rural population, with few exceptions, have preserved intact their faith and innocence, but the working classes in the large cities are very corrupt in morals and ill-disposed in their political sentiments. From the middle class, which is the back-bone of every nation, and which now in Italy, as in other countries, is assuming the supreme direction and control of affairs, there is nothing to hope for. If the balance between the well disposed and the evil were struck, it would be hard to say on which side the preponderance would incline. This much, at least, is certain, that the good are timid and retiring, and that the bad are bold and forward. Not only in Sicily and in Naples, but throughout Italy, a large moiety of the middle ranks of society is politically and morally unsound. "All that is most gangrened in the social state of the country," says Father Bottalla, "is to be found in this class. Here is the congenial home of the secret societies. Here is their starting point of corruption. From this class come the journalists. It feeds the universities, it fills the professional chairs, and occupies the courts of law, and the schools of medicine. In the elections it is all-powerful. This class, and its principles, are alone represented in the Turin parliament. The middle ranks have pushed the nobles aside, and have put their feet on the necks of the people. The feelings and opinions of the people are disregarded; their religion, which is dear to them, is insulted, and they meet nothing but mockery when they seek redress at the hands of the liberty-mongers who govern the country. But it may be urged, how is it possible that a minority so repugnant to the masses of the people, should exercise a sway so supreme and complete over the destinies of the entire nation? In Italy, nothing indeed, is more easy. The people have no political education. They do not know the power of organization. They do not read the newspapers. They are, for the most part, ignorant of the evil which is going on around them, and the govern-

ment of Sardinia takes good care that they shall not be enlightened. The instructors of the people are gagged, it is only the teachers of evil that are free to speak. While we are writing these lines, a new order has been issued by the cabinet of Turin, directing the Prefects to prosecute with all haste any priest who shall instruct the people on their political duties. The Usurper of the rights of others is afraid lest the flaw in the title which he has constructed for himself, should be laid bare to the public reprobation. The enforced political ignorance of the masses, and the apathy which undoubtedly exists to a great extent among the better informed, confers on the active and noisy leaders of the middle classes the opportunity to pass off their opinions, as the unanimous and deliberate opinion of the country at large. The clergy, of course, are not allowed to express an opinion, or, if they venture so far, they are set down at once as political agitators, and are exposed to government prosecution. This state of things will, in a great measure, account for the absence of active opposition on the part of the mass of the people to the continued progress of the revolution. Italy is suffering from class-tyranny, and there is no immediate remedy at hand. There is no publicity, no means by which the people can communicate with one another, and make their just grievances or wishes heard. The wholesome conservative principle of association is wanting to counterbalance the ill effects of the secret societies. The system of association has, indeed, been wrenched from its socket in the body politic, and converted into a deadly instrument of destruction.

But where, in this conflict of class-interests, it may be asked, are the natural leaders of the people? Such a question brings us back to the injudicious policy pursued during the late reign. A jealous absolutism had long deprived the nobles of all participation in the government of their country, or share in the councils of their king; cut off from a career of usefulness and honour, they soon lapsed into frivolity and dissipation. Public affairs had no longer any interest for them, literature still less. Religion interfered too much with the licence of their manners to find in them very warm supporters. They were averse indeed to the revolution, because they still had regard to the honour of their names and because they likewise knew that it was an enemy to their order. Men who had made dissipation

their business and whose lives had too generally been spent in immorality, were powerless before the revolution. They were like chaff before the wind. Particularly in Sicily the nobles, fallen from their high estate and ancestral splendours, seemed to have likewise lost all generous sentiments and christian feelings. Jealous to a degree in all that concerns their personal honour, they pay so little regard to the rights of morality and religion that they are become a scandal and a shame to their country. Of course we are speaking of them as a class; there are many noble exceptions; both Naples and Sicily, and Sardinia itself can produce men whose distinguished position in the world only adds fervour to their faith, and strength to their loyalty. In Piedmont indeed Voltairianism has ever since the beginning of the century been slowly working its way among the upper ranks of society, and although the disciples of this ruthless philosophy are like their master contemptuously opposed to all that savours of democracy they yet fawn upon the revolution and favour it as hostile to Christianity, but they, too, will soon be forced to follow the antisocial and democratic movement which they are utterly powerless to control or limit. In Rome, on the other hand, the nobles are for the most part morally and politically sound, they are true, with a few exceptions to the Pope and to the Church. Some whose conduct appears in a dubious light are actuated often by motives of self-interest or timidity, they have perhaps possessions in the territories already usurped by the Piedmontese and are afraid of bringing them into jeopardy. Others, again, do not wish to espouse either side too warmly while the issue is still doubtful, lest they might possibly chance to forfeit the favour of the winner. Such poltroons we must leave to their poltroonry; they are a dishonour to any cause and a disgrace to the country which has the misfortune to own them. There is yet another class however to be considered on which the moral and religious character of the people mainly depends—the clergy. On a subject of so grave a nature as the character of the clergy, we cannot do better than to quote the opinion of Father Bottalla, himself a priest and a Jesuit. He speaks quite openly and frankly on the Sicilian clergy. After dwelling on the influence which the priesthood exercise over the people by their conduct and their knowledge, and showing how their virtues are an encouragement and a

support for all; while their defections react with a terrible force on the people, who find in such delinquencies an excuse for their own vices and a kind of encouragement in evil, so that there is not a greater scourge for a town or country than to have a corrupt or perverse clergy—"In Sicily," to make use of his own words, "there are priests not a few who show themselves worthy of the character which they bear, and who shine in all the splendour of an exemplary life and of an ardent zeal for religion. I might ennumerate a great number of cities, such as Catania, Caltagirone, Caltanissetta, Montereale, Saleme, where I could speak of the clergy in a body as living up to the precepts of the ecclesiastical life and fulfilling every duty of the sacred ministry. In other more populous cities of Sicily the good priests are in sufficient numbers to counterbalance the ill effects of a fraction who are less regular in their conduct. Nowhere are completely wanting some venerable ministers of the altar in whom the people can admire the model of a sacerdotal life. In general, however, it may be said that the Sicilian clergy are but little versed in the sciences, in that especially which most nearly concerns their own state, the science of ecclesiastical law."

After alluding to some priests in Sicily, eminent for their scientific attainments, Father Bottalla says such knowledge is not common in the ranks of the secular clergy. This want of learning, as was to be expected, is most striking in the interior of the island, and in districts lying beyond the neighbourhood of the episcopal residences. "It is surprising," Father Bottalla observes, "to perceive how many priests who have entered the sanctuary, without possessing the requisite qualifications of learning and virtue, are to be found in the occupation of collegiate stalls, and of the richest benefices of the Church. How," he asks, "is the conduct of those to be excused, whose duty it is rigorously to exclude men of such a stamp from ecclesiastical offices?" One of the causes which Father Bottalla adduces for the misconduct of many of the clergy, not only of Sicily, but throughout Italy, is the want of a true vocation to the priesthood.

The number of rich benefices, of endowed chapels, and of prebends, thickly scattered over a country in which the means of attaining wealth by trade and commerce are scant and difficult, has naturally given rise to the tempta-

tion in many, to regard the priesthood as a career that may lead to fortune. "Is it likely," asks Father Bottalla, "that they who have embraced the priesthood, only as a means of subsistence, or as the most easy way of making money, will be very solicitous in the acquisition of the knowledge and the virtues necessary for the dignity and holiness of their sacred calling? This most frequently is the cause of the laziness, of the dissipation, and even of the want of discipline in the Sicilian clergy." As a remedy to these evils, most of the bishops, it is true, have shown great zeal in establishing seminaries, "But still," says Father Bottalla, "it must be acknowledged that these establishments are not formed quite on the type proposed by the Council of Trent."

No other cause perhaps has contributed so much to the decay of the church in Sicily, as the *Sicilian monarchy*, the *Royal Exequatur* and the *Placet regium*, privileges which have imparted quite a peculiar character to the ecclesiastical law of Sicily. It is not necessary here to do more than to allude to these notorious evils which the Popes have so often tried to abolish or to mitigate, and which the Royal masters of Sicily so persistently maintained.

The monastic orders in Sicily are numerous, many of the congregations give universal edification, while in some the rule of the order is relaxed, and the discipline far from severe. A few of the houses are mere assemblages of men who live together in ease, unmindful that the habit of the monk is something more than a cloak for idleness and indolence. Though the services in their church may be grand, and learned volumes lie heavy on the shelves of their magnificent library, the indwellers of such a monastic house are no honour to religion, and no ornament to literature. We wish we could enter more fully into an examination of the various religious orders, and discover what influence they still have upon the different classes of society in Sicily. Although such an attempt would be highly interesting, it would lead us too far. We cannot even do more than allude to the laborious and most successful working of the Jesuits, of which we have such ample and striking testimony in the work before us.

It is an evidence of no low degree in favour of the religiousness still extant in Sicily, to find that in the commencement of 1860 no fewer than 308 Jesuits spread over

the island, and yet they were not sufficiently numerous to supply the cities which eagerly sought their ministrations. "Up to the very outbreak of the revolution," says Father Bottalla, "they could not have wished for a happier or more favourable time, nor could they expect greater marks of esteem and confidence." Not only were they engaged in the moral and literary culture of the young men in the houses of education, but they received for spiritual instruction all classes of society. "By means of periodical missions," says Father Bottalla, "they laboured in all parts of the country to renew the principles and sentiments of Christianity. In the capital alone during Lent they gave more than seventy retreats to all classes of the population. Their number in comparison to the extent of the demands upon them was so small, that many of the fathers were obliged to preach five or six times a day." At the present moment, in the whole of Sicily, there is not a single Jesuit; what will become of their flocks, of the young men henceforth without the best of teachers? The revolution knows its worst enemy, and has stricken down the firmest support of order and of religion. The best proof we can desire as to the general good conduct of the Neapolitan clergy, is the relentless hostility which they are now exposed to from the Piedmontese Government. Every art has been used to seduce them; every threat has been in vain. They have only rallied under persecution. Though they are more at the mercy of the Revolution than any other class, they have, as a body, shown less weakness than any other section of society. Of course even among the clergy the government of Sardinia has an active following, and it may reckon on the tacit support of the more worldly minded and timid among the ecclesiastical body. But as long as the Bishops hold aloof from the Government, and look only to Rome for guidance, with the courage and fidelity they have hitherto shown, their example will have a powerful and restraining effect upon the wavering and the indifferent among the Priesthood. In the Italian clergy generally there is perhaps too great an absence of the missionary spirit, an inclination to let things take their course, a want of consciousness of the importance of the struggle, and of how much the issue of the conflict depends upon their own conduct and exertions. They seem too often scarcely aware that the movement which is now

going on throughout Europe is not a mere political contest, but one that touches on to the very roots of essential principles. The not accidentally, but essentially irreligious character of the Revolution is now by the force of events being gradually brought to light. Principles, which in their germ the clergy too often tolerated, are now manifesting themselves in their full blown vigour. Suffering is a stern master, it enlightens the mind and quickens the spirit; and in this intellectual awakening, and in the growth of a more missionary spirit, we place the hope of a future reaction. For it cannot be disputed that a moral reaction in the people, more especially in the governing classes, must precede the final restoration of a sound political morality. Still it would ill become us to overlook or underrate the saving effect the action of the catholic church has had on society, especially at times when it was exposed to the greatest of dangers. If we reflect on the almost superhuman efforts that have been brought to bear, during the last seventy years, against the States of the Church and the Papal authority and the Catholic religion in Italy, we are only surprised that the moral and political corruption is not greater than it actually is found to be. It is true that in the long and heartless contest the ranks of the well-disposed citizens have been much thinned. It cannot be denied that faith has decayed in too many minds, and that with the decay of faith fidelity to the Pope has lost its keenness. There has been a deadening of the finer feelings and of the higher principles, but not in Rome only, not in Italy only, but throughout Europe. In southern Italy a strange mixture is to be found of good and evil, often in their very extremes. The evil however is so patent and so obtrusive that in the minds of superficial observers it is stamped as the character of the country. Thus false judgments are formed and inferences are drawn which have no warranty in fact. "Much that is exceptionable, much that has an evil tendency, has been ascribed," says a judicious German protestant writer,* "by ignorant or prejudiced men to the action of the Catholic Church, whereas her restraining influence on just such evils has been entirely overlooked, as well as all that she has done for the advancement of civilization and morality." Her

* Professor Mittelmaier—*Italienische Zustände*.

restraining power however is well known to the revolutionists of Italy, and just for that very reason is all their force now concentrated to overthrow in one supreme effort their greatest enemy. But Rome has also recognized the Revolution, and just because of her knowledge of its essentially irreligious and destructive character does the question of the Temporal Power of the Pope admit of no middle term.

To have met from a Power so large-minded in its views, and so conciliating in its policy as the Papacy with a condemnation so unhesitating, argues that the difficulties which the Revolution presents are of such a character as to be absolutely incapable of a compromise. Were it a mere political movement, local in its character, and resting merely on the surface of things, however unwise in itself, the traditional policy of the Papacy would have been to yield for a time for the sake of peace and to avoid graver dangers. But the danger and the power of this Revolution lie just in the fact that it is not local, or temporary, or superficial. On the contrary it appeals to passions that are universal and lie deepest in the human heart, it appeals to the pride and self-assertion of man against the duty of obedience and subjection. The object of the Revolution is not to be reconciled to the Papacy but to destroy it. It sets up principles of its own "utterly repugnant," to quote the words of the Papal Allocution just delivered to the Bishops assembled at Rome, "not only to Catholic faith and doctrine and to the laws of God and the Church, but also to natural law and justice and to right reason." Again let us hear how the Papal Allocution describes the creators of this Revolution, which only by ignorance or malice can be called political or popular, "To so unscrupulous an extreme of rashness have these men gone," says Pope Pius IX., "that they venture boldly to deny every truth, every law, every power, every right which comes from God. They do not hesitate to declare that philosophy, morals, science may and ought to take a line of their own diverging from revelation and the authority of the church." For confirmation of these views the Italian Revolution appeals to the Liberalism and to the Rationalistic Philosophy of Europe. With what favour has not *the Europe* which speaks, and governs, and acts received this appeal! It has formally endorsed these vicious principles. How can men then argue as if the Roman question were

merely a local one as to the form or method of a particular government? The difference is one of first principles. It seems as if it were in the spirit of the 19th century to remodel Europe not so much in its external form, as in its essential character. Society is still governed by certain recognized principles which Christianity introduced into the civilization of Europe; but now it appears that in the presence of the new enlightenment these ancient principles must pass away. Society must start afresh on a new bottom. Old things and new are not in harmony. In the interests of humanity material rights may indeed sometimes be surrendered, but for the sake of God principles can never be sacrificed. The Italian Revolution is not so much a war of material interests as a conflict of principles; therefore no compromise is lawful. We cannot indeed conceive it possible for such antagonistic principles to co-exist as those on which the Papacy rests, and those advanced by the Rationalistic philosophy of the Revolution. The war between them must be eternal. The subjection of man in thought and action to an external authority is on the Rationalistic theory, an unendurable and undignified enslavement, but according to Catholic teaching utter and unlimited freedom is a practical denial of God. To be free with the freedom of a Rationalist every man must be his own little god. Lest it should be urged that in the course of this argument we confound the Temporal Power of the Pope with the Papacy, or the Church, and the Revolution with Rationalism or irreligion, we answer thus: first as regards the Revolution—that it is a system based on principles which are incompatible with Christianity inasmuch as they are drawn from the unaided conclusions of human reason in flat contradiction to the dogmas of faith. The Revolution has changed the source of authority as well as of knowledge. It makes the State supreme over all things, human or divine;—the ultimate judge from which there is no appeal. The Revolution is not content with simple negation, it is an active propagandist, it sets up everywhere schools of thought of its own devising and under the ignominious appellation of Priestcraft, it banishes religion from the education of the people.* It shifts the

* In Sicily and Naples Garibaldi during his dictatorship set up schools for the young in which sound and wholesome knowledge

boundaries of right and wrong and introduces new maxims of its own coining into morals, political, social and religious. The Revolution furthermore attacks the material interests of religion and the corporate liberty of the church. In violation of its fundamental statutes the Revolutionary State, which calls itself the kingdom of Italy, confiscates church-property to a very large amount; it enters by force into possession of monasteries and convents, thus in very many instances usurping the patrimony of the poor. The church is denied liberty to manage its own affairs; the liberty of the individual is violated; bishops are deprived of the right of visiting the Holy See, and priests are prosecuted if they venture to remonstrate against the tyranny under which they suffer. The Revolution must be judged not by what it says of itself, but by what it is and by what it does; thus judged it cannot but appear that it is rationalistic in its philosophy and openly irreligious in its action.

Secondly, in answer to the possible objection that the temporal power of the Pope is too often confounded with the divine interests of the Church, we not only show that the temporal power is inseparable from the interests of the Church, but that in attacking the temporal power, the intention is to wound the divine heart of the Church herself.

Whether they profess to do so or no, the leaders of the revolutionary movement and their supporters in Europe, under cover of an attack on the temporal power of the Pope, seek to destroy the influence of religion. It is quite natural that they should make the attempt, for none know better than they, that the Church, by its organization, by its power over the minds of men, by its traditions deep in the hearts of the people, is alone capable of resisting the on-sweep of the revolution. To overthrow the temporal power of the Pope is to lessen the organization of the Church and to cripple its power of resistance, therefore, in defending the temporal power, we are defending the divine interests of religion itself.

Whatever may be the ultimate issue of the revolutionary movement in Europe, of this we may be sure, that its causes are too deeply rooted in the intellectual character of the age to admit of the hope of a speedy reaction. Reac-

should be imparted, purified from the superstitions of religion.—
Abbé Bottalla.

tion follows fast on passionate popular impulses, but slow is the conversion of the rebellious intellect. Again, we may be sure, that material success in a nation, even though in its onward progress it has had to trample underfoot public right, natural justice and faith, will to-day attract general admiration and applause. Outraged justice and insulted religion may protest in vain against the public recognition of the wrong-doer ; the crimes of successful ambition are overlooked in its triumphs. Italy may become great after such a fashion without religion, for national greatness does not depend upon the Christian faith. Nations have been great before now, Pagan or Protestant, and what did their greatness owe to the divine dogmas of religion ? The Christian faith is necessary, indeed, for the highest intellectual life of a nation, for it holds in its hands the key to the mysteries of knowledge. Christian charity is necessary to solve the social problems, to appease by its precepts and divine example the war of classes, and to restrain social want in its hour of rage and despair, from tearing out the bowels of the body politic. And the hope of the Christian is necessary for the individual man, when in the temptations or disasters of life, with broken heart or doubting brain, he is wrestling in the slough of despair. But since these social needs and dangers come often only late in the life of a nation, the Christian religion, though necessary for individual happiness and public virtue, is not necessary for material progress and prosperity, nor for military prowess, nor for intellectual activity in a nation.

Italy, therefore, if she choose to throw off religion, may have a grand career before her ; proud in the triumphs which she has achieved, proud in the public recognition of her status by the great powers of Europe, proud of her royal alliances, she may trample the Papacy under foot, and add another example to the many of the triumphs a godless nation may attain to. The applause of the world will then shout welcome in her ear. She will be for a time the darling of the nations—the spoilt child among the peoples. Her cup of intoxicating joy will then be filled to its brim. Yet were the hearts of the Italians so dead to the influences of religion and the dictates of justice, as to yield to the seductive temptation, were it possible for the various Italian States really to unite, were Italy as one nation to pursue such a career, were prosperity, greatness, renown,

to attend its progress, all these things together would add not one iota to the hope that the Papacy would ever be reconciled to the principles of the revolution. Italy one, united, and uncatholic, the rival of France in arms, of England in wealth, of Germany in intellect, Italy greater than her poets in their wildest dreams have pictured, would yet be unable to reverse the sentence which the Pope and the bishops assembled in solemn conclave at Rome, have but now pronounced upon her. Not all the greatness we have imagined for her, is able to equal the moral power and grandeur which the Papacy, surrounded by the representatives of Christendom exhibits without an effort. Italy, were she to triumph over the outraged Pontiff of the Christian world, would still be only the condemned, but escaped convict of nations. But whether the revolution prosper or no, our duty is clear and simple. Let us throw in our lot with the grand moral demonstration of the meeting at Rome, let us subscribe to the declaration of the bishops of the Universal Church as to the rights of the Papacy and as to the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, and let us join with heart and soul in the acclamation which burst from the lips of the vastest assemblage that has ever filled St. Peter's—in that acclamation which, throughout the Christian world, has since been repeated in their hearts by countless millions of men.—*Evviva il Papa-Ré.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I.—*The Crown of Jesus: a Complete Catholic Manual of Prayers, Devotions, Hymns, Instructions for the Public, Private, or Domestic Use of all the Faithful, with Sacred Scripture, Epistles and Gospels*, by the REV. FATHER SUFFIELD. With Imprimatur and Recommendation of His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, also Recommendations of the Most Rev. the Archbishops of Ireland. 18mo. pp. 880. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

As a collection, this is, in truth, a beautiful work of devotions. The only exception that could in any way be taken to it, is one, however, that if the cause for it were removed, would thereby deprive it necessarily also of one of its most obvious excellences—meaning its cheapness. Could only that cheapness be rendered compatible with better paper and handsomer typography—the volume would, as a Manual of Devotion, Doctrine, and Instruction, be just as nearly as possible perfect. Better paper, however, and handsomer typography would remove the work at once out of the reach of the very classes for which it has clearly enough been designed, both by compiler and publisher. For, inasmuch as it fulfils in its present shape its manifest intention in these respects, therefore, the work is really already as near perfection as could be! And earnestly can we recommend it to the Faithful accordingly.

- II.—*School Days of Eminent Men*. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Fcap. 8vo. 312 pp. Second Edition.

The indefatigable industry with which Mr. John Timbs during many years past wielded the sub-editorial scissors in connection with the *Illustrated London News*, and the unflagging assiduity with which he plied his pencil continually as the ever-watchful compiler of the *Year-Book of Facts*, have latterly been winning their reward. They have enabled him to pour forth from the abundant stock of memoranda heaped together in his portfolio, volume after volume of amusing *Ana*, chiefly literary and scientific, anecdotal and biographical—"Popular Errors,"

"Curiosities of History," "Stories of Inventors and Discoverers," and, best of all, series after series of "Things Not Generally Known Familiarly Explained." Never has there appeared, we believe, any man-of-letters who has more perseveringly and systematically, throughout his life, endeavoured to act upon the advice of the immortal Captain Cuttle "When found, make note of!" Mr. Timbs's common-place book, we take it, must be ever ready to his hand, his pencil must be always trembling eagerly to jot down some newly-discovered data, or to scrawl upon the margin some hint for a fresh quotation. Here, in this volume, entitled "School-days of Eminent Men," is a revised and "partly re-written" edition of one of the last of our compiler's books of memorabilia. The eminent men it refers to, being for the most part celebrated British Authors both in prose and poetry, divines and philosophers, inventors and discoverers, heroes, statesmen, and legislators. Incidentally, moreover, the book presents us, though in a very loose way, with sketches of the progress of education in England, and with records, (in every instance that has fallen under our notice, very unsatisfactory and superficial), of the foundation of the public schools, colleges, and universities of the United Kingdom.

It will be remarked from the very title of the compilation before us, that it is merely the bare beginning of the lives of these eminent men that Mr. Timbs has undertaken here to annotate. Just as a few years back the Rev. Erskine Neale undertook to afford us glimpses of the fag end of them. Indeed the discursive little work now under consideration is much more of a companion volume to Mr. Neale's "Closing Scenes," than—as the publisher's advertisement, we observe, rather rashly and certainly very pretentiously intimates it to be—to Mr. Hughes's hearty, blithesome book of "Tom Brown's School Days;"—an ebullition, that last, of brave light-heartedness, breathed forth in a narrative redolent at every page rather of the freshly dinted turf of the playground than, as in the desultory work before us, nay as in every instance we have yet seen of Mr. Timbs's labours as a collector of information—smelling of stale paste and mouldy paper-cuttings.

In selecting as his theme the earliest recollections of great men, Mr. Timbs has shewn, we cannot but think, somewhat of an error of judgment. Mr. Neale chose, in

every respect, the better part, when he turned by preference to the contemplation of their death-beds. Greatness and genius are almost always of so slow a growth, that the childhood of eminent men is perhaps of all epochs of life in their instance the least distinctively characteristic. Even with the most precocious intellects, the dawn of intelligence often appears to come the most tardily. Chatterton, about whom, by the way, Mr. Timbs says absolutely nothing, perhaps upon the score that even when he died he was nothing more than a marvellous stripling, Chatterton, "the wondrous boy that perished in his pride," was returned home by his first schoolmaster as "incorrigibly dull;"—an incident, in fact, recorded, with a sameness of phrase very remarkable, in the biographies of others who have eventually rendered themselves intellectually illustrious. Instance Moore's mention in his *Life of Sheridan* of the future dramatist and orator at eight years of age being returned from the seminary in Grafton Street, Dublin, with the pedagogue's intimation about poor Richard Brinsley that he was "a most impenetrable dunce." Or, turning to Mr. Timbs's own volume do we not find him at p. 108, making mention of Waller the poet as "dull and slow in his task," when first entered at the grammar school of Market Wickham? It is indicative of the lack of precision with which Mr. Timbs hurries even these revised compilations of his through the press, that he here immediately afterwards, when quoting Aubrey's description of Waller's handwriting "as a lamentable hand, as bad as the scratching of a hen," contents himself with adding merely "this is an exaggeration and disproved by his autograph, which is, however, very rare." Now in point of fact, the handwriting of Edmund Waller—in general character not unlike the handwriting of the late Leigh Hunt—was an elegant Italian hand: as any one may see any day by looking at several pages of Waller's verse exquisitely written upon the fly leaves of a volume carefully treasured up in the King's Library at the British Museum.* There is something fantastically

* Since the above words were written a selection of the more curious and interesting among the treasures of literature stored up in the great National Library at Bloomsbury, has been opened to public view by order of the Trustees of the British Museum, and

kindred, we would observe in conclusion, between the careless extravagance of the illustrations scattered through this volume of Mr. Timbs's, and the careless extravagance here and there noticeable in the letterpress itself. As where at p. 52 Edward VI. is coolly spoken of by the orthodox compiler of this work, as "the most munificent patron of education who ever sat upon the British throne:" while with no less amusing exaggeration the artist who has pencilled the interior of Harrow school-room at p. 92 has given one the notion of an apartment about three quarters of a mile long. In each instance there is something decidedly faulty—every one can see it at a glance—in the perspective. You turn over the pages amused, but by no means confiding. You feel that your *cicerone* is pleasantly gossiping and anecdotal, but that his information is not always to be implicitly relied upon for its accuracy.

III.—*Love for Holy Church*.—From the French of M. l'Abbé Petit, by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son. 1862.

For this eloquent and accurate version of the tender "Amour à la Sainte Eglise" penned by the Curé à la Rochelle, we are grateful to Father Caswall. And many others, we doubt not, will share our gratitude. To this end indeed we would fervently commend the little volume before us to the attention of our fellow-catholics throughout the United Kingdom. It is one of a series of three—the two remaining volumes of which we would gladly see translated in like manner, the "Amour à la Sainte Vierge" and the "Amour à la Sainte Eucharistie." The Reverend

will remain thus accessible to all visitors, both natives and foreigners, during the period of the Great International Exhibition at South Kensington. As not the least attractive item of this temporary collection, at any rate to the students of English Literature, we observe in the printed catalogue (p. 25) a *catalogue raisonné*, compiled by Mr. Winter Jones, mention made of the very volume we have here particularised. It is numbered 20 in Case xii. among "the books with autographs and broadsides," and is thus described by the assistant librarian: "Waller's Poems, 1668, with his autograph dedication in verse, to 'Hir Royal Highness,' the Duchess of York. Purchased in 1848."

father who has introduced the Abbé Petit to an English audience by means of this excellent version of "Love for Holy Church," or as it is called in the original by a second title, "Elévations sur l'Eglise Catholique," is unhappily for his readers, though far from unhappily for his congregation, precluded from carrying out the design further, by reason of his own sacred preoccupations in connexion with the Birmingham Oratory. Exquisitely significant at the present juncture in the history of Holy Church, is the motto chosen for the title-page of the little volume under notice:

"Molto odiata, molto piu amata."

Exquisitely significant, we say, are these words at this moment—with the enemies of the Church raging around her, at the very time when five hundred bishops from the ends of the earth, of all tongues and of all countries have so very recently gathered together about the Sovereign Pontiff, in evidence of the deathless love and loyalty of the faithful for the Holy Church founded upon the rock eternal.

IV.—*The Lessons of my Farm.* By Robert Scott Burn. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 330.

A capital introduction to Amateur Farming, evidently designed by the author as a companion volume to that charming little treatise upon husbandry entitled, "My Farm of Four Acres," which a few seasons back won for its lf so rapid and deserved a popularity. Mr. Scott Burn, of Castle Farm, already favourably known to a large section of the more literary among the small farmers and country gentlemen of the United Kingdom, as the editor of the "Year Book of Agricultural Facts," and as one of the authors of the "Book of Farm Buildings" and that kindred compilation the "Book of Farm Machines and Implements," aspires in his present volume to do no more than act as a sort of a gentleman usher to writers of works in every respect more compendious and authoritative. These "Lessons" in effect are purely rudimentary. They prepare the reader, however, very delightfully, for the more ready and accurate comprehension of such supreme authorities upon the science of agriculture as may be found in Stephen's *magnum opus* "The

Book of the Farm," or as Warton's "Cyclopædia of Agriculture," or again as Wilson's "Rural Cyclopædia." As pleasant and as safe an instructor as the tyro in farming could possibly find anywhere, he may certainly find in the author of these very entertaining Lessons. Mr. Burn puts no gloss whatever upon the hobby of the amateur farmer. And yet he sleeks down the rough coat of the little nag with a loving hand too, while trotting him out and shewing his paces! Warning those who have a mind to mount it, that it has an appetite somehow in its way insatiable, and that it is upon the whole rather expensive to keep—he exclaims however, with a relish, "There is a positive pleasure, *worth paying even somewhat dearly for*, in raising one's own produce." Nay, taking the would be farmer cheerily by the button-hole, he heartens him on thus agreeably with a little familiar gossip upon the threshold of the farmhouse: "As one cracks at the breakfast table," he says, "the eggs laid by the hens of the farm, spreads the bread with the butter or enriches the coffee with the cream obtained from the milk of the cow—one is very apt to think that it is somewhat better than eating stale eggs at high prices, or using butter or milk not always good, but always dear." It is a small argument in itself, of course, but it is still one of that very potential kind known as the *argumentum ad hominem*. It comes home, according to that familiar phrase of Lord Bacon's (for the which, by the way, see his dedication of the ninth edition of his "Essays" to the Duke of Buckingham) "to men's businesse and bosomes." Yet is our author plain-spoken in his "Lessons" no less than persuasive. He warns his reader in his very preface (p. xi.) that "the fields of our amateur's farm are somehow or other more remarkable for their absorptive than their productive qualities." He declares however, afterwards, that "putting all things together, amateur farming *does pay*, though not always in the pecuniary sense:" meaning that it affords the amateur farmer ample compensation in the long run in the way of improved bodily health and general exhilaration. So warned and so encouraged in the same breath by his pleasant instructor, the amateur farmer may take these "Lessons" of Mr. Burn's not only in hand, but to heart also, quite confidently. They can hardly lead him astray—with his eyes thus opened beforehand—through all the anxieties and responsibilities of

ploughing in January, sowing in February, cabbage planting in March, weeding in April, hoeing in May, hay-making in June, bean-reaping in July, harvesting the grain in August, manuring in September, potato-pitting in October, stubble digging in November, and wheat-sowing (if the season be only propitious) in December.

V.—*Histoire de l'Eglise Catholique en France d'apres les Documents les plus Authentiques depuis son origine jusqu'au Concordat de Pius VII.* Par M. l'Abbé Jäger Ancien professeur d'histoire Ecclesiastique à la Sorbonne, Chanoine honoraire de Paris, de Nancy et de Rodez. Paris, 1862.

We make no apology for bringing prominently under the notice of our readers, Abbé Jäger's History of the Catholic Church in France; both on account of the importance of such a work at the present moment, and the claims which so eminent a writer has upon our attention.

The history of the Church of France from its origin down to the Concordat of Pius VII., is indeed a work of such vast importance, and one requiring such delicacy of treatment, that we cannot be too thankful that it has been undertaken and accomplished by so able and accurate a writer as Abbé Jäger. His learning, his spirit of investigation, his painstaking fidelity, entitle him to confidence. He takes nothing for granted, he is never satisfied until he has thoroughly sifted evidence and tested its accuracy from independent sources. When original documents are to be found, he never contents himself with secondary evidence; and he has the habit, so becoming an historian, of verifying every quotation he makes by personal inspection. But still more even than his impartial and patient mind, his devotion to the Holy See befits him to be the historian of the Church of France. A Church, which has undergone so many trials, and which, at one period of its existence, in the loosening of its intimate union with Rome, ran so great a risk of lapsing into schism, and which is now again threatened with persecution for its fidelity to the Holy See, is well worthy of a special history. To trace the causes of its decline in the last century in faith and zeal, to show its heroic conduct under suffering, and its noble revival will be at the present moment an encouragement and a lesson to all. In its early glories too, after that of Rome, the Church of France is second to none.

What virtues has it not shown, what self-sacrifice, how many noble institutions of charity has it not produced? It has given to the Church great saints as well as learned theologians and men of genius. The Popes themselves have recognized its pre-eminence among the Christian Churches. "We acknowledge and avow," said Pope Gregory IX., "that after the Holy See, the Church of France is the firmest pillar of faith and a model for the whole of Christendom. Without wishing to slight other Churches, we say that the Church of France advances, not in the rear, but in the van of all in the fervour of its faith and in devotion to the Holy See, a devotion which it is needless to mention in words, since it is manifested in brilliant works." As the basis of his work, Abbé Jäger has taken the History of the French Church by Father Longueval, a work of authority in the last century, and one which was well supported and encouraged by the bishops of the time. In addition to the fact that this history was never finished, Abbé Jäger has had still greater inducements to write a complete history of the French Church in the more abundant materials which modern criticism and the researches of to-day have brought to light. Many curious and important documents, unknown or inaccessible to his predecessors, are carefully collated in this work, especially such as bear on the great questions of the origin of the French Church, the right of the Popes, the claims of the metropolitans, the temporal effects of excommunication, and the authority of Pontifical decisions. The history of the Jansenistic heresy, the obstinate illusions and errors of Port Royal, the rise and fall of Gallicanism, are recorded in these brilliant pages of a faithful and truly Catholic historian. Errors of a later date are combatted, the great conflict of religion with the revolution, is set forth in its true light; the persecutions, the martyrdoms, the exile in masses of the French clergy, and the consequent effects of such outrages on justice and humanity, are traced in a calm and discriminating spirit. But not for an instant in Abbé Jäger's History of the Church is the fervour of the Catholic lost in a cold and carping criticism, which is sometimes supposed to be the duty of a historian. Candour and impartiality do not in him exclude sympathy in a suffering, or enthusiasm in a noble cause. So much false colouring has to be removed, so many errors and intentional perversions on the part of modern writers as to the

position of the French Church in relation to Rome, have to be corrected and refuted, that Abbé Jäger's History deserves to be described as the best defence of Catholicism itself, that has appeared in recent times. Of the urgent necessity, and more especially in the actual state of affairs in France, of such a history there can be no question. Religion now, more than ever, requires all the aid that learning can bring to the rescue. Episcopal constancy threatened with persecution needs all the support of great examples which the Church of France is so well able to show. "The manner," says a recent French writer, "in which the history of the Church has in our own days been disfigured, demands a new history of this Church. The honour of the clergy and of the Holy See, and the interests of religion, imperiously exact it; because they, whose single aim seems to have been, to lower the authority of the Sovereign Pontiffs, to weaken the decisions of the Church, to reinstate the memory of heretics, and to sully that of the bishops, or the theologians who have combatted them, ought not to have the last word on the history of our Church."

Not the least of the merits of Abbé Jäger is that before he published a single chapter of his work he submitted the whole to the examination of the Holy See. A commission, especially named by the Holy Father, has revised the entire work, and already a considerable portion, containing the history of the twelve first centuries, has returned from Rome. Attached to the history is the emphatic approval of the Holy See, in which the author is congratulated "on having completed an undertaking as highly beneficial to the State as to religion, and on having rendered also an eminent service, not only to the Church of France, but to the universal Church." He is begged at the same time to send the work at once to the press. "In order that all," says the commission which examined it, "may reap the abundant fruit of such important labours." Such an approval is alone a sufficient recommendation of this work to the attention of our readers; but it may perhaps interest them to know, that this scholar, as modest as he is profound, relinquished this great undertaking on learning that a contemporary writer was engaged on the same task. But on the appearance of Abbé Gettin's History of the Gallican Church it was found to be composed in so bad a

spirit, and to contain so many false views and interpretations, that the work and the writer were condemned by Rome. On this formal disapproval of his unworthy contemporary by the Holy See Abbé Jäger resumed the work which he has just brought to so happy a conclusion.

The interest which Abbé Jäger took in the Oxford movement is known to many; during its progress he was in intimate correspondence with the Tractarian leaders, and was appealed to and consulted frequently. None watched with greater interest the growth of Catholic opinion in England, or were more rejoiced than the unobtrusive and humble-minded Abbé, at the final conversion of so many earnest men to the Church. Abbé Jäger, moreover, is favourably known both here and in Germany, by his public writings in defence of the Church; his history of the Church of France during the revolution is one of the most profound of his works; but his name is perhaps more familiar to English Catholics as the translator of the German historian Voigt's *Life of Pope Hildebrand*, a most interesting work in itself, and written with the fairness and impartiality for which German Protestant writers are so honourably distinguished; we hope shortly to draw the attention of our readers to this *Life of Pope Hildebrand*, which they will find especially interesting at this juncture, when the temporal power of the Papacy is so much under discussion. To his translation of this work, Abbé Jäger attached copious and interesting notes, and enriched it with a preface, giving a warmer Catholic complexion to the life of Gregory VII., and filling up its deficiencies in that respect, from independent sources. His keen logical deductions from the admitted premisses of the German historian provoked a controversy in which the German writer denied that he was under an intellectual necessity from his own admissions of submitting, as Abbé Jäger contended, to the See of Rome; and in the second edition of his "*Hildebrand*," instead of recognizing more fully, as proper to the principles he had advanced, the supreme claims of Rome, Voigt retracted many of his former opinions, and fell back under the shelter of a growing Protestant influence. Not only is Abbé Jäger eminent as an historian, he is a profound Biblical scholar, his version of the Old and New Testament, for which he consulted the Syriac MSS., is the most perfect in the French language. It is refreshing to

see after the lapse of so many years this veteran defender of the Church produce a work so voluminous, so complete, and so Catholic, as the "History of the Church in France." One volume of the eighteen, of which it consists, will be published every two months. We hope, as each volume appears, to be able to give our readers a critical analysis of its contents; for the study of the Church of France cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. From what we know of Abbé Jäger and of the character of his work, we cannot be wrong in predicting that it will be one of the most important contributions to ecclesiastical history and to the literature of France, which has appeared in the present century.

VI.—*The Massingers: or the Evils of Mixed Marriages.* By M. A. D. 8vo. pp. 232. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

That dark and luminous Shield about which the two Knights are described by the Fabulist as contending so fiercely in the wilderness—one maintaining it, at the point of his lance, to be a disc of blackness, and the other a mirror of shining gold—that old symbolical Shield of the Apologue has been here again examined only upon its gloomier surface. Mixed Marriages are, of course, not by any means to be encouraged. In their consequences they are frequently deplorable; evidence of which we can all of us, alas! number up without much difficulty, upon appealing to our own social experiences. Yet has the targe or escutcheon, about which we ourselves are now disputing, its golden and glittering side as well! Conversions we could number up, if possible, still more rapidly than fallings off—conversions now of the wife, now of the husband, to say nothing in either instance of the loyal dedication of the offspring to Catholicism; the results again and yet again of those still, no doubt, ever perilous and ever anxious lotteries—Mixed Marriages. The accomplished author of "The Massingers" has an eye only, however, for the evil: though the writer might have remembered, there even, the awful and reverent cry at the close of that mystical verse in the lovely Catholic hymn:—

"All things, dread Spirit! to Thy praise
 Thy presence doth transmute,
 Evil itself Thy glory bears,
 Its one abiding fruit!"

And it is with that full Catholic significance in the words, that we may all recognize the absolute truth of the Shaksperian asseveration that there *is* "good in every thing;" even—to this graceful writer, with the unfortunate initials, we would whisper—in *Mixed Marriages*. Still—accepting the story from its author's own inflexibly maintained point of view—this religious novelette of "The Massingers" has not only its charm as a narrative, but its estimable moral as a Social Warning addressed with affectionate earnestness to all Catholics. By those who care not to go with the writer to the same inexorable conclusions, it may be taken judiciously *cum grano salis*: though *that*, by the way, is nearly always good, "at a pinch," with every fiction deliberately prepared for a set purpose.

VII—*American School Books*.—Published by Sadlier and Co. New York. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

A comprehensive series of School Books, we have received from the opposite shores of the Atlantic—a series admirably graduated. Beginning with the very beginning, there is "The Golden Primer," a mere pamphlet (pp. 34)—rendered alluring to the prattling student at its mother's knees, by a multitude of choice little woodcut illustrations. There is, next to this, "The Spelling Book" (pp. 180) also profusely illustrated: as is the case even in a more lavish manner with regard to the volume that comes immediately afterwards—a volume embellished with a thousand cuts (pp. 284) and entitled "The Speller and Pictorial Definer." To complete the educational set published in this alluring guise by the Messrs. Sadlier of New York, there are four other books, each in turn ampler in its dimensions than its predecessors—"large by degrees and beautifully thicker!"—called respectively the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Reader. The last and crowning collection of all, is, as a matter of course, incomparably the best. It is a charming volume to turn the pages of—it has proved so at least to ourselves. For it possesses for us the novel charm of being in some respects a kind of Catholic

Enfield's Speaker—a book of Elegant Extracts very admirably chosen, extracts both in prose and verse, enabling the student of our national literature to loiter at pleasure among choice passages taken by an appreciative compiler from writers as various as Fenelon and Shakespeare, Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Faber and Alfred Tennyson, Chateaubriand and Longfellow, Lingard, and Coleridge. In the various elementary explanations scattered here and there through the pages of this American Series of School Books, there are noticeable, however, it should be said, certain wonderful little flaws or minor blemishes, quite ludicrous in their way to an English observer. Imagine anyone, for example, requiring to be told (3rd Reader p. 58) “do not say *putchus* for *purchase*, or *Messiar* for *Messiah*!” Or again, (do. p. 35) conceive the utility of mis-accentuating slovenliness as slovenliness! Or, in the “Pictorial Definer,” (p. 170), deluding the “young idea” into the notion that skull is spelt scull—the only skull of the kind being, we might suggest, the one handled by the old Pagan ferryman Charon. Occasionally, as in the “Spelling Book,” (p. 147), a wholly unlooked for definition rewards our researches—a definition that ought certainly to be appended to Mr. Timbs's next edition of “Things Not Generally Known”—a whimsical definition, let us say, like the one on the page referred to, viz., “*Porter*, strong beer—the favourite drink of *porters*.” Funniest of all these whims and oddities of the American annotators, however are the specimens, given towards the close of that same volume, of phonetic pronunciations of various French words and phrases. Phonetic pronunciations they certainly are that would carry anguish to the ears of any very sensitive Parisian. A few casual examples will suffice:—*Eclaircissement* we are seriously informed should be pronounced “a klair siss mang:” *ennui* “ang wee:” *entre nous* “angtr noo:” *fête champêtre* “fât shang pâtr:” *penchant* “pang shang:” and so forth—excruciatingly! Yet, oddly enough, this is but the very counterpart to what has been done very recently, for the benefit of Foreigners travelling in England. The *Methode Glashin*, this introduction of French students to the English language, is called. The work is actually said to be “approved by the University.” It undertakes with admirable gravity to teach from its printed pages

alone, pure “English as it is spoken.” Instance the following extraordinary hieroglyphics:—

“Goudd morninne, Seur—Aï amm verré ouel, zhannke godhe—Ainnd you, Seur, aou ar you?—(note, *familiar*)—Aïammverréhappè te si you ouel.”

And the annotator observes immediately thereupon, with a sublime self complacency, which seems to us however to have an *arrière pensée* of irony, “If you read the above pronunciation to an Englishman *and he understands you*, [the italics are, of course, our own], you may rest assured that you possess the veritable English accent, so difficult to acquire.” Reversing the cases we might say precisely the very same, now to our friend the American. But—Oh, that *If*! The verb, here, alas! though full apparently of encouragement, is only to be used in the conditional mood.

VIII.—*Red, White, and Blue; Sketches of Military Life*, by the author of “*Flemish Interiors*.” In three Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett, Publishers, 1862.

These interesting Volumes stand in no need of our recommendation, for all readers who are familiar with ‘*Flemish Interiors*’ would welcome at once a new work from the same author. ‘*Flemish Interiors*’ has long been a favourite with the public, and *Red, White, and Blue* written with spirit and liveliness and treating an interesting subject in a popular manner cannot fail to earn a large share of attention and favour. At the present moment when war with all its passions and interests is in the ascendant, when the science of arms and of fortifications occupy so much public attention, and the popular mind is filled with accounts of rifle-matches and of Volunteer reviews, any addition to our knowledge of military life and of the character of the soldier is a seasonable contribution. This work treats of the soldier more as a man than as a military machine. It enters into an examination of his social character, and as this character is nowhere so marked and conspicuous as in camp-life, we have detailed accounts both of the camp of Chalons in France and of Aldershot. A contrast is set between the way in which the monotony of such a life is treated in the French and English camps,

The author is very familiar with the state of camps in France, and we have nowhere seen a better account of the French soldier, his habits and peculiarities, his personal independence, and his amenability to military authority. The bearing and character of the Zouave, who seems a great favourite with the author, is hit off to a nicety, and with a spirit and liveliness quite unrivalled. Innumerable anecdotes are told which have all the marks of reality about his love of fun, his ingenuity, his devotedness to his commander in battle, that with all his faults we catch some of the author's enthusiasm for this brave and daring soldier. But it is not only the lighter and more amusing portions of this work that deserve attention, the writer can be grave as well as gay, and there is much in garrison and camp life to sadden the thoughtful mind. The evils and dangers of the military system, both those that are inherent to large numbers of men, massed together sometimes in comparative idleness, and beset with the worst of temptations, are probed with a firm and discriminating touch. The abuses, especially in the English barracks, are laid bare with an unsparing rigour, which only a sense of their being a direct incentive and occasion to crime and moral disorder, can warrant or justify the writer in using. While the defects and shortcomings of our military system are pointed out without scruple or reticence, the ameliorations which have been introduced are not overlooked. Though much has undoubtedly been done, much still remains to do, and it is to bring about improvements at home that the writer contrasts, sometimes in a manner not gratifying to our self-love, and sometimes, we must acknowledge, with scant justice to our own service, the superiority of the French military system with the English. The private soldier, too, suffers sometimes from a similar contrast with the soldier in the French ranks. But the object of the writer evidently is to stimulate by the severity of such criticisms the torpid nature of our military authorities, and to fix public attention on evils which are admitted on all hands. The military prisons and punishments are then reviewed. The working of the prison system in France is then contrasted in an interesting chapter, with the prisons and punishments at Aldershot. The statistics of the military prisons for the last two years afford very valuable information. Another chapter of this comprehensive work is then devoted

to military in both countries. The advantages of having Sisters of Charity in attendance upon the sick soldier, both for his moral and physical good, are shown in a manner which must be convincing to all who choose to give the subject the slightest attention.

Lord Brougham himself, who cannot be accused by the most bigoted Protestant of indulging in Catholic tendencies, insisted at the late social science meeting in London, in eloquent terms on the admirable services which sisters of charity conferred upon society where society stood most in need of assistance. The chapter on the moral and religious tone of the French army will be read by all with interest, and if we cannot quite concur with the writer in all the favourable conclusions arrived at, evidently after no small pains and much personal observation, we yet grant that a great improvement has taken place, where much was needed, in the moral and religious conduct of the French soldier. We must never forget that France is painfully struggling to rid herself of the Voltairianism and practical heathenism of the last century. And were all classes of society have so long been infected by such a moral disease, we are only surprised that so much has been already effected in the improvement of the soldier. Although differing with the writer's conclusions on some points and with the manner of treatment adopted on others, we are grateful for the valuable information afforded us, and which will greatly tend to put in their true light the respective military systems of France and England. Both countries have much to learn in regard to the moral and religious treatment of the soldier, and England especially has to learn the advantages of the Catholic religion as a means of moral restraint in the army. We need scarcely say in conclusion that these volumes are written in the lively style and spirit which are such agreeable characteristics of the author of '*Flemish Interiors*' and of other popular works. About the style there is nothing stilted or uneven, redundant of humour and yet not wanting in a graver tone, it follows naturally and without an effort, the current of the writer's thoughts and never seems to interfere with or interrupt the reader's attention.

IX.—*Religious Orders or Sketches of some of the Orders and Congregations of Women.* By the author of "*Eastern Hospitals.*" London: Burns and Lambert. 1862.

Montalembert declares in his "*Monks of the West*" that on leaving college, twenty-five years ago, he had no notion of what a monk was, that he was not only ignorant of the history of the monastic orders, but had not even a conception of the monastic character, and that his only idea of a monk was borrowed from the stage or from the pages of the romance writer. Is it then strange, if such were the state of ignorance on the subject in France at the time when the author of the "*Monks of the West*" left College, that so little should now be really known of monastic orders in Protestant England? The monastic idea with the characters which it has formed, and the literature to which it has given birth, and the philosophy it has preached, forms a curious chapter in the history of the human mind, and one that cannot fail to be interesting in these days of psychological investigations and of religious inquiry. An accurate description of the various religious orders of men and women, giving an insight into the daily lives of monks or nuns, and explaining the motives and the spirit of the religious life, is an addition which English literature stands in much need of. They who have been Catholics all their lives have been brought into contact more or less often with the religious vocation, and have learned something of the various religious orders, but Protestants and they who have just emerged from Protestantism have all to learn on that most curious and interesting subject. When we first took up the book before us, and read the title page, we thought it very probable that the author of "*Eastern Hospitals*" would add considerably to our knowledge of the religious orders by her "*Sketches of some of the Orders and Congregations of Women*," but we were not at all prepared for the interest which her narrative excited in us by its vivid portraiture of individual character, and by the admirable distinctness with which in the various sketches the essential qualities and differences of each religious order are brought out. On happening to read first the chapter on the order of the Visitation containing a description of St. Francis de Sales and of the foundress of the order, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, that most

loving and eager-hearted of saints, together with the account given of the government of the order and of the singular character and sanctity of some of the first inmates of the new convent and the mode of life of the visitation nuns we jumped to the conclusion that this order was a special favourite with the authoress, and that her partiality had given an interest and power of its own to this particular chapter. But when we read on, or rather turned back, for we were not methodical in our selection, to the "Order of Mount Carmel" we were still more interested. Each chapter indeed we soon found left an impression of its own. But in speaking of the interest of this agreeable work, we do not mean to infer that it is interesting only. On the contrary it is as full of information and instruction as it is of interest. Without being a regular history of the religious orders of women it gives sufficient particulars of the rise or institution of each congregation, the reforms introduced at particular periods, and of its present state. The character of each congregation treated of is illustrated by a biographical sketch of some saint, founder or leading personage belonging to the order. These biographical sketches in rapid but marked outlines are masterly performances.

In the sketch of the order of Mount Carmel we have a most interesting life of Sœur Camille, who, born in the profligate reign of Lewis the Fifteenth, forsook the pleasures of the court, and lived as a Carmelite nun through the horrors of the Revolution. Lewis Philip, with Madame de Genlis, was present in the Carmelite convent when she took the habit, and in after years used to consult on religious matters with Camille de Soyecourt, at whose clothing he had assisted. She lived to see Lewis Philip driven from the throne, and died after witnessing the return of Pope Pius IX. to Rome.

By Pius VII., whom she assisted by money and in other ways, she was called the Mother of the Afflicted. But her trials in Paris during the frightful scenes of 1792, revive with almost a personal feeling the horrors of the French Revolution. Her sufferings after the dispersion of the nuns are graphically told. Hunted from place to place, often in imminent danger of her life, she was at last thrown into prison, and her name entered upon the death-roll for execution. But the death of Robespierre brought her a sudden reprieve. Her father had perished under the knife of the executioner, her mother and married sister had died in

prison, but Sœur Camille was saved to aid in the restoration of religion. A description follows of the re-opening of the churches in Paris, and of the effect produced on the people, who came in numbers to attend the religious services which had been so long interrupted. Sœur Camille, on account of the sympathy she manifested herself, and excited in others, for the persecution which Pope Pius received at the hands of Napoleon, was banished from Paris. She eventually returned, and on the restoration of her father's property, which had been confiscated, she purchased the "Carmes," formerly a Carmelite monastery, but since become famous as the place where so many priests and bishops were cruelly and barbarously martyred during the revolution, and there established her order again in safety. The end of such a life as Sœur Camille's, as may be supposed, was edifying in the extreme. Her biographer makes her age to be one hundred and five years, but, according to our more moderate mode of reckoning, she was fourteen years below that patriarchal age. Born on the 28th of June, 1757, she died in May 1849, after having lived to aid in the great restoration of religion in France. We cannot conclude this inadequate notice of the "Religious Orders," without referring to the Congregation of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, the latest addition to the religious communities, and which our author eloquently and feelingly describes in the last pages of her work. "It seems almost a strange thing," she says, "that it should have been left until our own days to found a congregation especially devoted to the holy souls in purgatory. The devotion has indeed been a favourite one in many religious communities. The Order of Loretto, in particular, cherished it and regarded it as one of the ends of their institute. But, apparently, no religious body had devoted themselves by name, and in an entire manner, till the Congregation about which we are going to speak, took its rise." The foundress of this order was a native of Lyons, devoted to the service of God and the poor. The idea of establishing a community for such a purpose first arose in her mind, it appears, from reflecting on the fact that whereas the Church militant had so many orders in her service, the Church in Purgatory was none framed to aid the suffering Church. She consulted the saintly Curé d'Ars, on her project, and obtained his sanction; he afterwards told her that the idea of founding an order devoted to the holy

souls was a work that God had long since desired. The Congregation was first established at Paris in 1856. It gradually grew into form, and works of mercy, such as visiting the sick and dying, were added to their rule.

In this work, which every Catholic, and every Protestant interested in the working of the religious orders and in that interior life which aims at perfection, ought to make a point of reading, no fewer than sixteen different congregations of women are fully described. We fully agree with the author that it is impossible to trace the course of religious orders without perceiving them to be no merely human system, no invention of man, but the direct work of God Himself. Attached to the end of the volume a list is given of all the religious communities of women, in number 295. Pains have been taken, says the authoress, to make the list complete; but the number of orders in the Church are so numerous that it is very possible some may have been omitted. It is probable that the enumeration may be correct as far as concerns those of French origin, but we think that some communities of Italian or Spanish foundation may have been overlooked. The list of those of Great Britain and Ireland is as follows; total of contemplative communities, 36: total of active communities, 94. We add, as another commendation to this volume that it comes from the press of Emily Faithfull. Her practical charity is a nun-like virtue. No man can be indifferent to the success of an undertaking which gives honourable employment to women who have been left to bear unaided and lonely the heavy burden and trials of life.

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